Mar. 17, 1962

THE NEW YORKER

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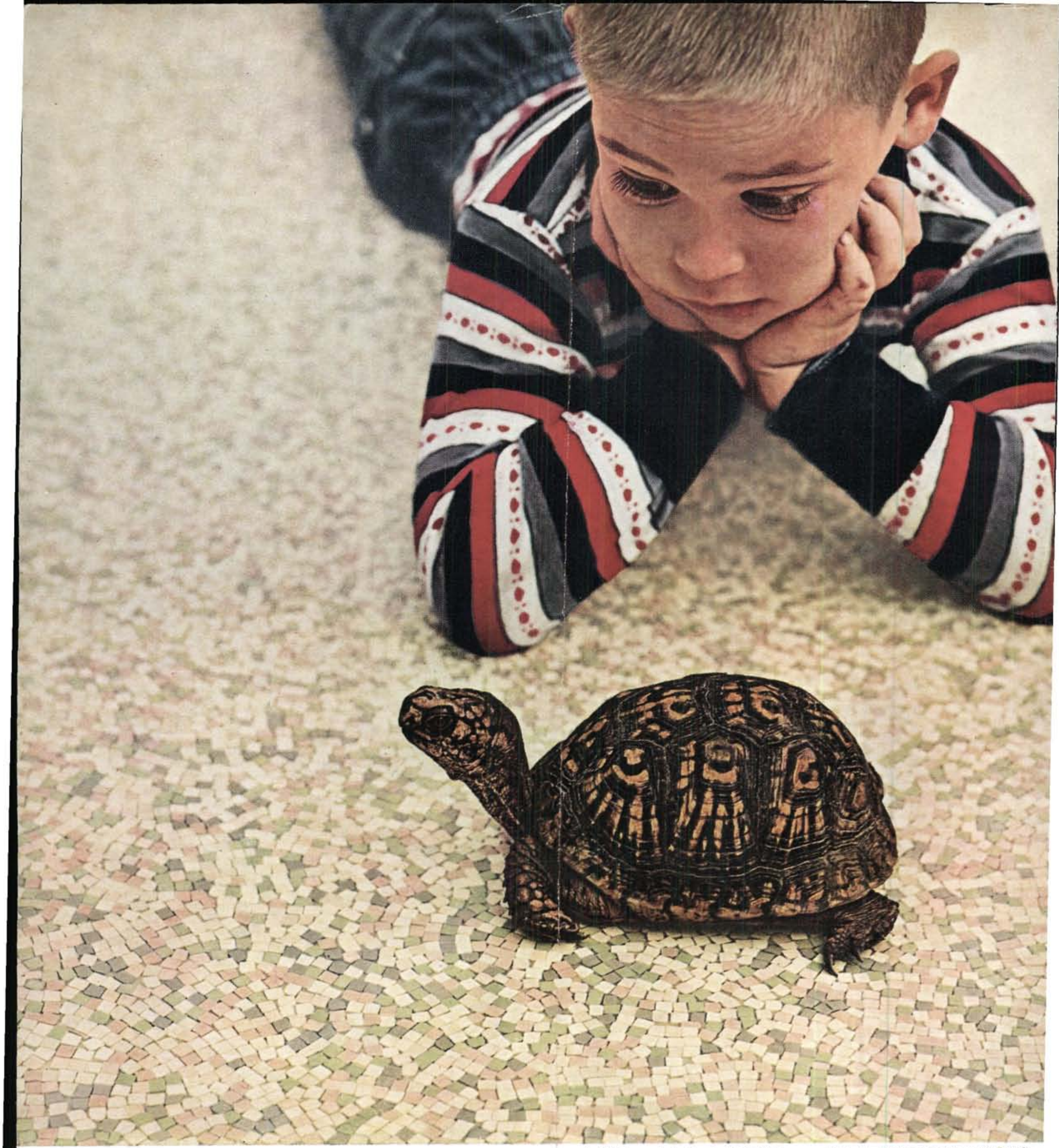

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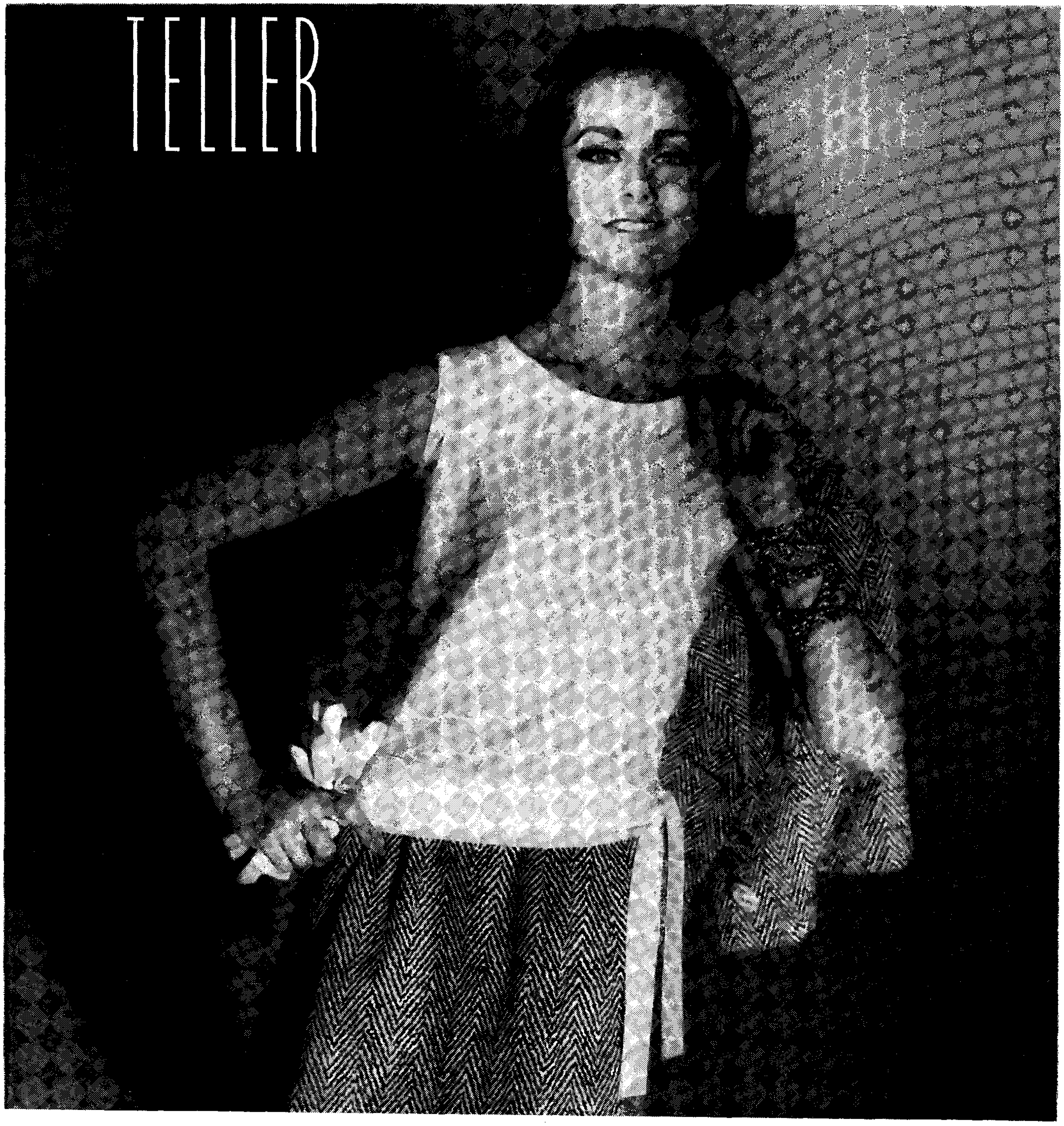

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Aspern Papers—Maybe there isn't too much substance in Michael Redgrave's adaptation of Henry James's story about a publisher who wants to lay hands on the manuscripts of a defunct American poet—the papers now presumably being in the possession of the poet's mistress, a centenarian resident of Venice—but the acting, by Maurice Evans, Françoise Rosay, Augusta Merighi, Jen Nelson, Clifford David, and, most particularly, Wendy Hiller, is a joy to behold. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Gideon—A Biblical drama by Paddy Chayefsky in which Fredric March, as a Lord both wrathful and whimsical, tries to make Douglas Campbell, as Gideon, appreciate the fact that a lover of God has to put all traces of selfish pride behind him. The play was directed by Tyrone Guthrie, and is acted with enthusiasm by the large cast. However, the central idea grows a trifle thin before the drama has run its course. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Gift of Time—One large redeeming feature of this generally footless account of a man slowly dying of cancer is the performance of Henry Fonda, as the victim. Mr. Fonda is assisted meagerly by Olivia de Havilland. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Man for All Seasons—It's a good bet that this is the best play you'll encounter all year. The seasonable man in Robert Bolt's work is, of course, Sir Thomas More, and Paul Scofield plays him with enormous persuasiveness. He is ably assisted by Thomas Gomez, Albert Dekker, William Redfield, Keith Baxter, David J. Stewart, and, in the highest degree, George Rose. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Night of the Iguana—Tennessee Williams philosophizing about life, death, loneliness, God, sex, and other large problems in a play that demonstrates the Master's skill but is fairly shapeless. The scene is a ramshackle Mexican hotel, where are assembled an unfrocked minister, a lusty widow who runs the establishment, an ancient poet and his granddaughter, and a number of other types from Mr. Williams' zoo. Patrick O'Neal is the former cleric, Bette Davis is the carnal proprietress, and Alan Webb and Margaret Leighton are the poet and his granddaughter. They are all quite fine, especially Miss Leighton, who really glows as a spinster tied to a durable ancient. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Old Vic—The final performances in a six-week repertory of Shakespeare and Shaw, presented by S. Hurok. "Saint Joan," with Barbara Jefford and John Clements: Thursday, March 15, at 8. . . . ¶ "Romeo and Juliet," with John Stride and Joanna Dunham: Friday, March 16, at 8:15, and Saturday, March 17, at 2 and 8:15. . . . ¶ "Macbeth," with John Clements and Barbara Jefford: Sunday, March 18, at 2 and 8:15. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

A Passage to India—Santha Rama Rau's adaptation of E. M. Forster's celebrated novel about the uneasiness of the relationships between the British and the Indians under their control. Eric Portman, Gladys Cooper, Zia Mohyeddin, and Anne Meacham perform admirably, but the play is not as effective as its source. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Purlie Victorious—Some of the scenes and lines in this farce about a Negro preacher who changes the old rules on the old plantation are uproarious, and some are a bit heavy-handed. Ossie Davis, who wrote the play, appears in it as the preacher, and Ruby Dee and Godfrey M. Cambridge are very funny indeed in subsidiary roles. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ross—A sketch of Lawrence of Arabia, told in flashbacks from the time he was allegedly seeking anonymity as an obscure airman at an English base to the days of his glory as the terror of the Turks. John Mills is arresting as the hero of Terence Rattigan's play, but the main question about T. E. Lawrence—was he a fake or a genius, or maybe a bit of both?—is never satisfactorily resolved. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

A Shot in the Dark—A blend of French farce and courtroom melodrama (adapted by Harry Kurnitz from "L'Idiote," by Marcel Achard) in which Julie Harris plays a passionate maid accused of putting a bullet into the Spanish chauffeur who has been her most recent flame. Proving Miss Harris's guilt or innocence is a lengthy and not too interesting procedure, but Walter Matthau gives a first-rate comic performance as her wealthy employer, who has shared her favors with the chauffeur. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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Sunday in New York—A girl's difficulty in remaining virginal and still keeping the boys on edge is explored relentlessly in the first act of this endeavor by Norman Krasna; the second act affords a funny fifteen-minute relief. With Pat Stanley, Robert Redford, Conrad Janis, and Sondra Lee. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Take Her, She's Mine—A comedy about the worries of a West Coast father who sends his daughter to an Eastern school and then becomes alarmed at the thought that wolves from Harvard, M.I.T., Darthmouth, and Yale will devour her. Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are likable as the father and daughter, but the play, written by Phoebe and Henry Ephron, contains more TV suds than legitimate substance. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 18.)

Write Me a Murder—Although this homicidal exercise by Frederick Knott may not be as tense as his "Dial 'M' for Murder," it is full of the tantalizing complications so dear to the hearts of mystery-drama fanciers. James Donald, Kim Hunter, Denholm Elliott, Torin Thatcher, and Ethel Griffies do well in the leading roles. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—come blow your horn: Father wants his sons to get busy in the artificial-fruit game, and they don't think much of the idea. With Hal March, Joel Grey, and Lou Jacobi. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.). . . **mary, mary:** This comedy, by Jean Kerr, has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson, Edward Mulhare, and John Cromwell are in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

A Family Affair—The arrangements for a wedding cause a lot of confusion in this musical, but they could hardly excite the interest of those not immediately involved. Shelley Berman, Carol Bruce, and Morris Carnovsky are among those unfortunately present. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

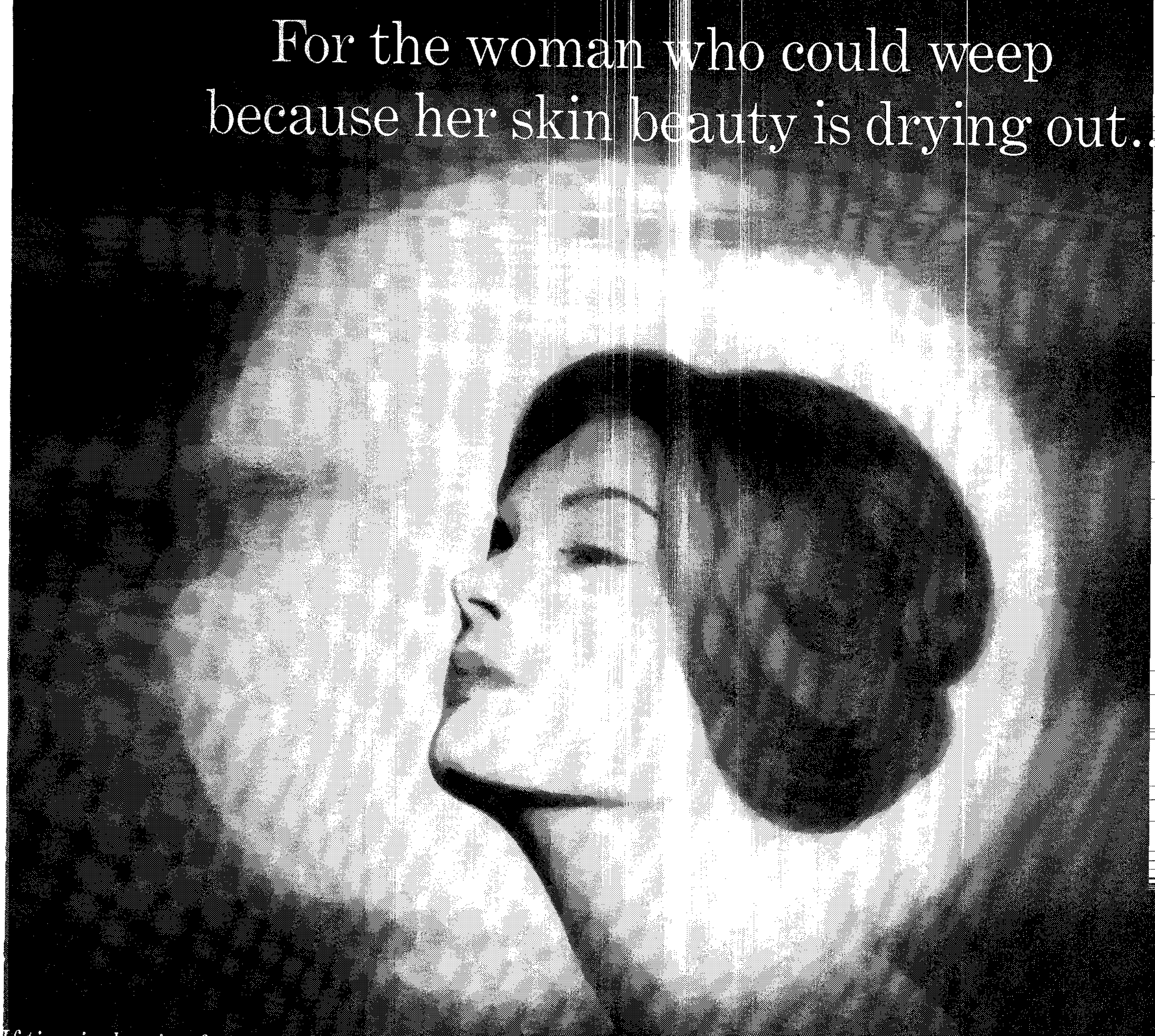
How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—When it gets going, this spoof of commercial mores is quite funny. Robert Morse amusingly plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée is most satisfactory as the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. The product of the old team of Abe Burrows and Frank Loesser, the show also has the valuable services of Bonnie Scott, Virginia Martin, Charles Nelson Reilly, Claudette Sutherland, Paul Reed, and Ruth Kobart. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Milk and Honey—A tour of Israel, not overly exciting, with eight American widows in search of husbands. While they search, they are diverted with all kinds of native celebrations. Mimi Benzell is one widow, Molly Picon is another, and Robert Weede plays a visiting businessman. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Subways Are for Sleeping—A rickety vehicle, constructed by Adolph Green and Betty Comden, that induces little but somnolence as it bears a cargo of indigents all around Manhattan. The music, by Jule Styne, is something less than rousing, but a number of the

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y.; R. H. Fleischmann, president and chairman of the board; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Out of town offices: Chicago, 6 North Michigan Ave.; San Francisco, 155 Montgomery St.; Los Angeles, 2975 Wilshire Blvd.; Atlanta, 1375 Peachtree St., N.E.; London, 21 Grosvenor St. Vol. XXXVIII, No. 4, March 17, 1962. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y. and at Greenwich, Conn. ©, 1962, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $8.00. Other foreign, $10.00.

For the woman who could weep because her skin beauty is drying out...



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sets, by Will Steven Armstrong, are clever. Orson Bean and Phyllis Newman provide a few comic interludes, and Carol Lawrence and Sydney Chaplin a few romantic ones. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—CAMELOT: The story that asks the question, Can a young girl, raised in a little mining town in Colorado, find romance, after thirty-five, in the arms of England's wealthiest lord? William Squire, Julie Andrews, and Robert Goulet figure in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.)... **CARNIVAL:** A musical that deals with life among a clutch of tent-show performers in southern Europe. The cast includes Anna Maria Alberghetti, James Mitchell, Jerry Orbach, Pierre Olaf, and Kaye Ballard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** Samuel Gompers' "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Lerner and Loewe. Michael Allinson and Margot Moser now head the cast. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Martha Wright becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Donald Scott is their papa. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

NO STRINGS—The new Richard Rodgers musical, with a book by Samuel Taylor and a cast headed by Richard Kiley and Diahann Carroll. Presented by Mr. Rodgers and staged by Joe Layton. Opens Thursday, March 15. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

ISLE OF CHILDREN—A play by Robert L. Joseph, with Patty Duke, Noel Willman, and Norma Crane. Directed by Jules Dassin and produced by Lester Osterman, in association with Shirley Bernstein. Opens Friday, March 16. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

ALL AMERICAN—Ray Bolger and Eileen Herlie in a musical based on Robert Lewis Taylor's novel "Professor Fodorski." Mel Brooks wrote the book, Charles Strouse the music, and Lee Adams the lyrics. The director is Joshua Logan, the producer Edward Padula. Opens Monday, March 19. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I CAN GET IT FOR YOU WHOLESALE—A musical adapted by Jerome Weidman from his novel of the same name. The music and lyrics are by Harold Rome and the cast includes Lillian Roth, Sheree North, and Harold Lang. David Merrick is the producer, and the director is Arthur Laurents. Opens Thursday, March 22. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

THE APPLE—Jack Gelber's Surrealist play about the death and subsequent return to life of a mad drunk in a coffeehouse is shocking, funny, sickening, and altogether fascinating. Judith Malina's direction and Julian Beck's set are imaginative and effective, and so are the performances of most of the actors. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Fridays at 8:30, Saturdays at 7:30, and Sundays at 2:40.)

THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER—Helena Scott sings and acts with high spirit in the title role of this musical based on Dion Boucicault's "The Streets of New York," and she is ably supported by, among others, Lloyd Gough, as her prosperous, crooked father. Sol Kaplan's score is pleasant; Edward Eliscu's words are bright enough; and the sets and costumes, by Kim Swados and Peter Joseph, respectively, are exceptionally good. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 4 and 8.)

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BLACK MONDAY—Nancy Coleman in a play by Reginald Rose. (Vandam Theatre, 15 Vandam St. CH 3-0153. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

THE BLACKS—Jean Genêt's sometimes stunning, sometimes windy sleight-of-hand attempt to depict, in many-layered symbols, the agonies that lie between the Negroes and the whites of the world. The direction, by Gene Frankel, is not all it might be, but the cast of thirteen, an all-Negro one, is superb. A maddening, capricious, and indelible evening. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

BRECHT ON BRECHT—An assortment of scenes, songs, and other fragments from the works of Bertolt Brecht, selected by George Tabori, who also translated most of them. The six actors in the company—especially Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec—manage (with the help of the author) to generate quite a lot of excitement. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

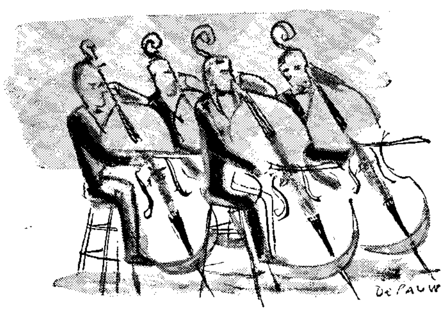
A CHEKHOV SKETCHBOOK—Joseph Buloff in three farces adapted from short stories by Chekhov. Mr. Buloff's comic style may be a little too broad for everyone's taste, but he certainly never misses a trick. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. MU 6-9630. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

THE CONNECTION—Jack Gelber's curious and compelling play about dope addiction and a number of other things. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Thursdays at 8:30 and Saturdays at 10:30.)

DEAR LIAR—Jerome Kilty and Cavada Humphrey in a revival of the two-character comedy adapted by Mr. Kilty from the correspondence of George Bernard Shaw and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Opens Saturday, March 17. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Opening-night curtain at 9; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2.)

DON CARLOS—A revival of Friedrich Schiller's play. (Masque Theatre, 442 W. 42nd St. CH 4-1350. Thursday and Friday at 8:30; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 3 and 8:30. Closes Sunday, March 18.)

THE FANTASTICKS—A pretty little musical comedy, by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, in which the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)



FLY BLACKBIRD—A musical comedy whose theme is segregation but whose spirit is high and saucy. Avon Long, gray-haired now, is as sinuous and beguiling as he was as Sportin' Life a generation ago, and the other members of the almost all-Negro cast are attractive, too. C. Jackson and James Hatch collaborated on the music, book, and lyrics. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

GHOSTS—Leueen MacGrath, fascinating as Mrs. Alving, heads the cast in David Ross's animated production of Ibsen's eighty-year-old problem play. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. AL 4-7954. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, April 1.)

THE GOLDEN APPLE—A revival of the John Latouche-Jerome Moross musical. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

THE HOSTAGE—A splendid revival of Brendan Behan's rollicking comedy about an English soldier who is held captive in a Dublin lodging house and about everything else on earth. Geoff Garland and Alan Nunn lead the cast. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

IN THE JUNGLE OF CITIES—A 1922 Bertolt Brecht dealing with the largely inscrutable relationship between an Oriental businessman and a lad from the prairies. The production matches and often surpasses its materials, which are usually purposefully obtuse. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Sundays at 8:30.)

MOON ON A RAINBOW SHAWL—A good Negro cast headed by Vinnette Carroll and James Earl Jones lends spirit and dash to an essentially tame script about a group of Trinidadians on the move. The setting is a back yard in Port of Spain. (East Eleventh Street Theatre, 206 E. 11th St. SP 7-8383. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

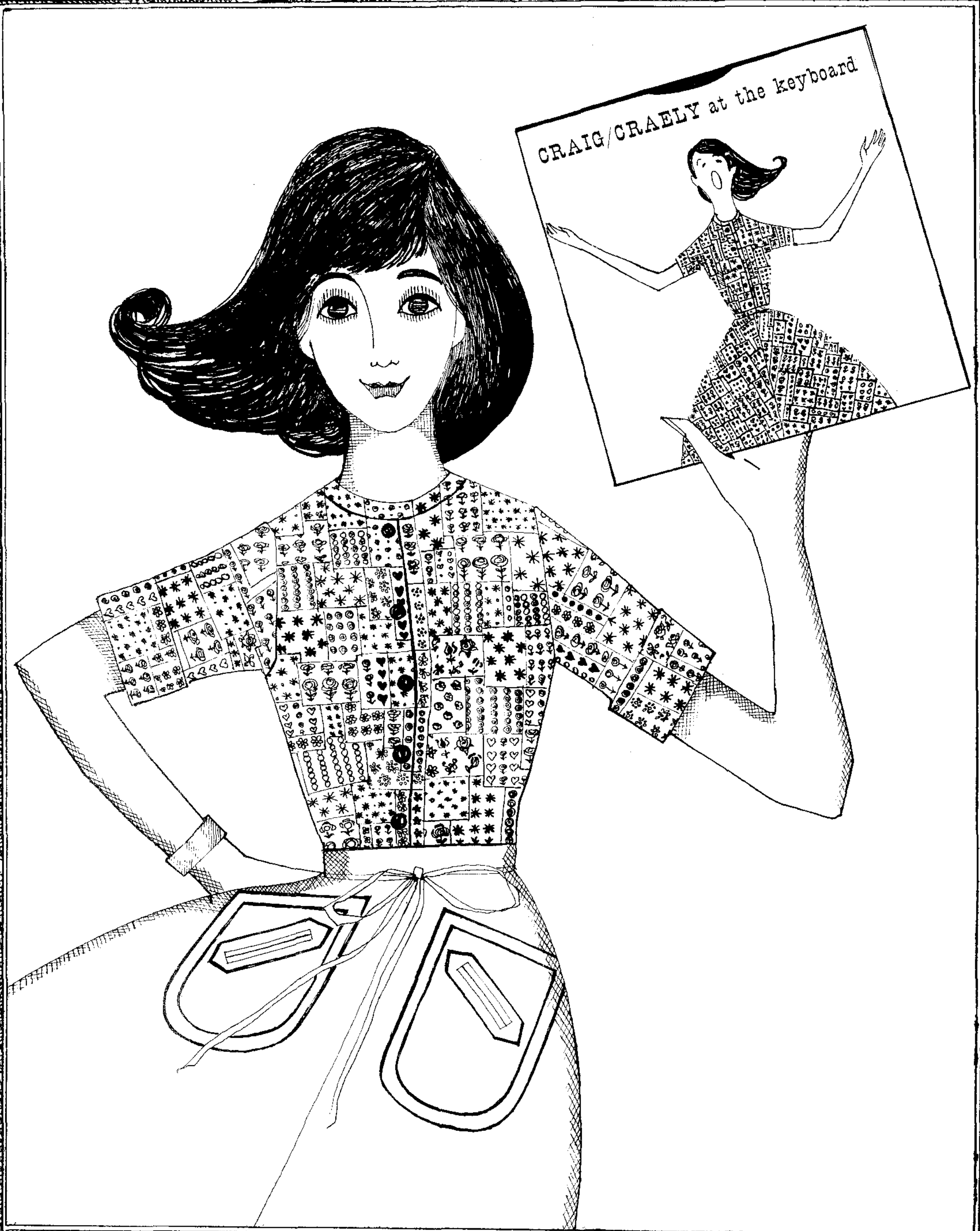
OH DAD, POOR DAD, MAMMA'S HUNG YOU IN THE CLOSET AND I'M FEELIN' SO SAD—A young playwright named Arthur Kopit, a young actress named Barbara Harris, and a veteran mentor named Jerome Robbins split the limelight in this disturbing farce about a man-eating mother, her spindly son, and a girl who tries to seduce him. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

PLAYS FOR BLEECKER STREET—Three new one-acters by Thornton Wilder: "Someone from Assisi," "Childhood," and "Infancy." "Childhood," in which a father makes a wish that he can be an invisible witness at his children's games, and becomes a participant instead, is Mr. Wilder at his magical, almost best; and Dana Elcar, Susan Towers, Debbie Scott, and Philip Visco do him proud, as father and children, respectively. José Quintero is the director. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

RED ROSES FOR ME—Sean O'Casey's play. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8.)

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL—Richard Brinsley Sheridan's eighteenth-century comedy is the first in a series of three plays to be offered in repertory by the Association of Producing Artists. (Folksbiene Playhouse, 175 East Broadway. AL 4-2211. Thursday through Saturday, March 15-17, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 18, at 3 and 8.)

THE THEATRE OF THE ABSURD—Final performances of a six-week repertory. Eugene Ionesco's "The Killer": Thursday, March 15, at 8:40; Saturday, March 17, at 7:30 and 10:30; Tues-



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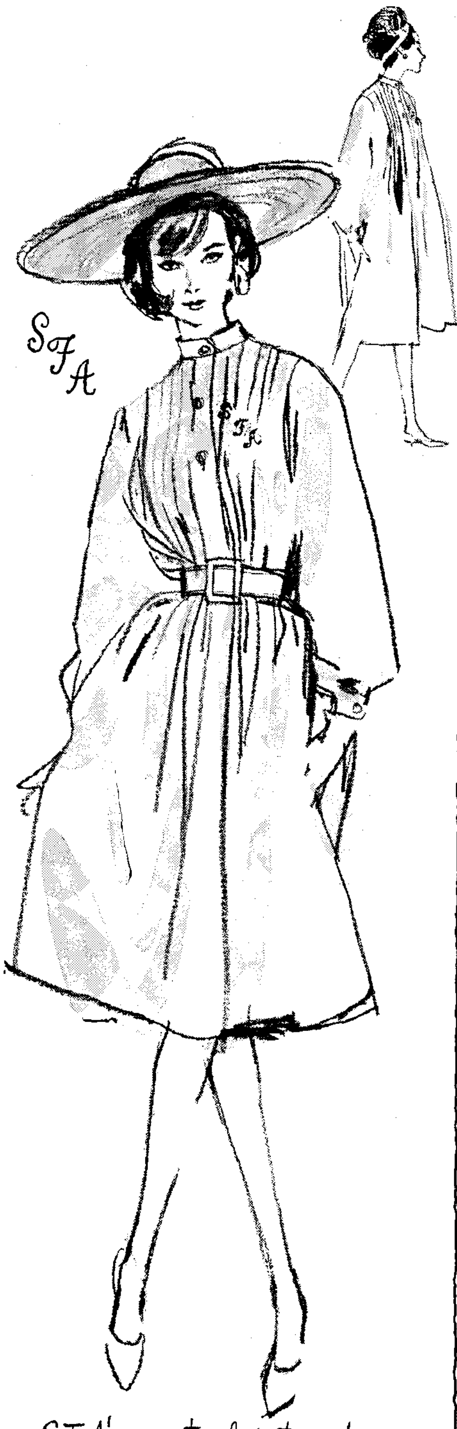

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day and Wednesday, March 20-21, at 8:40; and Sunday, March 25, at 3.... ¶ Jean Genêt's "Deathwatch" and Fernando Arrabal's "Picnic on the Battlefield": Friday, March 16, at 7:30; Sunday, March 18, at 7:30; and Saturday, March 24, at 7:30 and 10:30.... ¶ Jack Richardson's "Gallows Humor" and Edward Albee's "The Sandbox": Sunday, March 18, at 3; Friday, March 23, at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sunday, March 25, at 7:30.... ¶ Edward Albee's "The American Dream" and "The Zoo Story": Friday, March 16, at 10:30, and Thursday, March 22, at 8:40. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-3951.)

This Side of Paradise—A charming adaptation of Fitzgerald's novel about youth and innocence and complexity and love, on and off the Princeton campus. Herbert Berghof's direction is most inventive. Paul Roebling is Amory come to life. Sydney Sloane, who did the adaptation, makes a bright and touching Rosalind. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-9609. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

This Was Burlesque—A revival of the locally obsolete entertainment, starring Ann Corio, as mistress of ceremonies and, in the next-to-closing spot, as nostalgic stripper. The girls are young, the routines are old, and the veteran comedians—Steven Mills, Charley Robinson, and Mac Dennison—are sometimes funny and sometimes just dirty. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 11:25; Saturdays at 2:30, 8, and 11:25; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:30.)

Note—A revue without music, partly extemporaneous, always contemporaneous, and, in general, offhandedly diverting, is being presented at the Premise, 154 Bleecker St., a coffeehouse whose method of staging is as entertaining as its spoken words. (LF 3-5020.) The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 8 and 10:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

DANCE PROGRAMS

Martha Graham and Her Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday evening, March 15: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Alcestis," "Diversion of Angels," and "Phaedra."... ¶ Friday evening, March 16: "A Look at Lightning," "Night Journey," "Embattled Garden," and "Acrobats of God."... ¶ Saturday matinée, March 17: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Embattled Garden," and "Phaedra."... ¶ Saturday evening, March 17: "Clytemnestra."... ¶ Sunday matinée, March 18: "Diversion of Angels," "Samson Agonistes," and "Acrobats of God."... ¶ Sunday evening, March 18: "Phaedra," "A Look at Lightning," "Seraphic Dialogue," and "Acrobats of God." (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Magic Show—An evening of hocus by some talented pocussers of the Society of American Magicians. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, March 16, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The "No Casting Tonight" sign is forever conspicuous by its absence from the offices of this famous old talent agency. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra perform for anyone who likes to dance.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Phil Wayne's pulsing trio, whose piano glitters with non-"society"-orchestra arpeggios, gets equal time on the stand with Stanley Melba's dance orchestra in the regal and handsome Cotillion Room. Twice a night during the week, and at dinner on Sundays, there's an itinerant revue, which, unaware that its native Texas does have boundaries, has wandered far out of orbit. Closed Mondays.... ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet hums dance music at cocktails, dinner, and supper every evening in the Café Pierre, a highly social occasion.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, a salon in the grand manner, the dinner and supper educational material is handed out by Phil Ford and Mimi Hines, specialists in song, prance, and unfunny sayings. All evening, the bands of Emil Coleman and Mark Monte roll out an endless carpet of dance tunes. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Kurt Maier, a sentimental sort of pianist, takes tea from four to six-thirty in the Palm Court and dinner from seven-thirty to nine-thirty in the Edwardian Room every night but Monday.... ¶ The Rendez-Vous, which has dowager dignity but a touch of mischief, too, is where Payson Ré and Nick D'Amico's bands dispense dance music after eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Lenny Herman's band rattles along for the benefit of dancers. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—At dinner and supper in the Maisonette, a close approach to a throne room, Joan Regan, an English girl, lets us know how songs are sung in Blighty. She finishes up on Wednesday, March 21. Next evening, Evelyn Knight begins to unwind her cool-as-cucumber ballads. Chauncey Gray's small orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band burble happily from early evening until curfew. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Seekers of space find enough of it in the middle of the Columns, a placid and moonlit pavilion, for the most expansive dance forms. Gunnar Hansen's little band does knife-and-fork music from seven to eight-thirty, then alternates with the breezy trio of Arturo Arturos in the production of dance music. Monique Lemaire, whose nationality you can guess, chirrups a few matter-of-fact songs at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.... ¶ The only murmuring in the rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the concise and well-informed piano of Ray Hartley, who begins at cocktails and ends at supper, every night but Sunday.

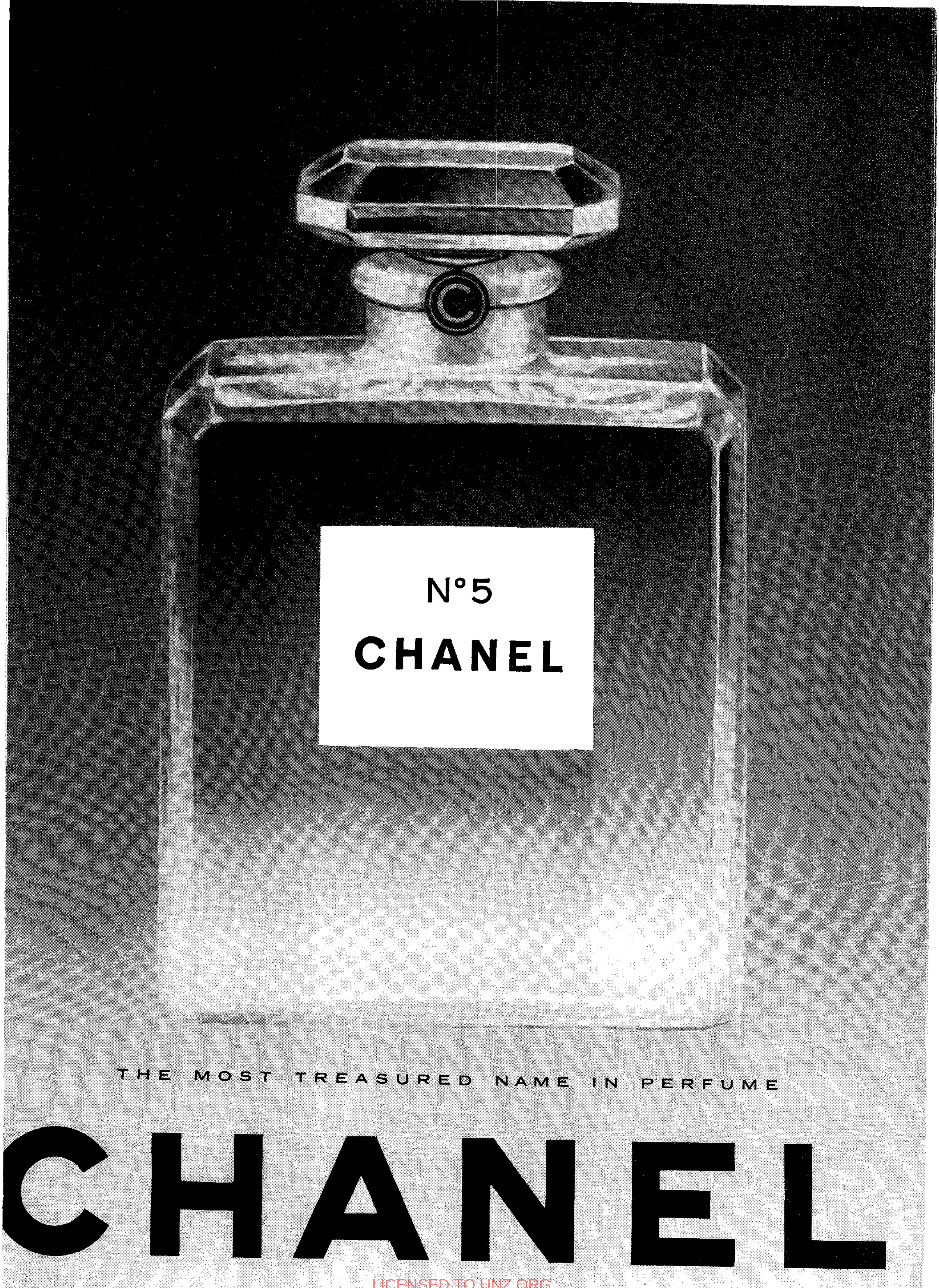
Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Two state occasions operate side by side belowstairs: the suitably widespread Embassy Club (*on y danse* to the orchestras of Roger Steele and Lazaro Quintero from eight-thirty until two) and the compact little Knight Box, where Jani Sarkozi's violin plies its trade at dinner and supper. Both events suspend on Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Dolores Gray arrives for dinner and supper in the Empire Room with a Rolls full of dresses and a brace of equerries, though all she needs do is look a song squarely in the eye to let it know it's met its master. Between these exhibitions of prowess, two dance bands (Milt Shaw's is one) bounce across the podium. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In Peacock Alley, Joan Bishop plays sedate piano every night but Sunday between five and twelve-thirty.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A New York cityscape made up of people who honestly believe that only one state has yet been admitted to the Union. They are accompanied from dinner until a late bedtime by Paul Sears' piano. Mondays are dedicated, if that is the word, to the Twist.... **Goldie's New York**, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Reunion hall for old friends and young ones to whom any hour of the night is the top of the evening. The men-at-arms who abet this state of mind perform as follows: Bob Printz at the piano from five-thirty to eight, Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders thereafter as soloists on the uprights until supper-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

time, when they converge as hubble-bubble, roil-and-double pianists. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A suite of practically ambassadorial rank, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte recitations between cocktails and one in the morning. Forrest Perrin is the Sunday and Monday driver. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The new Roman Empire is at its zenith in this banquet hall, which is completely encircled by Herman Honigsberg's crew of mobile violinists and three strolling guitarists. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The consumers' research that goes on here is concerned with Italianate cuisine and Italianate opera. From Thursday through Sunday, there's activity by Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. Every evening, too, Mr. Bruschi is impresario and basso profundo of a toy but eager opera company that believes implicitly in Puccini. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Not a castle in Spain, or even in France, but in never-never land. Norbert Faconi, whose faint violin can win many a fair lady, wanders from table to table in a manner that proves him to be a skillful cruise director. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A house of many mansions, each one depicting a stage of the royal moves toward the Saracen foe. Through it all drift a violinist, a soprano, and a pianist, as bemused as the establishment's decorator. No music Sundays. . . . **WALLDORFKELLER,** Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): A small, comfortable cul-de-sac at the southwest corner of a celebrated hotel. The theme, which is part Vienna and part Tyrol, is carried out by the chef and the sommelier. The amusement, which begins at ten, is Erik Rhodes, who has a baritone voice under his vest and a piano at his fingertips. On Monday, March 19, the owner of this duplex, Greta Keller, who is Vienna to *her* fingertips, comes home to succeed Mr. R. as singer of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco in various forms and in large dollops, plus dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Status quo ante, not penny ante, is the favorite game. George Feyer's Christmas-candy piano ambles along from eight-thirty until (if necessary) two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): In the town's smallest art gallery, after ten, there are words and music from Andy Hamon, a night-owl crooner, and just music—the new kind—from Ronnell Bright's trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Home, sweet home for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet strolling minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Conrad Monjoy's tiptoe piano emulates the scrollwork that's the trademark of the Moorish architects who left this restaurant as their monument. He functions from six to midnight during the week and until one on Saturdays. Eddie Lane's trio plays for dancing on Fridays and Saturdays from ten until one. Silence on Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): A captain's-table sort of operation. Victor del Monte's unobtrusive piano discourses from five until one every evening but Sunday. . . . **MALMAISON,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): To the manner born, and all that. In the bar next to the restaurant, Jules Kuti communes with his piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The tranquil landscape of the Casino-on-the-Park accommodates Steven Weltner's cool, clear, collected piano between cocktails and supper, except on Sundays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (TR 9-7760): *Kaffeeklatsch* time on the East Side, augmented by musicians who never lay down their weapons and singers who never stop vocalizing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The cup that cheers, the song that sighs, the violin and the zimbalon that dwell on the good old days in Mitteleuropa. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Spain is passion's plaything—or that's what the resident Spanish guitar, piano, voice, and feet keep trying, with considerable success, to tell us. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): In the plaza of this quiet Central American village, a pride of Spaniards present, a couple of times an evening, a small music festival full of local color and local thunderstorms. In between, piano or guitar rustles in one corner. Tea dancing on Sundays from two to seven. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ PICARDIE,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): A crossroads tavern, set forth with a certain amount of opulence in an alcove of the Hotel Delmonico. Marty Berns' baby grand gives a good account of itself between six and one every night but Sunday. . . . **CAFÉ DE LA PAIX,** 50 Central Park S. (PL 5-5800): This segment of the St. Moritz offers the pulsing tonic devices of the Jimmy Lyons trio from dinner through supper every night but Monday, and from two until eight on Sundays as well.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The Garden of Eden, and not an apple or a serpent within miles. There are millions of supple young ladies, some of *whom—the Wallendas—fly through* the air with the greatest of ease. Among other things, there is Liberace, well-known piano tuner. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Tony Bennett is manfully facing up to his obligatory pop tunes and relishing his loved ones; Phyllis Diller, one of our angry young women, is mostly wrathful (and funny) about herself. On Thursday, March 22, a new show arrives—Chubby Checker, the Twist man, and the team of Allen and Rossi, whose jokes grow in trees among the Catskills. Kindergarten is the place the young ballerinas who surround them are playing hooky from. Dancing for the guests, too. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): All anyone needs to know is that Frances Faye is the new warden. Miss F., who uses a piano and a band for kindling, always has the last word with anything, be it a lyric or a customer, and the whole thing may restore man's faith in womankind. Closed Sundays. . . . **JACK SILVERMAN'S INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): George Jessel, speaking a cajoling American dialect understood by countless millions, winds up his current farewell tour on Tuesday, March 20.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Oscar Brown, Jr., sets forth his philosophy sometimes in wistful thinking, sometimes in playful thinking, and always in song of his own invention. Don Sherman, a new-to-our-town wit, does the talking. On Monday, March 19, the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem, a fine body of Irish rebels, will also start raising their voice in song. . . . ¶ The lounge is the playground for Bobby Short, whose hey-nonny-nonny ditties and night-march piano—available from ten until as late as the law allows—make New York once again a twenty-four-hour town. He skips Saturdays, but does a Sunday matinée from five to eight. Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his outfielders. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Julius Monk's most recent revue, "Seven Come Eleven," reduces to rubble the pillars of society without raising even a smidgen of dust. Ceil Cabot and Mary Louise Wilson, the heads of this reform administration, lead a set of bright-as-buttons troupers, including Rex Robbins, Steve Roland, William Bogert, and Donna Sanders. William Roy and Carl Norman bring the two-piano orchestra thoroughly to life. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): One more agreeable (and earlier)

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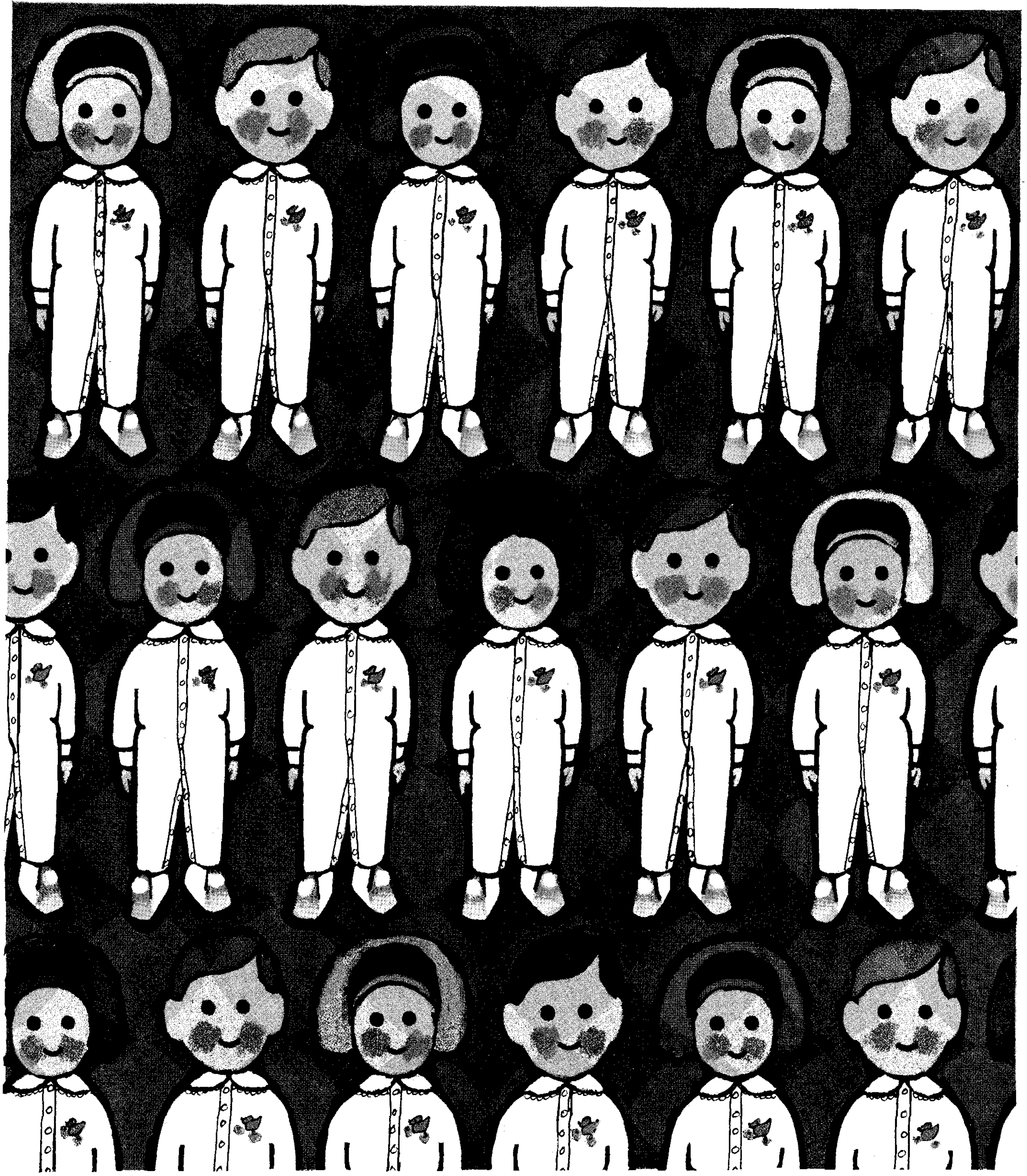

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example of the small revue, also done in the customary wise and witty style of Mr. Monk. The dramatis personae are a lissome girl named Lovelady Powell, a girl firecracker named Freddie Weber, and two boy harum-scarums, Jim Sheridan and Dick Riddle. Robert Colston and Robert Milrad play piano all evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Restoration comedy (i.e., a full-strength revival of the Victorian music halls of London) is the point of "Time, Gentlemen Please!," whose second edition, now in flower, is Merrie, Merrie England. Fred Stone, Sheila Bernette, and Archie Harradine are the triumphs of a tongue-in-cheek cast from London's Players Theatre. They show up at nine on Tuesdays through Thursdays, at eight-forty-five and eleven-forty-five on Fridays and Saturdays, and at seven on Sundays. Mondays, they're at leisure. In the bar, Fred Silver plays piano from seven until nine and from ten-thirty until blackout time. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Roberto Iglesias and his crack regiment (girls as well as boys) of Spanish cavalry often sing with as much glee as they dance. Pupi Campo's dance band gets every ounce of energy out of the customers. And in the neighborly alcove off the bar, beginning around ten, the flamenco guitar of Juan de la Mata and the flamenco voice of Domingo Alvarado describe in fervid detail the by-love-obsessed night life of Spain. The tea dancing on Sunday afternoons is by fury possessed. . . . **SQUARE EAST**, 15 W. 4th St. (AL 4-0480): The "Second City" troupe (Alan Arkin, Eugene Troobnick, Lynda Segal, Andrew Duncan, Howard Alk, and—for the late shows—Barbara Harris) are simultaneously doing a jolly revue and thumbing their smart little noses at a long list of irks. Guests should be at table by eight-thirty and eleven on Tuesdays through Thursdays; by eight-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays; by seven, nine-thirty, and midnight on Saturdays; and by seven and nine-thirty on Sundays. The late shows on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays are, by the way, all impromptu. Recess on Mondays. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM**, 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): Jorie Remus, not at all sure that life is worth living, has excellent reasons, some mordant and some mocking, for her point of view; Chris Rayburn has a vivid soprano that gives a good account of everything she sings. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The venerable and venerated Edmond Hall ("of Fame" might as well be appended) is coaxing pensive nocturnal music from his traditionalist woodwinds. Mr. Condon sits in when the spirit moves. Sundays, sad to say, are for Twisters. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Joe Williams lustily crys himself his last river on Sunday, March 18, and Harry Edison's quintet, his loyal support, takes leave the same night. So does the bursting-at-the-seams trio of jaunty little Junior Mance. On Tuesday, March 20, Gerry Mulligan's valiant foursome (Bob Brookmeyer is in it) returns to its best sounding board, and Bernard Peiffer's duo should be along any minute thereafter. Afternoon sessions every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): The area's last refuge for early settlers whose music comes out with the bark left on. Danny Barker, Lee Blair, and Joe Thomas are among its devotees. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Mondays, Tony Parenti and Zutty Singleton join Mr. Frye in giving the varsity some competition. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Bill Evans, as concise and literate a pianist as the new school has turned out, makes every note amount to something as he parades his trio, in which Chuck Israel plays bass, along the circular bar. No action Mondays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The irresistible force of Wild Bill Davison's trumpet is sufficient unto the night even without its supporting cast of old-time blasting caps. Mondays are holidays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): The Dukes of Dixieland and Sol Yaged's quintet are engaged in a project that sounds very much like simultaneously moving heaven and earth. On Wednesday, March 21, the Dukes and the Yageds will be succeeded by Woody Herman's Ninety-ninth Herd. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of what's left of the hall. . . . ¶ Fridays and Saturdays, the Twist burns unchecked in the second-floor attic. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The sextet of Al Grey and Billy Mitchell blow their last blank-verse ode to the local hero sandwiches on Sunday, March 18; on Tuesday, March 20, Toshiko Akiyoshi and Charlie Mariano return their quartet and their pleasurable counterpoint to town. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Wednesday, March 21, is the final call for Chris Connor, singing like a bird that never wert; for Cannonball Adderley's firing squad; and for the trio of Bernard Peiffer, pianist of note. Next evening brings in, among others, the sextet of the eminent Charlie Mingus and the trio of Junior Mance. Mondays, when the regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Harold Quinn's trio and Charlie Shavers' quartet do their best to make themselves heard above the room noise. On Monday, March 19, Ronnie Brown's trio will replace the Quinn family. Sundays are assigned to irregular troops; that is, just about anyone with a union card. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): The incumbent quartet is fortified by Thelonious Monk's piano, from which constructive thinking springs eternal except when (at unpredictable interludes) he suddenly takes a vow of silence. His closing night is Sunday, March 18. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): An ancestral hall for ancestral music. The exhibits on Friday and Saturday, March 16-17, should include Red Allen, Buck Clayton, Sammy Price, Russell Moore, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, Eddie Barefield, and Panama Francis. Dancing. . . . **JAZZ GALLERY**, 80 St. Marks Pl., west of First Ave. (AL 4-4242): Count Basie's boys come in like lions; Jimmy Giuffre's boys come in like lambs. Mondays are for extra hands. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Jimmy Moody's sextet is nesting in this old village hollow oak every night but Tuesday, which is visitors' evening.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

LENNART ANDERSON—Realistic paintings; through Thursday, March 22. (Tanager, 90 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

KENNETH ARMITAGE—Bronzes by a leading British sculptor; through March 31. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

SAUL BAIZERMAN—Pieces in bronze and hammered bronze from the series "The City and the People" (1920-53) by this sculptor, who died in 1957; through Saturday, March 17. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Thursday evening until 10.)

BALTHUS—Paintings (1929-61) by a French romantic-realist; through March 31. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RICHARD BOYCE, MARCIA MARCUS, AND REUBEN TAM—Figure sculptures by the first, figure paintings by the second, and seascapes and landscapes of Maine by the last; through Saturday, March 24. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

COLLEEN BROWNING—Figure paintings and landscapes; through Saturday, March 24. (Isaacson, 22 E. 66th St.)

LOVIS CORINTH (1858-1925)—Expressionistic landscapes and still-lifes by the German artist; through April 7. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.)

ROBERTO CRIPPA—Assemblage-paintings and two sculptures by a young Italian artist; through March 31. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

WILLEM DE KOONING—Abstract Expressionist

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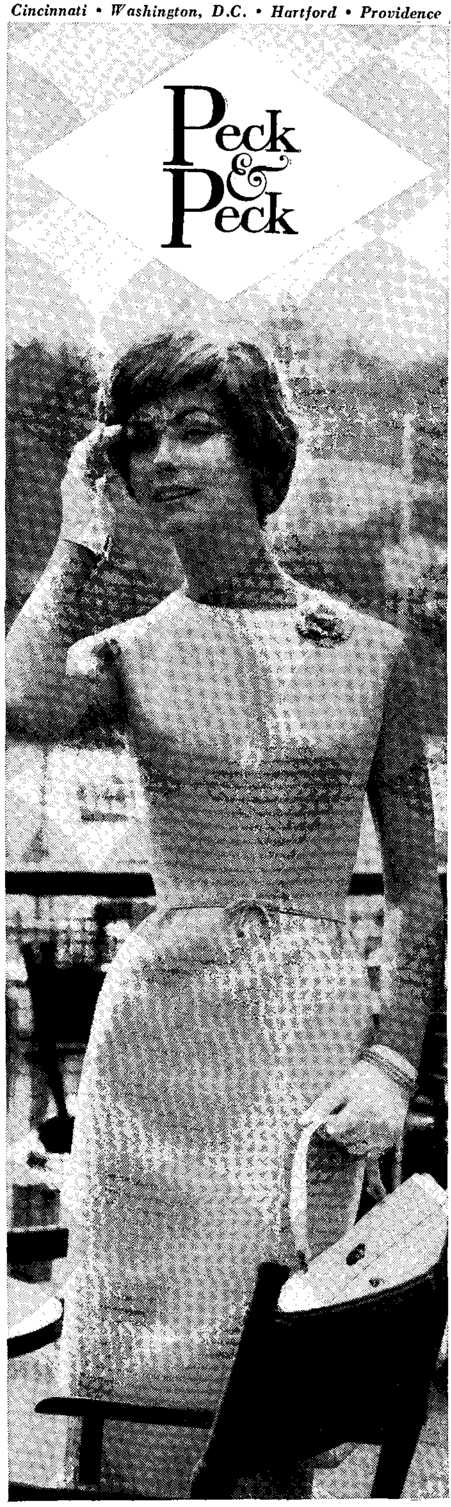

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

paintings; through March 31. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Seymour Franks—Large abstract oils; through March 31. (Bleecker, 16 E. 52nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Robert Goodnough—Abstractions of horses and figures; through April 7. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

Maxwell Gordon—Paintings; through March 31. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Cleve Gray—Abstract canvases; through March 31. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Balcomb Greene and David Hare—Landscape and figure paintings by the former, figurative metal sculptures by the latter; through April 21. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Léon Hartl—Still-lifes and landscapes; through April 7. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Marsden Hartley—An exhibition of oils, drawings, and pastels that is running simultaneously with his show at the Whitney Museum; through March 30. (Valente, 119 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Childe Hassam, John Whorf, and David Fredenthal—Water colors; through Saturday, March 24. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henry Henghes—Abstract sculptures by a British artist. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, March 24. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Kapral and Hugo Lutz—Semi-abstract paintings by Mr. Kapral and abstract paintings by Mr. Lutz; through Tuesday, March 20. (Highgate, 827 Third Ave., at 50th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 5:30.)

Tom Kendall—Sculptures; through March 29. (Area, 80 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Jonah Kinigstein—Paintings by one of the younger American Expressionists; through March 31. (Grippi, 905 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

Guitou Knoop—A first showing of paintings by a Frenchwoman known for her sculptures; through March 31. (Trabia, 14 E. 95th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lee Krasner—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through March 30. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

André Lanskoy—Abstract paintings by a member of the contemporary Paris school; through March 31. (Loeb, 12 E. 57th St.)

Alfred Leslie—Abstract Expressionist and hard-edge paintings; through March 31. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Landès Lewitin—Semi-abstract paintings, based on human and animal figures, done in 1952; through April 7. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Mallary—Sculptures; through Saturday, March 24. (Stone, 18 E. 82nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Armando Morales—Paintings by a Nicaraguan artist; through Saturday, March 24. (Angeleski, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Reuben Nakan—Terra-cotta and bronze sculptures; through April 14. (Egan, 313 E. 79th St. Closed noon to 2.)

Sidney Nolan—Landscapes, figure paintings, and still-lifes by an Australian artist; through Saturday, March 24. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Kenzo Okada—Abstractions by a Japanese-born artist; through March 31. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Rodolfo Opazo—Paintings by a Chilean artist. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, March 17. (Galeriá Sudamericana, 10 E. 8th St. Open Friday evenings until 9:30.)

Robert Osborn—"Clowns and Non-Clowns," an exhibition of works in a variety of mediums; through Saturday, March 17. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

Martin Pajeck—Paintings by an American Expressionist; through Saturday, March 17. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Henry Pearson—Paintings; through March 31. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Rosati—Abstract sculptures, plus a selection of reliefs, cardboard collages, and drawings; through March 31. (Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jason Seley—Welded-metal sculptures; through Saturday, March 24. (Kornblee, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Patricia Sloane—Abstract paintings; through March 29. (Camino, 89 E. 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

Kumi Sugaï—Paintings by a Japanese abstractionist who lives in Paris; through Saturday, March 24. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frederic Taubes—Semi-Expressionistic landscape and figure paintings; through Saturday, March 24. (Selected Artists, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Esteben Vicente—Non-objective oils, drawings, and collages; through Saturday, March 17. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Maurice de Vlaminck and the School of Paris—Oil paintings by Vlaminck, against a background of one painting each by his friends and contemporaries in the School of Paris—Pascin, Soutine, and Utrillo (to name a few); through Saturday, March 17. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Jack B. Yeats (1871-1957)—Landscapes and figures by the Irish painter; through March 31. (Willard, 23 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Sears Young—Welded-metal sculptures; through April 7. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Marguerite Zorach—Paintings; through March 31. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Masters of Seven Centuries—Oils, water colors, and drawings lent by alumnae of Wellesley College, their immediate families, and former and present faculty members. Dating from the fourteenth century, they include works by such artists as Tintoretto, Corot, and Klee. For the benefit of the Wellesley College Faculty Salary Advancement Fund. Through March 31. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Sculptures—Daumier to Picasso; through Saturday, March 17. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Thursday evening until 10.)

Society of American Graphic Artists—Their forty-fourth Annual Print Exhibition; through Saturday, March 17. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **Hirschl & Adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: Part I of a show entitled "The Continuing Tradition of Realism in American Art," with paintings and sculptures by, for instance, Leonard Baskin, John Koch, and Milton Hebald; through Saturday, March 24. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **Bertha Schaefer**, 32 E. 57th St.: "Five Americans Before Mid-Century"—Will Barnet, Oscar Bluemner, Marsden Hartley, Morris Kantor, and Alfred Maurer; through March 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Rowlandson's England," an exhibition of prints, water colors, and book illustrations (from the Museum's collection) by the satirist Thomas Rowlandson and his contemporaries, depicting English life in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of paintings, assemblages, drawings, and sculptures by Jean Dubuffet, one of France's leading artists; through April 8. . . . ¶ Two hundred and fifty drawings by Frank Lloyd Wright—perspective renderings, elevations, designs for automobiles and coffee cups, and so on—make up a retrospective of his work from 1895 to his death in 1959; through May 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Thirteenth National Print Exhibition, comprising examples by about a hundred and twenty-five artists, from every section of the country;

through June 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Paintings, sculptures, and ceramics from the period of Southern Sung China (1127-1279); through April 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Paintings by artists of Bologna during the baroque period, ranging from Denis Calvaert (1540-1619) to Ubaldo Gandolfi (1728-81), on loan from New York collectors; through April 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Five large canvases by the French Cubist Fernand Léger, together with some hundred preliminary and related paintings and drawings; through April 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 33 E. 36th St.—"Seventeenth-Century Bookbinding Styles," a survey of changing fashions in design on the European continent; through April 7. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Collaboration: Artist and Architect," an exhibit of contributions to present-day American architecture through sculptures, tapestries, mosaics, stained glass, and wall panels. Richard Lippold, Isamu Noguchi, and Costantino Nivola are three of the artists represented. Starts Friday, March 16. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Gods with Fangs," a display of stone sculptures, textiles, gold ornaments, ritual vessels, and ink rubbings of stone reliefs, from the Chavin empire that thrived in the Andes about three thousand years ago; through May 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-thirty-seventh annual exhibition, consisting of more than three hundred oils, sculptures, drawings, prints, and water colors by both members and non-members; through Sunday, March 18. (Daily, except Saturday, March 17, from 1 to 5.)

National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibition of the works of forty American painters and sculptors who are candidates for awards. Among the artists invited to participate are Fairfield Porter, Syd Solomon, and Dimitri Hadzi; through March 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The twenty-first annual of the League of Present Day Artists, with paintings and sculptures by, among others, Nancy Dryfoos, Emma Ehrenreich, and Domenico Facci; through April 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

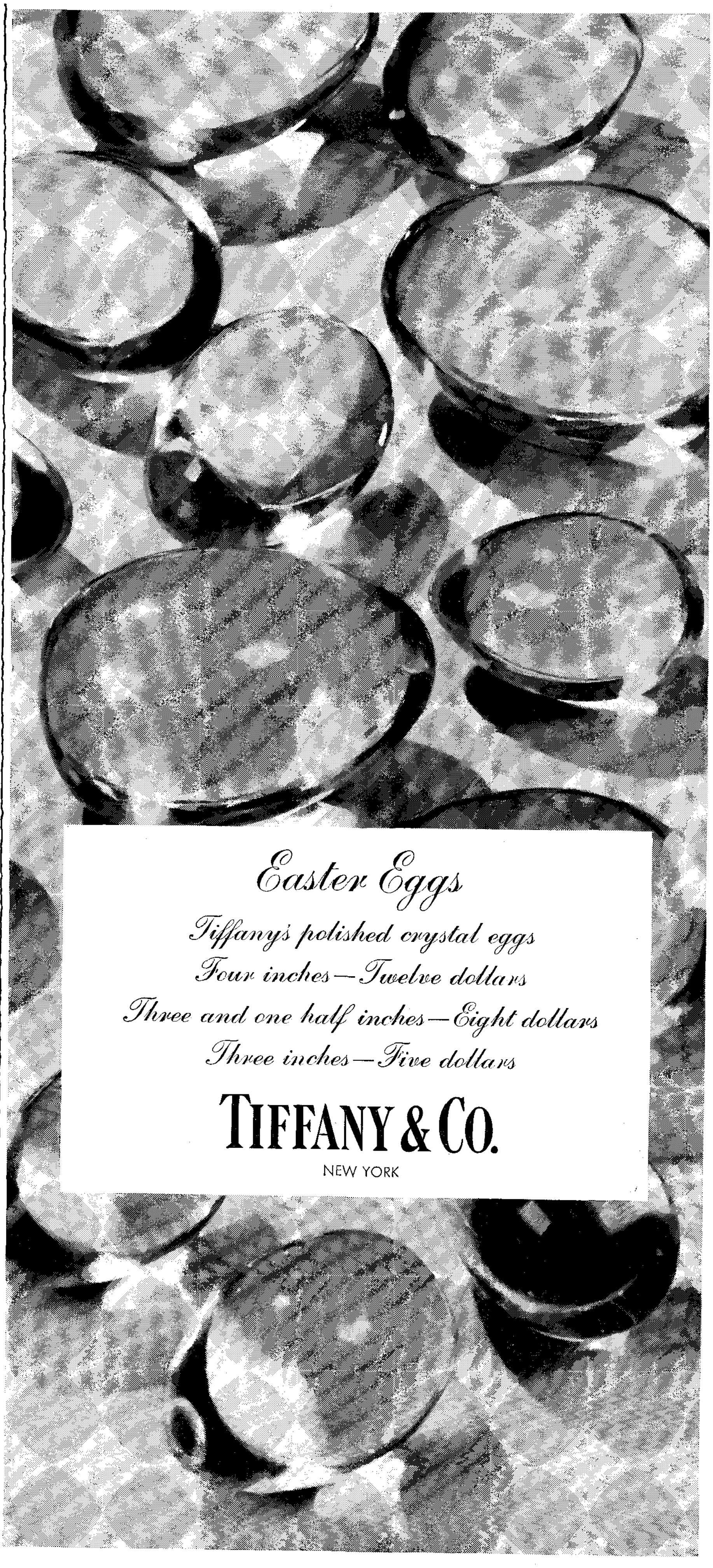
Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of paintings by Marsden Hartley, pioneer modernist and Expressionist, covering his career from 1908 to 1943, the year of his death; through April 8. (Daily, 1 to 5.) A good complement to this exhibition is the Hartley showing at the Alfredo Valente Gallery, 119 W. 57th St.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, March 15: "Tosca," with Margherita Roberti, Barry Morell, and Cornell MacNeil. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 16: "Elektra," with Gerda Lammers, Jean Madeira, Frances Yeend, Walter Cassel, and Albert Da Costa. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 17: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Leonie Rysanek, Jean Madeira, Anneliese Rothenberger, Carlo Bergonzi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 17: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Lisa Della Casa, Laurel Hurley, Helen Vanni, Cesare Siepi, and Kim Borg. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 19: "La Forza del Destino," with Eileen Farrell, Carlo Bergonzi, Robert Merrill, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 20: "Aïda," with Gabriella Tucci, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, Cesare Bardelli, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . .



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ Wednesday evening, March 21: "Orfeo ed Euridice," with Kerstin Meyer, Gabriella Tucci, and Anneliese Rothenberger. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 22: "Tosca," with Licia Albanese, Franco Corelli, Walter Cassel, and Ezio Flagello. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 23: "Rigoletto," with Laurel Hurley, Mignon Dunn, Cornell MacNeil, Dino Formichini, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 24: "Macbeth," with Leonie Rysanek, Anselmo Colzani, Carlo Bergonzi, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 24: "La Gioconda," with Zinka Milanov, Nell Rankin, Franco Corelli, Robert Merrill, and Cesare Siepi. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera Company—Opening performances of a season of contemporary opera, which will continue through Sunday, April 8—Thursday, March 22, at 7:30: The première of Abraham Ellstein's "The Golem." . . ¶ Friday, March 23, at 8:15: "The Ballad of Baby Doe." . . ¶ Saturday, March 24, at 8:15: "The Golem." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, William Steinberg conducting—A Schubert-Mahler program on Thursday, March 15, at 8:30; Friday, March 16, at 2:15; Saturday, March 17, at 8:30; and Sunday, March 18, at 3 (*no soloists*); *and mixed programs on* Thursday, March 22, at 8:30; Friday, March 23, at 2:15; Saturday, March 24, at 8:30; and Sunday, March 25, at 3 (all with Malcolm Frager, piano).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 20, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna—Frederic Waldman conducting an orchestra, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, March 17, at 8:30, an all-Mozart program; and Saturday, March 24, at 8:30, a Schubert-Mozart program.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider conducting a chamber orchestra in a Mozart-Dvořák program. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, March 18, at 3 and 9.)

A Tribute to George Gershwin—Paul Taubman conducting the Symphony of the Air, with Eleanor Steber, soprano; Leonid Hambro, *piano; and others. A benefit for the* City of Hope, in Duarte, California. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 18, at 8:30. For tickets, call PL 1-6740, Ext. 6.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting, with Michael Rabin, violin. (Town Hall. Monday, March 19, at 8:30.)

Ars Nova Orchestra—Robert Mandell conducting an all-Stravinsky program, with Ellen Faull, soprano; Willard Pierce, tenor; and Herbert Beattie, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 19, at 8:30.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Siegfried Landau conducting, with Nathan Milstein, violin. The final concert of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 24, at 8:30.)

Penn State Glee Club—Frank Gullo directing. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 22, at 8:30.)

Vienna Choir Boys—Roman Zeilinger directing two different programs. (Town Hall. Friday, March 23, at 8:40, and Saturday, March 24, at 2:40.)

RECITALS

Ivan Davis—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 16, at 8:30.)

Fine Arts Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 17, at 5:15.)

Haydn Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 17, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Eileen Farrell—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 17, at 8:30.)

A Tribute to Carlos Salzedo—A program played by Alice Chalifoux and six other harpists, plus a chamber-music ensemble. (Town Hall. Sunday, March 18, at 8:30.)

Sylvia Marlowe—Harpsichord, playing Bach's "Goldberg Variations." (Town Hall. Tuesday, March 20, at 8:30.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-62—The fourth in a series of seven concerts, each followed by a discussion period, generally with several composers present. This one will involve, among others, Robert Conant, harpsichord; the Dorian Quintet; and composers Donald Erb and James Tenney. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Wednesday, March 21, at 8:30.)

The Festive Pipes—A program of Elizabethan music, performed by the Krainis Consort, with Betty Wilson, soprano; Joseph Iadone, lute; and Barbara Mueser, viola da gamba. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, March 22, at 8:30.)

Leon Fleisher and Leonard Rose—Piano and cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 23, at 8:30.)

Michael Rabin—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 24, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Van Cliburn—Piano. A benefit for the Benno Lee Graduate Scholarship in Music. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 24, at 8:30.)

William Clauson—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, March 24, at 8:30.)

The Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem—Folk singers. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 24, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concerts—The Dave Brubeck Quartet. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, March 15, at 8:30. For tickets, call UN 5-4000, Ext. 2831.) . . ¶ Herbie Mann and his Afro-Jazz Sextet and the Bill Evans trio. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, March 17, at 8:30.) . . ¶ The Modern Jazz Quartet. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 17, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Benny (Kid) Paret vs. Emile Griffith, 15 rounds, for the World Welterweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 24. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Toronto. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, March 18, at 7.)

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30, from Tuesday, March 20, through Thursday, May 31. The Swift, Tuesday, March 20, and the Paumonok Handicap, Saturday, March 24. . . . **BOWIE**, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Thursday, March 29. The John B. Campbell Memorial Handicap, Saturday, March 24.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30, from Tuesday, March 20, through Saturday, May 19. (Special trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:43 and 7:06, and Saturdays at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic in an all-Stravinsky program. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, March 24, at noon.)

Stage Shows—By the **CAVKAP PRODUCTIONS**: "The Adventures of Highjump." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0282. Saturdays at 1, 2:15, and 3:30, and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **CHILDREN'S FINE ARTS GUILD**: "Beauty and the Beast." (Midway Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2355. Saturdays at 1 and 3.) . . . **MERRIMIMES**: "The Littlest Tailor." (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Saturdays at 1, 2:30, and 4.) . . . **MERRY-GO-ROUNDERS**:

"The Celestial Elephant," "The Love of Three Oranges," and "1, 2, 3—Follow Me." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Sunday, March 18, at 2:30.) . . . **MUSIC BOX THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "Tom Sawyer." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, March 24, at 2 and 4.) . . . **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Ali Baba and the Thieves." (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Saturdays at 1 and 2:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **PILGRIM PRODUCTIONS:** "Hansel and Gretel." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.) . . . ¶ "Puss in Boots." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 24, at 2:30.) . . . **TOPSY TURVY PRODUCTIONS:** "Topsy Turvy Town." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, March 17, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2:15 on the day of the performance. Children under four not admitted.) . . . **VERA-DEE PRODUCTIONS:** "Petey and the Pogo Stick." (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . **GIA WALLACE PUPPET THEATRE:** "Cinderella." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. Saturdays and Sundays at 2. For tickets, call WA 9-0485.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Sculpture," an exhibit of more than a hundred works, dating from early Egyptian times to the twentieth century, together with displays demonstrating the sculptor's basic materials and techniques. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called, "Astronomy in Color." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—"Son of Lassie," with Peter Lawford and Donald Crisp. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Saturday, March 17, at 1:30. Admission is free.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

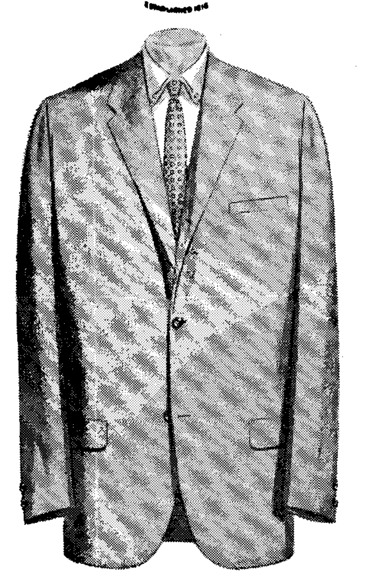
OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE—Starts at noon on Saturday, March 17, at 44th Street and Fifth Avenue, and disperses at 86th Street.

COLISEUM, Columbus Circle—**COLISEUM ANTIQUES FAIR:** Vestiges of the good old days: silver, glass, pewter, furniture, dolls, and a nineteenth-century country store, complete with pickle barrel and penny candy. (Thursday through Saturday, March 15-17, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, March 18, from 2 to 7.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL FLOWER SHOW:** The forty-fifth annual event. The theme is "Gardens of Yesterday and Tomorrow," and there are also the usual large number of flower arrangements by owners of the green thumb. (Thursday through Saturday, March 15-17, from 10 to 10, and Sunday, March 18, from 1 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesday, March 21, from 10 to noon; and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, March 17, at 1:45: French, English, and other furniture; Minton, Royal Doulton, and other dinner, dessert, and tea services; silver and silver-plated table articles; paintings and drawings; and Oriental rugs. The property of various collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 21, at 8: Modern paintings, drawings, and bronzes by such artists as Bonnard, Mondrian, and Rodin; owned by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Goldman and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 17.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

La Belle Américaine—All heaven breaks loose when a poor young couple in Paris contrive to purchase an enormous American automobile. Robert Dhéry, Colette Brosset, and innumerable colleagues, human and canine, keep this comedy rolling at ninety miles an hour for a hundred minutes. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134; through March 18, last showing at 6.)

A Cold Wind in August—A picture that knows where it's going and quickly gets there, made by a group of young men who might never have heard of Hollywood. The story concerns a tough stripper and a hitherto virtuous boy who fall in love, and their doomed affair is given an uncanny freshness by marvellous acting and camerawork. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting March 21, tentative.)

La Dolce Vita—The pleasures and vices of Roman society, as herein revealed, haven't changed much since the days of the Twelve Caesars. The movie also reveals a number of other things, among them that Federico Fellini is a script-writer and director of dazzling imagination, and that Marcello Mastroianni, who plays the leading role, is the brightest star to appear here in quite some time. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

The Hustler—Though not a success as a whole, this picture provides some of the best scenes you are likely to see all season. Paul Newman and Jackie Gleason are utterly convincing as the world's two greatest pool sharks, and George C. Scott is superb as the gangster-gambler who profits from both. Also on hand are Piper Laurie and Myron McCormick. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through March 17.)

The Joker—Love conquers all, but only if it's deeds of love performed at no matter what risk to life, limb, and self-respect. Such is the theme of this truly hilarious farce. Jean-Pierre Cassel plays an idealistic and indefatigable philanderer, and the lady into whose arms he incessantly pops is Anouk Aimée, who has reason to look alarmed. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting March 21, tentative.)

Judgment at Nuremberg—A powerful debate on the unmentioned topic "Resolved, that I am my brother's keeper." Four Nazi judges are made to face their infamy and a punishment that will not last in a series of wounding confrontations that feature, among others, Spencer Tracy, Burt Lancaster, Richard Widmark, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, Montgomery Clift, and Marlene Dietrich. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:15. Reserved seats only.)

Last Year at Marienbad—A lovely dream, full of gorgeously caparisoned men and women moving as if drugged through the baroque corridors and gardens of what may be a hotel, or possibly a lunatic asylum. Directed by Alain Resnais, from a script by Alain Robbe-Grillet. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses—The scandalous eighteenth-century best-seller by de Laclos has been brought up to date by Roger Vadim. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe play the corrupt couple bent on destroying innocence in others. A highly moral comedy. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

The Lower Depths—The great Japanese director Akira Kurosawa has moved Gorky's nineteenth-century play from Moscow to Tokyo, but the place might as well be Lascaux and the time fifteen thousand years ago. An austere, beautiful film, which everyone should pluck up his courage to go and see. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210.)

The Mark—A harsh, highly effective study of a sexually disturbed man who fights his way up from sickness and despair to something like health, something like hope. Wonderfully acted by Stuart Whitman, Rod Steiger, and Maria Schell. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through March 20, tentative. . . . ¶ 55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th, JU 6-4590; through March 21, tentative.)

RKO PALACE
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Murder She Said—Margaret Rutherford, who is as roly-poly as West Sussex and twice as funny, stars in a high-spirited version of an Agatha Christie mystery. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302.)

The Night—A very long, scrupulous, and, alas, finally tiresome study of a married couple in Milan, who find nothing to believe in, even themselves. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

One, Two, Three—James Cagney plays the manager of a Coca-Cola bottling plant in West Berlin, and by the time the director, Billy Wilder, gets through inventing preposterous situations for him to blow his stack in, West Berlin seems every bit as suitable a subject for ridicule as Atlanta, Georgia. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through March 19.)

A Summer to Remember—Life through the eyes of a five-year-old. A Russian picture, humorous and occasionally sentimental, with a stunning performance by Master Borya Barkhatov, who looks like Carl Sandburg, only more serious. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through March 21, tentative.)

Through a Glass Darkly——The latest Ingmar Bergman, and possibly the most beautiful in its setting and the most heartbreaking in its theme. Four members of an unhappy family go downhill together, though the road seems to turn up a fraction of an inch toward the end. With the usual Bergman repertory group. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Tomorrow Is My Turn—A French picture about the Second World War, starring Charles Aznavour and Georges Rivière. Remarkable for acting, direction, and photography, and containing, of all things, an urgent plea for international fraternity. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

A View from the Bridge—An Italian dockworker in Brooklyn is unwittingly in love with his wife's niece, who is wittingly in love with someone else. Arthur Miller made a strong play of this sorry situation, and the movie is even better, owing to brilliant direction by Sidney Lumet and fine acting by Raf Vallone, Maureen Stapleton, Raymond Pellegrin, and Carol Lawrence. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

West Side Story—Bigger but not better than the Broadway original, this gaudy study of J.D.s in torment is marvellously danced and photographed, but for anyone over twenty it is apt to prove more wearying than exciting. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:30, and Saturdays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

The Big Store (1941)—The Marx Brothers taking over a department store. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through March 21, tentative.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 16-19.)

Diary of a Country Priest (1954)—A French film about the tribulations of a cleric. Claude Laydu plays the priest. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 20.)

Genevieve (1954)—Some ancient automobiles in transit from London to Brighton. John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More brighten up this English film. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through March 19.)

Ivanhoe (1952)—Robert Taylor is Ivanhoe, and Elizabeth Taylor and Joan Fontaine are the ladies in his chivalrous life. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; starting March 21.)

The King and I (1956)—Deborah Kerr and Yul Brynner in the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through March 20, tentative. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; March 18-20.)

The Magnificent Seven (1956)—A kind of Oriental Western, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 20-21.)

Night Must Fall (1937)—A murder sketch, with Robert Montgomery as a lurking assassin, and Dame May Whitty as a victim. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through March 21, tentative.)

On the Double (1961)—Danny Kaye as a nervous G.I. who is forced to impersonate a British general. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting March 21.)

Pinocchio (1940)—A full-length Disney cartoon, with Figaro the Cat and Cleo the Goldfish, among others. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting March 21, tentative.)

Sons and Lovers (1960)—D. H. Lawrence's 1913 tale about the silver-cord tangle between a Nottingham miner's wife and her artistically gifted son. An English-American production, with Trevor Howard, Wendy Hiller, and Dean Stockwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 15.)

Under the Roofs of Paris (1930)—An early René Clair film. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 16-19.)

The Walls of Malapaga (1950)—An aging fugitive, Jean Gabin, having a final romantic fling in Genoa. A French-Italian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting March 20.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series of films directed by Roberto Rossellini—Through March 17: "Jeanne au Bucher" (1954), in French, with Ingrid Bergman; no English titles. . . . ¶ Starting March 18: "Fear" (1956), with Ingrid Bergman. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but *only to those applying for them in person at* the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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18	19	20	21			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Children's Hour," Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Sergeants 3," Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Walk on the Wild Side," Laurence Harvey, Capucine.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Victim," Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Rome Adventure," Troy Donahue, Rossano Brazzi.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
LA DOLCE VITA (in Italian).

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Satan Never Sleeps," William Holden, Clifton Webb.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," Glenn Ford, Ingrid Thulin.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Day the Earth Caught Fire," Janet Munro, Leo McKern.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren. (Weekdays at 8:15 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 21 (tentative): **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (in Russian).

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 3-6170; evening performances only, except on Saturdays.)
Through March 17: "Ghosts," Henry B. Walthall; "The Bells," Lionel Barrymore; and two other silent films.
March 18-21: "Manhattan Madness" (silent), Douglas Fairbanks; "Ella Cinders" (silent), Colleen Moore; and "Vagabonding on the Pacific" (silent), John Barrymore.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through March 20: "A Majority of One," Rosalind Russell, Alec Guinness; and "Jungle Fighters," Laurence Harvey, Richard Todd.
From March 21: "The George Raft Story," Jayne Mansfield, Ray Danton; and "Look in Any Window," Paul Anka, Ruth Roman.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 20 (tentative): "Summer and Smoke," Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey.
From March 21 (tentative): **A COLD WIND IN AUGUST**; and **THE JOKER** (in French).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Walk on the Wild Side," Laurence Harvey, Capucine.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Children's Hour," Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through March 17: "A Majority of One," Rosalind Russell, Alec Guinness; and "Jungle Fighters," Laurence Harvey, Richard Todd.
March 18-20: "Sail a Crooked Ship," Robert Wagner, Dolores Hart; and "The Hellions," Richard Todd, Anne Aubrey.
From March 21: "The George Raft Story," Jayne Mansfield, Ray Danton; and "Look in Any Window," Paul Anka, Ruth Roman.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through March 19: **ONE, TWO, THREE.**
From March 20: "Only Two Can Play," Peter Sellers, Mai Zetterling.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Black Tights," a dance film, with Cyd Charisse, Moira Shearer, Zizi Jeanmaire, and Roland Petit, narrated by Maurice Chevalier.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY (in Swedish).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
MURDER SHE SAID.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 20 (tentative): **THE KING AND I**, revival.
From March 21 (tentative): **PINOCCHIO**, revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"The Day the Earth Caught Fire," Janet Munro, Leo McKern.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through March 20: "A Majority of One," Rosalind Russell, Alec Guinness; and "Jungle Fighters," Laurence Harvey, Richard Todd.
From March 21: "The George Raft Story," Jayne Mansfield, Ray Danton; and "Look in Any Window," Paul Anka, Ruth Roman.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 20: "Sail a Crooked Ship," Robert Wagner, Dolores Hart; and "The Hellions," Richard Todd, Anne Aubrey.
From March 21: **IVANHOE**, revival; and "Knights of the Round Table," revival, Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
THE LOWER DEPTHS (in Japanese).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through March 17: **THE HUSTLER**; and "The Innocents," Deborah Kerr, Michael Redgrave.
March 18-20: **THE KING AND I**, revival; and "The Three Faces of Eve," revival, Joanne Woodward, David Wayne.
From March 21: "Summer and Smoke," Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey; and "The Black Orchid," revival, Sophia Loren, Anthony Quinn.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 21 (tentative): **NIGHT MUST FALL**, revival; and **THE BIG STORE**, revival.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through March 21 (tentative): "Victim," Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through March 20: "Sail a Crooked Ship," Robert Wagner, Dolores Hart; and "The Hellions," Richard Todd, Anne Aubrey.
From March 21: **IVANHOE**, revival; and "Knights of the Round Table," revival, Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through March 20 (tentative): **THE MARK.**
From March 21 (tentative): **A COLD WIND IN AUGUST**; and **THE JOKER** (in French).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
TOMORROW IS MY TURN (in French).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through March 21 (tentative): **THE MARK.**

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES (in French).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THE NIGHT (in Italian).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (in French).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through March 18 (last showing at 6): **LA BELLE AMÉRICAINE** (in French).
From March 18, at 8:30: "Viridiana" (in Spanish), Francisco Rabal, Silvia Pinal. (Opening night by invitation only.)

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through March 17: "The Wonders of Aladdin," Donald O'Connor, Vittorio De Sica; and "Hippodrome," Gerhard Riedmann.
From March 18: "Sail a Crooked Ship," Robert Wagner, Dolores Hart; and "The Hellions," Richard Todd, Anne Aubrey.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 19: **GENEVIEVE**, revival; and "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine.
March 20-21: **THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN** (in Japanese), revival; and "Village of the Damned," revival, George Sanders, Barbara Shelley.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 20: "Summer and Smoke," Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey; and "Too Late Blues," Bobby Darin, Stella Stevens.
From March 21: **ON THE DOUBLE**, revival; and "The Errand Boy," Jerry Lewis, Brian Donlevy.

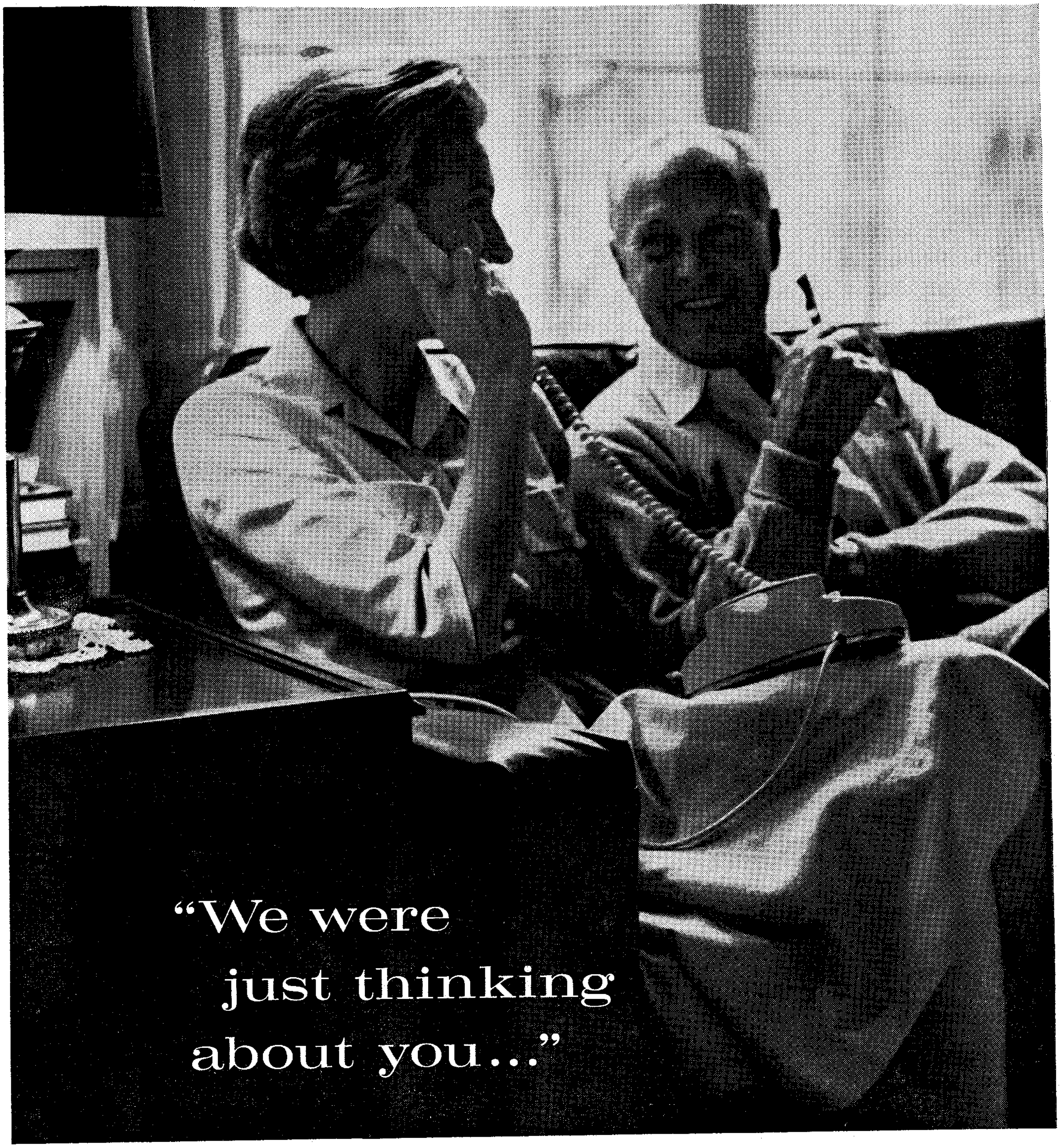
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 15: **SONS AND LOVERS**, revival; and "Oscar Wilde," revival, Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson.
March 16-19: **CARNIVAL IN FLANDERS** and **UNDER THE ROOFS OF PARIS** (both in French and both revivals).
From March 20: **THE WALLS OF MALAPAGA** (in French and Italian), revival; and **DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST** (in French), revival.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through March 20: "Tender Is the Night," Jennifer Jones, Jason Robards, Jr.; and "Hand of Death," John Agar.
From March 21: **IVANHOE**, revival; and "Knights of the Round Table," revival, Robert Taylor, Ava Gardner.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through March 20 (tentative): **THE MARK.**
From March 21 (tentative): **A COLD WIND IN AUGUST**; and **THE JOKER** (in French).

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Through March 17: "The Wonders of Aladdin," Donald O'Connor, Vittorio De Sica; and "Hippodrome," Gerhard Riedmann.
From March 18: "Sail a Crooked Ship," Robert Wagner, Dolores Hart; and "The Hellions," Richard Todd, Anne Aubrey.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through March 20: "A Majority of One," Rosalind Russell, Alec Guinness; and "Jungle Fighters," Laurence Harvey, Richard Todd.
From March 21: "The George Raft Story," Jayne Mansfield, Ray Danton; and "Look in Any Window," Paul Anka, Ruth Roman.



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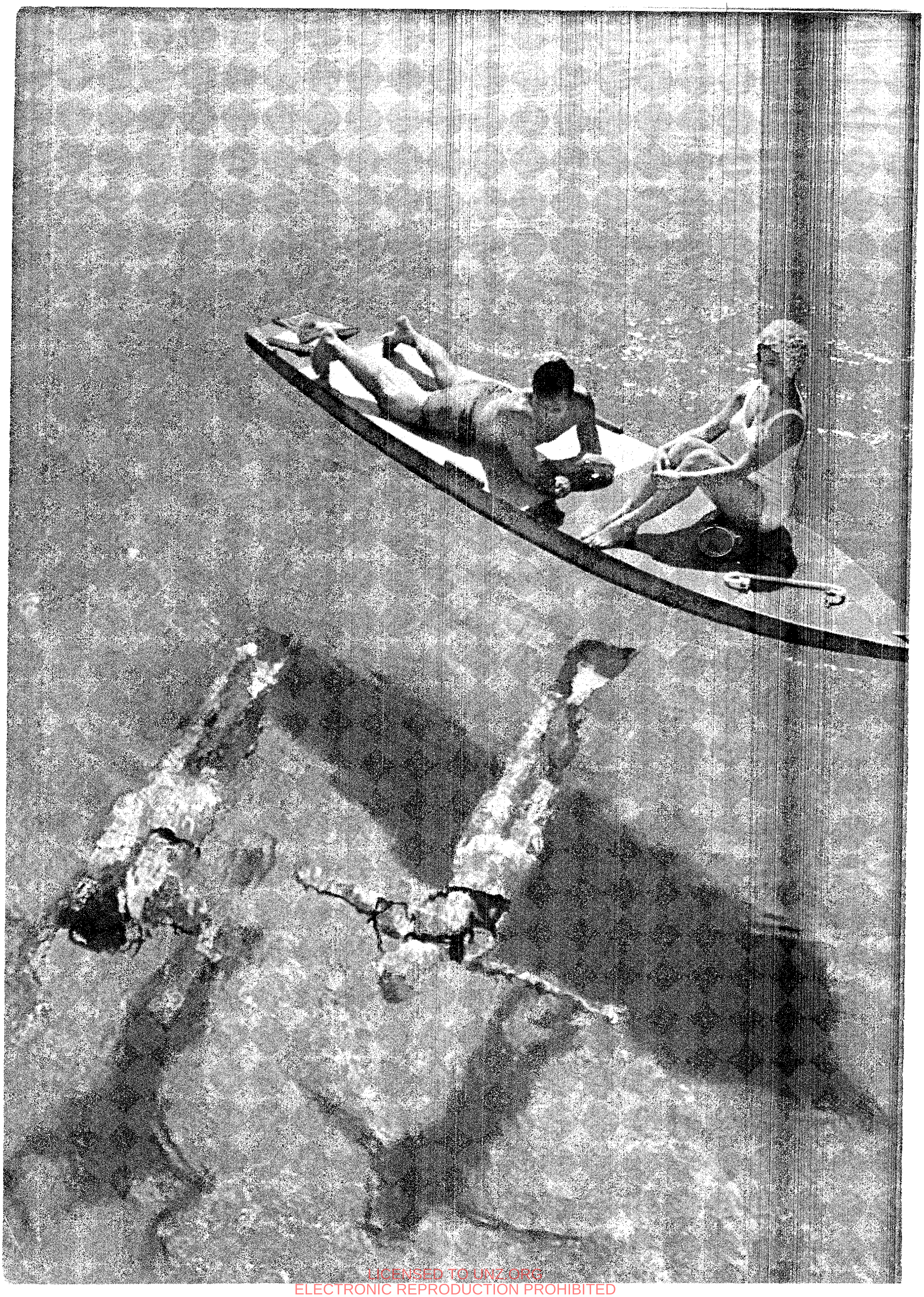

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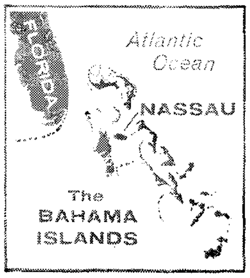

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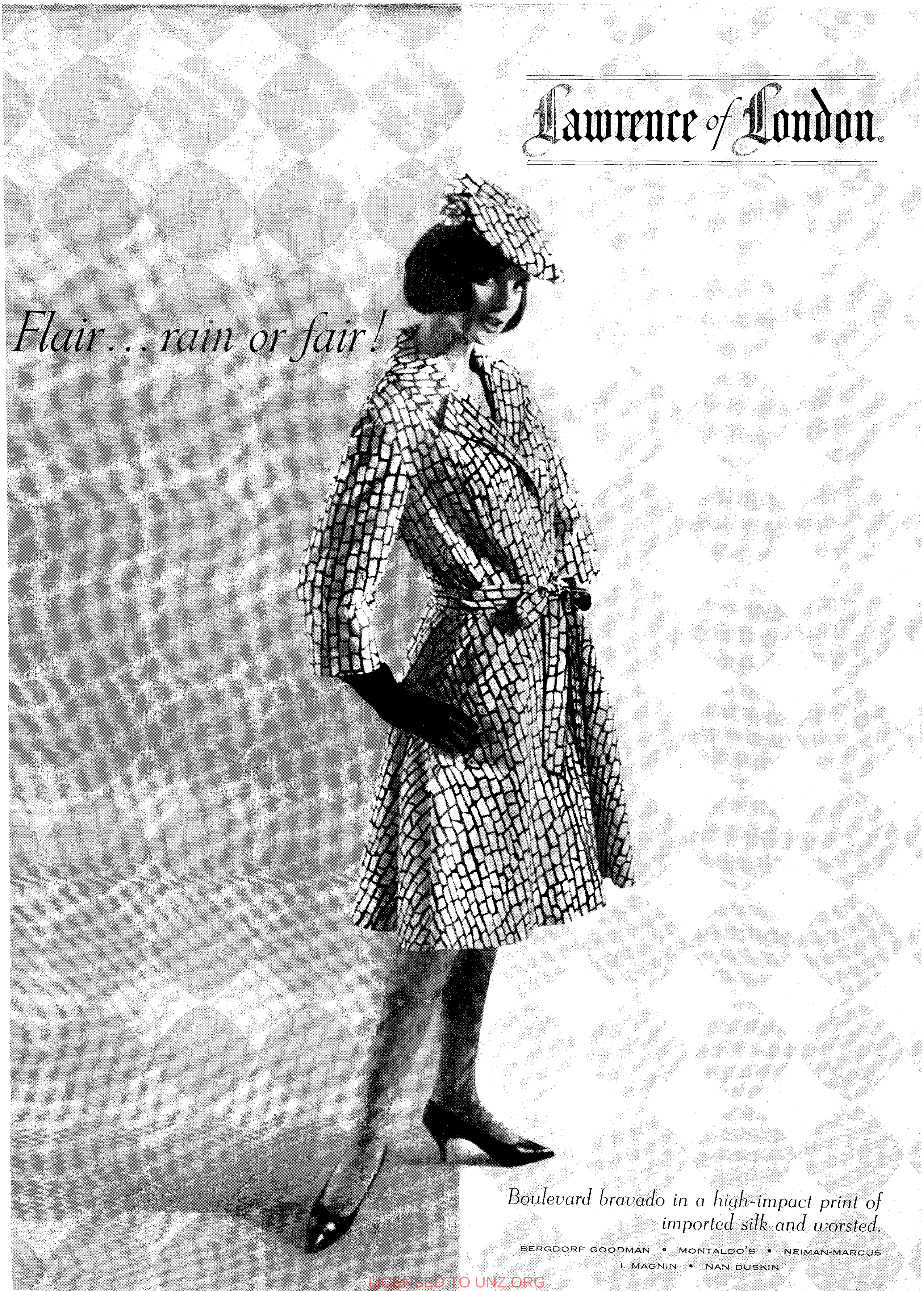

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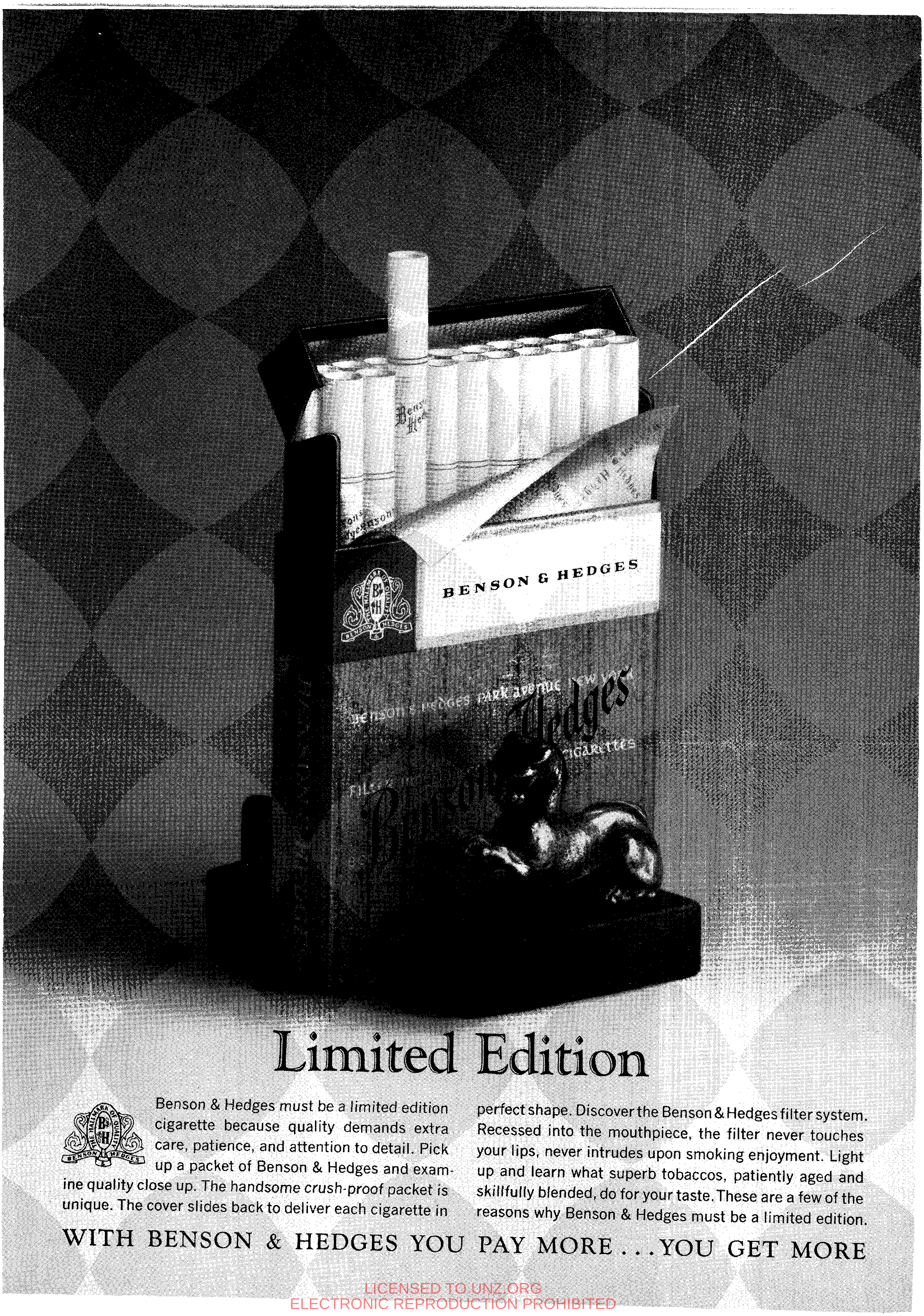
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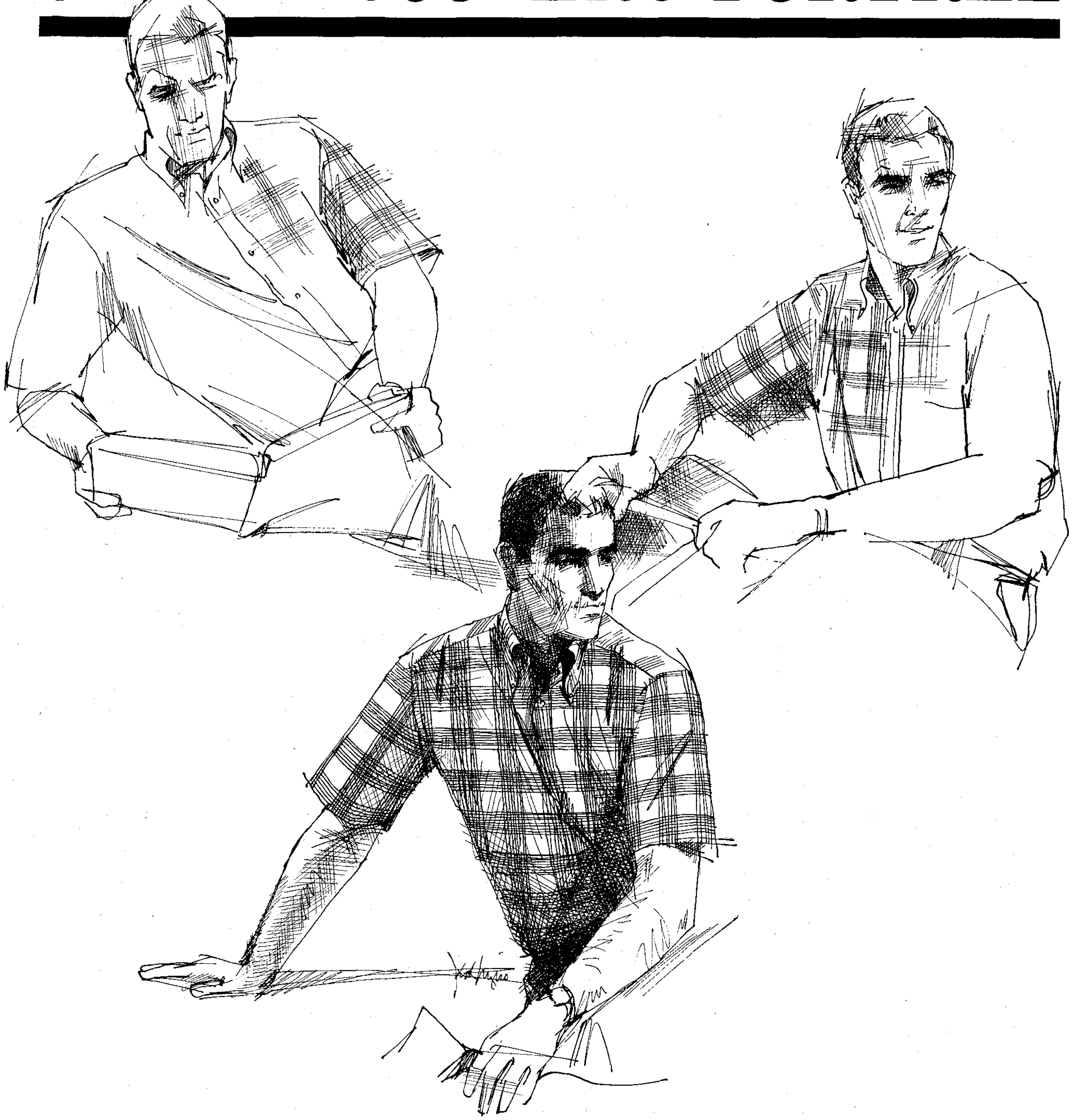

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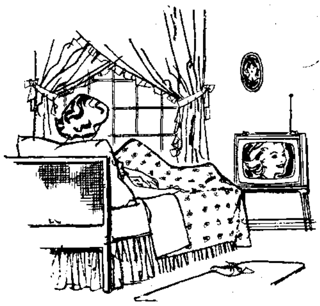

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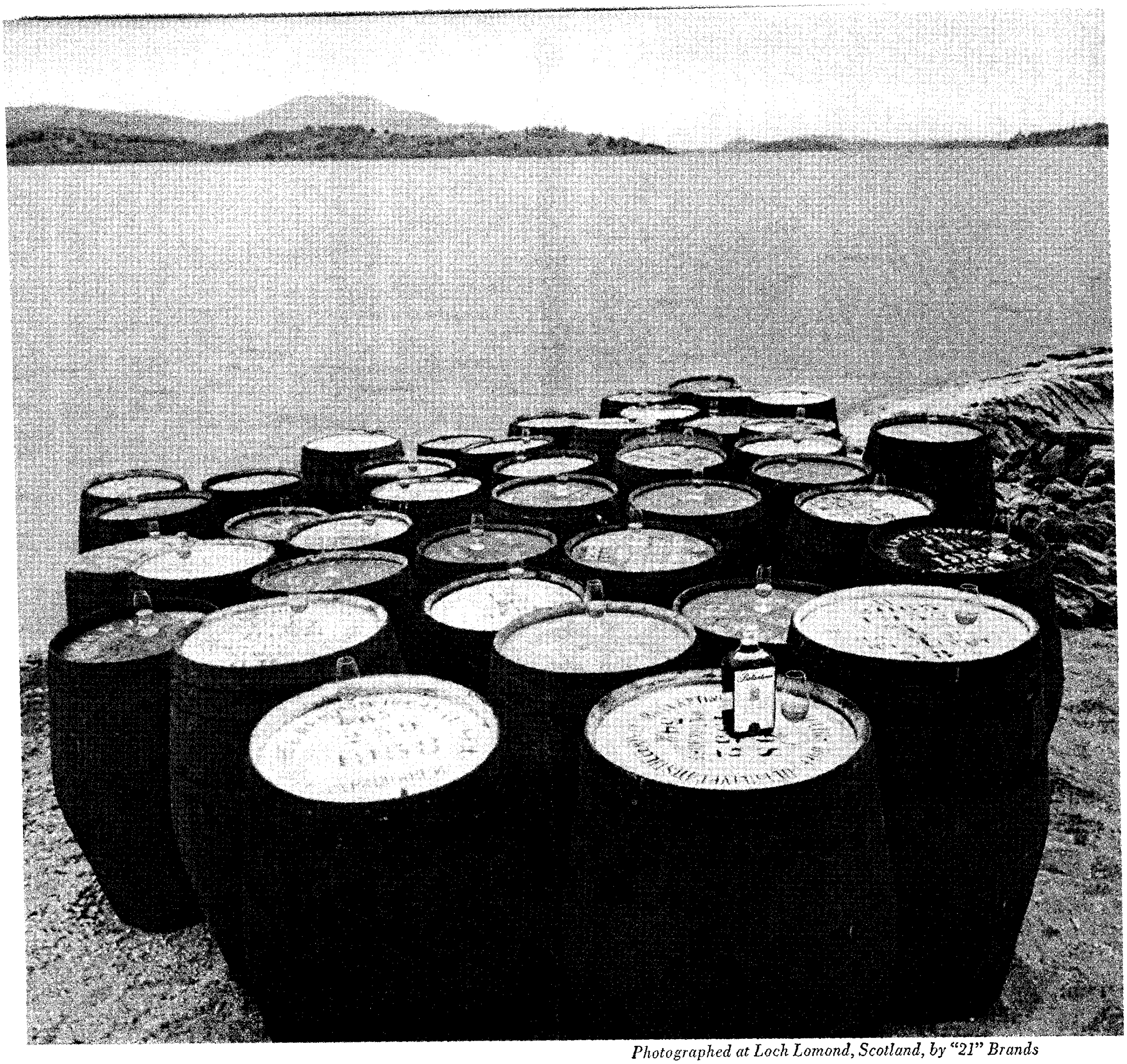
The Tartan-19 you see above pulls in razor-sharp pictures like some expensive sets would like to; and it has a built-in allergy to repair bills that will gladden the heart of any budget keeper. Motorola is so proud of it a full year guarantee† goes with every set.

If your family is ready for a second TV (whose isn't?), pick up a Tartan-19. This hand-wired 19-inch** portable—with built-in antenna and pull-up handle—is now featured at your Motorola dealer's.

MOTOROLA—*new leader in the lively art of electronics*
MANUFACTURED IN CANADA BY SEABREEZE MANUFACTURING LTD., LICENSEE.

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price, Model 19P15. Slightly higher in some areas. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice. UHF optional, extra. **Overall diag. meas.; 172 sq. in. picture viewing area. †Manufacturer's one year guarantee covers free exchange or repair of any component proven defective in normal use. Arranged through selling dealer. Labor extra.



Photographed at Loch Lomond, Scotland, by "21" Brands

Why it takes 42 fine highland whiskies (plus a wee bit of Loch Lomond) to make Ballantine's

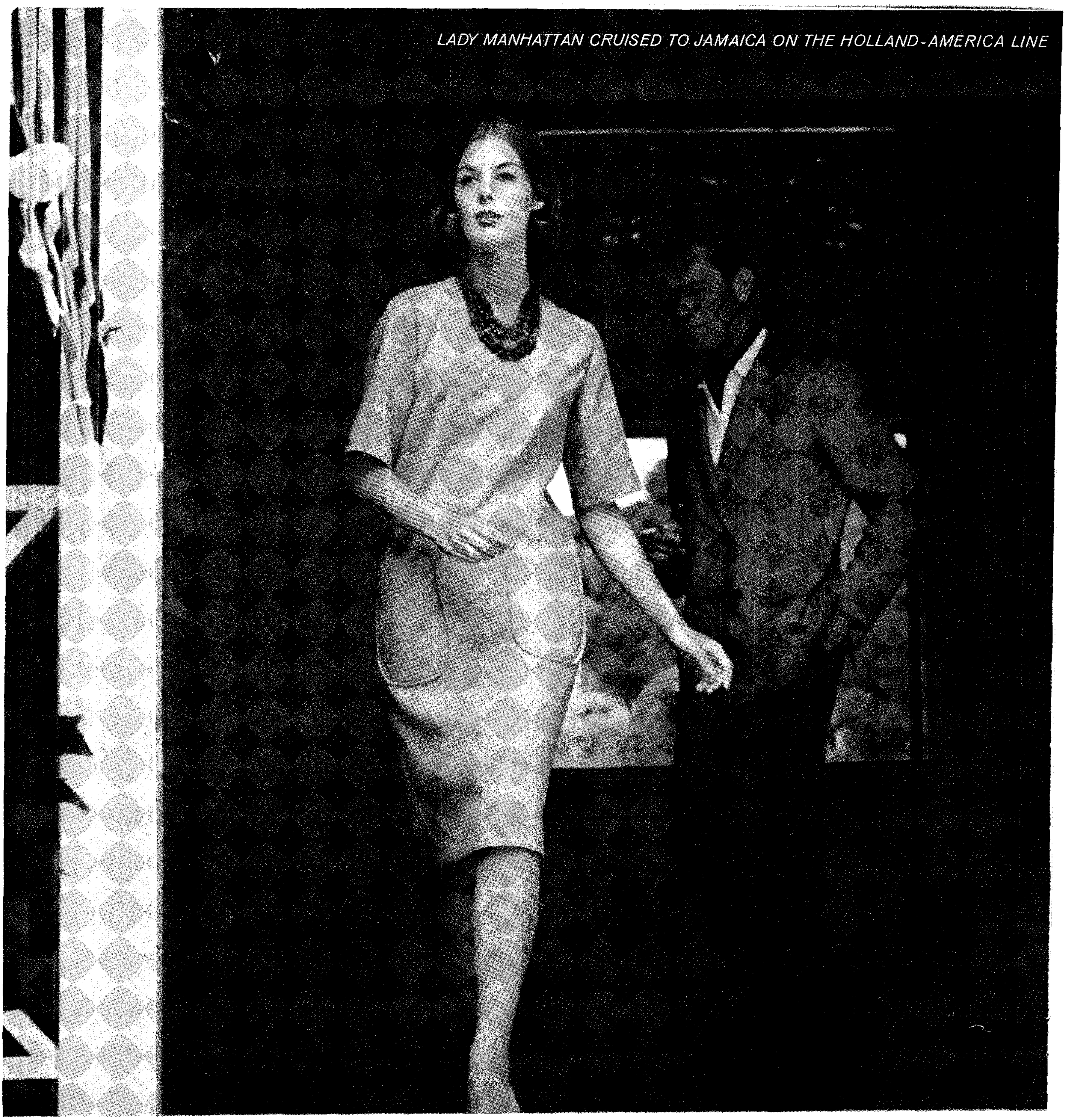
Almost all good branded Scotch Whiskies are made up of combinations of several individual whiskies. The quality of the individual whiskies used—and in what proportion they are used—is what determines the flavor and character of a brand.

Above you see 42 whisky barrels, one each of the fine Highland Scotches that are harmonized to make Ballantine's. Why 42? Because each of these Scotches has its own distinctive personality. (Can you notice the subtle color differences of the Scotches in the tester's glasses atop each barrel?) Once these 42 whiskies are wed in precise proportions, the result is Ballantine's pleasing, sunny-light flavor and gentle disposition.

The lake in the background above is Loch Lomond. Its water is used in an important step during the making of Ballantine's, when the matured whiskies are brought to the proper proof. Being uncommonly soft, this water lends some of the Loch's celebrated serenity to the spirit.

What you pour from the Ballantine's bottle is authentic Scotch Whisky—never brash or heavy...nor so limply light that it merely teases the taste buds. Just a few reasons why: ***The more you know about Scotch the more you like Ballantine's.***

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • IMPORTED BY "21" Brands, Inc., N.Y.C.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WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL

Lady Manhattan® Cool, collected and comfortable...the way you feel in the new Lady Manhattan® textured pique shift. It's a figure-skimming design...designed to call attention to the girl inside. With jewel neckline, bell sleeves, two oversize patch pockets...and its own belt. Made of easy-iron 100% cotton, this uncomplicated shirt dress belongs in every smart woman's wardrobe. Sizes 8 to 18 in fashion colors, about $15. Slightly higher in the West. Lady Manhattan, 1407 Broadway, New York 18, New York. A division of The Manhattan Shirt Company.

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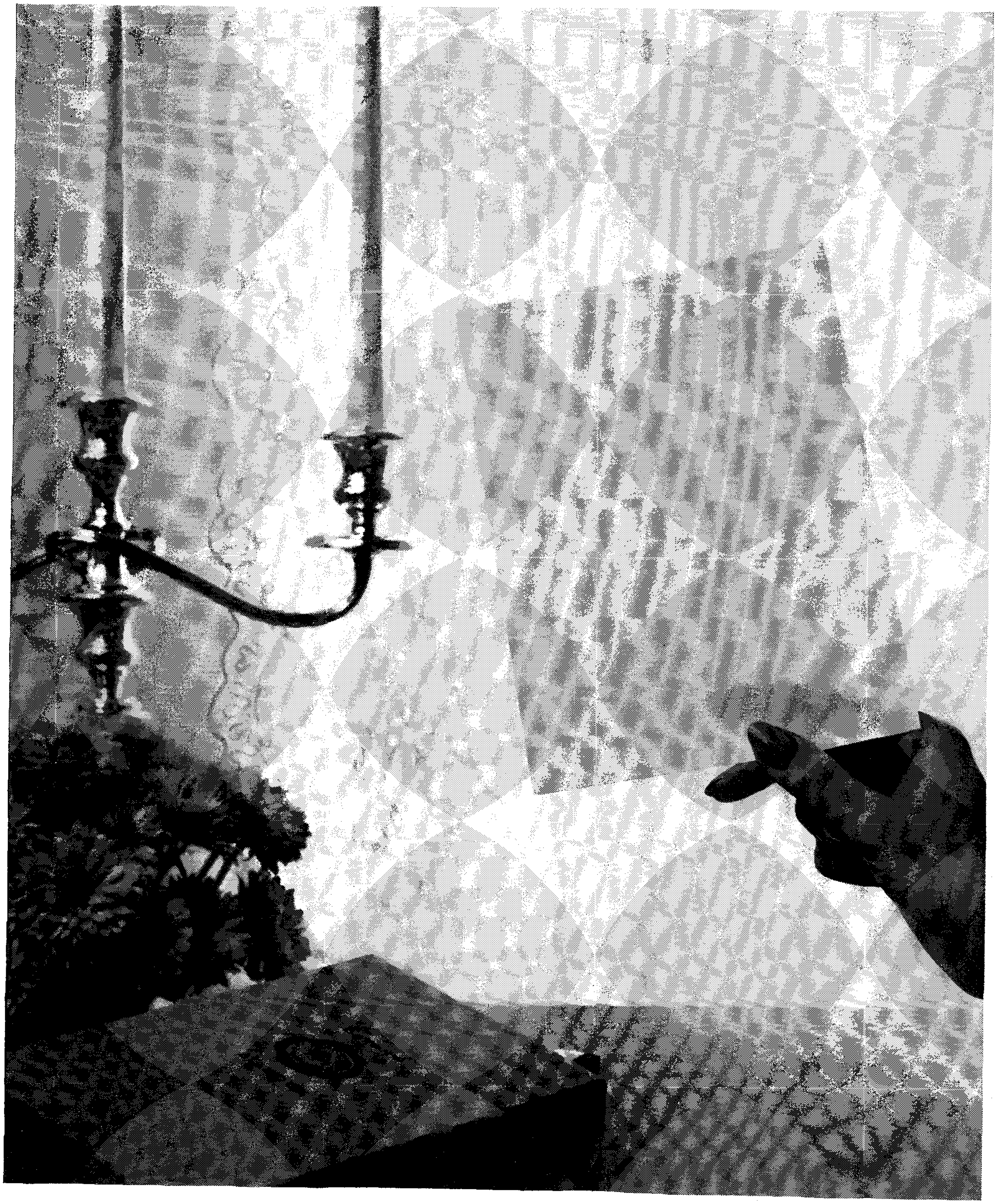

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Every letter or note you write on Eaton's Marque carries the watermark of unsurpassed quality. Your senses, your pen, find new pleasures in correspondence on this characterful white paper. Informals, message notes, single and double letter sheets; sizes for men and women. Eaton's Marque is newly arrived in fine Stationery Departments, $1 to $2.50.

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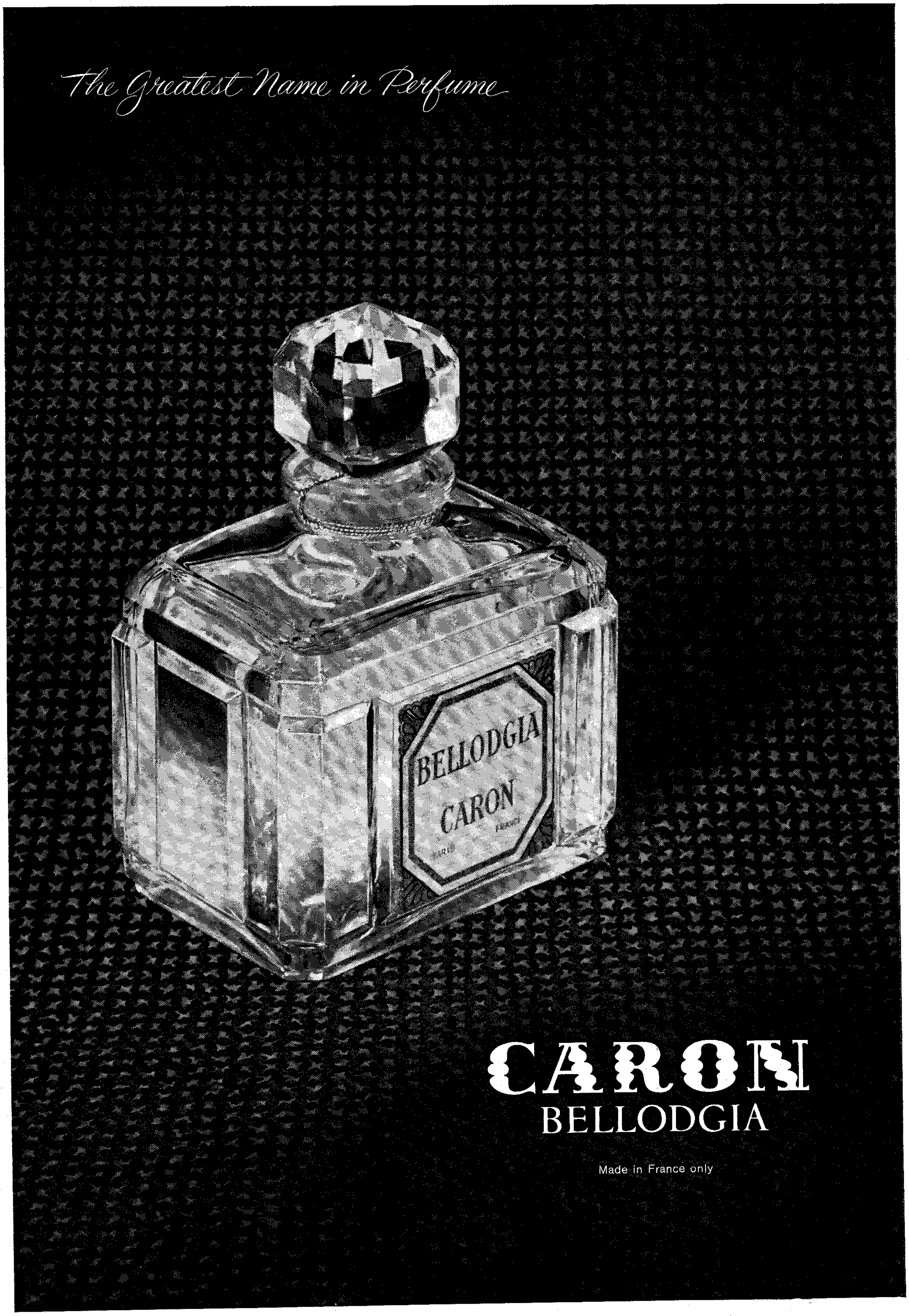
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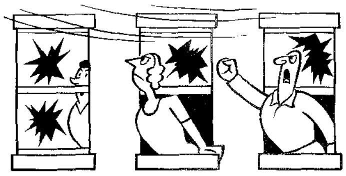
THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

MORE and more, the stark fact of travel is swallowing up the reasons for travelling. The whisking of the body from one place to another has taken easy preference over the enrichment of the mind with new experience, and the common image of the motorist is that of a man crouched desperately over the wheel, his eyes fixed upon a narrow width of highway except when he darts occasional glances at his watch to see how the time is going. Perhaps the finest recent example of travel for its own doubtful sake is the transcontinental flight last week of a B-58 bomber. This airplane flew from Los Angeles to New York in two hours one minute and thirty-nine seconds. And then, without touching the ground, it flew back to Los Angeles in two hours fifteen minutes and twelve seconds. The sonic boom it created shattered a considerable assortment of windows across the continent. It seems a long way to go, even at such a speed, for the pleasure of coming back again. The nation's stay-at-homes, who have nothing to show for the flight but broken glass, may receive compensation from the Air Force, but it will be accompanied by no sympathy. That establishment has described the ear-blasting shock wave produced by the bomber as "the sound of freedom," and has declared that Americans should learn to live with it. This may be so, but the Air Force example does little to support the Air Force argument. Not far from Los Angeles, and in the opposite direction from New York, there is a large ocean that is relatively free of windowpanes. The bomber could surely have achieved the equivalent of its actual round trip by dashing a continental distance toward the Orient and then coming home again. And, of course, the pilot based in Los Angeles who wishes to make record time to Los Angeles can surpass all his competitors, and enjoy every incidental benefit of non-stop travel, by remaining in Los Angeles.



Peace Pitch

WE have a perennial admiration for people who think up fresh approaches to knotty problems, so it is with deep respect that we introduce you to Mr. Stephen D. James, who has applied himself to the particularly knotty problem of how to prevent nuclear war, and whose fresh and disarmingly simple approach consists of having rented Post Office Box 2737, Grand Central Station, at which address he invites correspondence from anyone with an idea for preserving peace. Mr. James is a freckled and bespectacled advertising copywriter in his late thirties, with a shock of rubiginous hair, an earnest manner, and a profound belief in the ability of man to surmount any difficulties that he himself has created. "I welcome all ideas for peace, no matter how far out or offbeat they may seem," he told us the other afternoon when we accompanied him on his daily trip to the post office. "Any solution to the nuclear threat will probably seem as impossible at first blush as the bomb itself did. Why, you might even say that the first test of such a solution will be the difficulty of recognizing its feasibility."

Mr. James called for his mail at a grilled window, stuffed it into an already overstuffed Manila envelope, and then led us across Lexington Avenue to a Horn & Hardart Automat, where, between sips of coffee, he sorted his latest batch of letters and put together for us the story of how he had become interested in peace work. "Things began to jell last November, when I was struck by the notion of exchanging peace hostages with the Soviet Union on a large scale," he said. "Having no foundation or organization behind me, I soon found out, of course, that to conceive an idea is one thing and to implement it is quite another, and this, in turn, caused me to reflect that there were probably thousands of people in the United States who had suggestions about how to prevent a nuclear catastrophe but no way of bringing them to official attention. So, in the hope of tapping this vast source of creative thinking, I rented the mailbox and embarked upon a campaign of writing letters to editors, columnists, radio and television producers, heads of peace-action groups, and everyone else I could think of who might help me communicate with the public. In the letters, I proposed to screen all the ideas sent to me and to send those that had any chance of practical application on to appropriate individuals and government agencies for action. I also included a description of my own peace-hostage-exchange plan, as an example of the type of idea I was seeking. As a result of the exposure and publicity that my letters occasioned, the Ideas for Peace program, as I have named it, and my peace-hostage-exchange plan have caught on simultaneously. My mail reflects such great interest in both that I hardly know which to take up first."

We suggested that at the moment Mr. James take up his peace-hostage proposal first, and he concurred. "I feel that the exchange of hostages should start at the top," he said. "For example, let one of President Kennedy's brothers or sisters go with his or her family to Russia in exchange for the family of one of Premier Khrushchev's children. Let the relatives of other high-ranking officials follow this example. Then broaden the base until it includes exchanges at all levels of society for periods ranging from six months to two years. Eventually, the peace-hostage program will develop into population rotation—millions of Americans, Englishmen, and Frenchmen living and working in the Soviet Union, and millions of Russians living and working here, in England, and in France. Talk about cultural exchange! Talk about peaceful coexistence!" Mr. James drew a deep breath, and went on to tell us that he was fully aware of the linguistic and logistic problems that his proposal would give rise to. "Each of the host nations would be required to institute vast language and job-training programs in order to place visiting hostages in positions corresponding to the ones they held in their native lands," he said. "This would entail a tremendous mobilization of national energies, but the project doesn't appear so complicated when you consider that during the Second World War our peacetime Army of some two hundred thousand men mushroomed very quickly into an Army of eight million. Besides, isn't it reasonable to assume that we're going to have to mobilize for peace, as we would for a conflict? And if it meant an end to the awful tension under which we're now living, wouldn't you, or I—or almost anyone, for that matter—volunteer to enlist as a peace hostage?"

We nodded, meaning yes to the first question and a highly conditional maybe to the second, and as we were about to ask Mr. James what response his peace-hostage-exchange plan had elicited, he anticipatively informed us that roughly thirty per cent of the letters dealing with the proposal came from would-be volunteers, that sixty-five per cent contained requests for additional information, and that only five per cent were from persons opposed to the idea of becoming hostages. "As for the Ideas for Peace program, I've brought along a random selection from the hundred-odd suggestions I've received so far," he said, delving into the Manila envelope and beginning to toss ideas for peace in our direction at such a rate that within a few minutes we had scanned letters from the following people: a Brooklyn man advocating the return of Alaska to Russia as a peace offering; a Brooklyn man suggesting that retired Americans of Eastern European extraction who planned to return to their countries of origin as tourists be briefed as good-will ambassadors by the State Department; a Kansas couple recommending that chain-letter peace pleas be sent to congressmen; a Philadelphian proposing that the Russians be given "the silent treatment;" a California lady asking for a government-instituted peace-hostage-conscription program; and a Kentuckian who would establish, as the first condition of any exchange, an even swap—President Kennedy for Premier Khrushchev.

When we had finished our perusal of these suggestions, Mr. James said that in his opinion none of them seemed as effective or feasible as his own peace-hostage-exchange plan. "I'm not a bit discouraged, though," he went on. "The important thing is to stimulate people to think, and to provide them with a channel through which they can make themselves heard. I'm convinced that great numbers of people have begun to distrust the so-called political and scientific experts, who are trying to play a logical game within an essentially illogical framework, and that this is why the idea of a peace-hostage exchange has engendered wide interest. As you might expect, objections have been raised to my use of the word 'hostage,' and, in fact, I had originally considered using 'envoy' or 'guarantor' instead. The reason I settled for 'hostage' stems from the old advertising technique of juxtaposing a positive and a negative, and thus provoking reaction. If you have something to sell, whether it's a product or an idea for peace, you've simply got to shake people out of their natural detachment. And, having done that, you've got to keep up the pressure. You've got to provoke and prod continually. Why, when all is said and done, you've got to be a pitchman!"

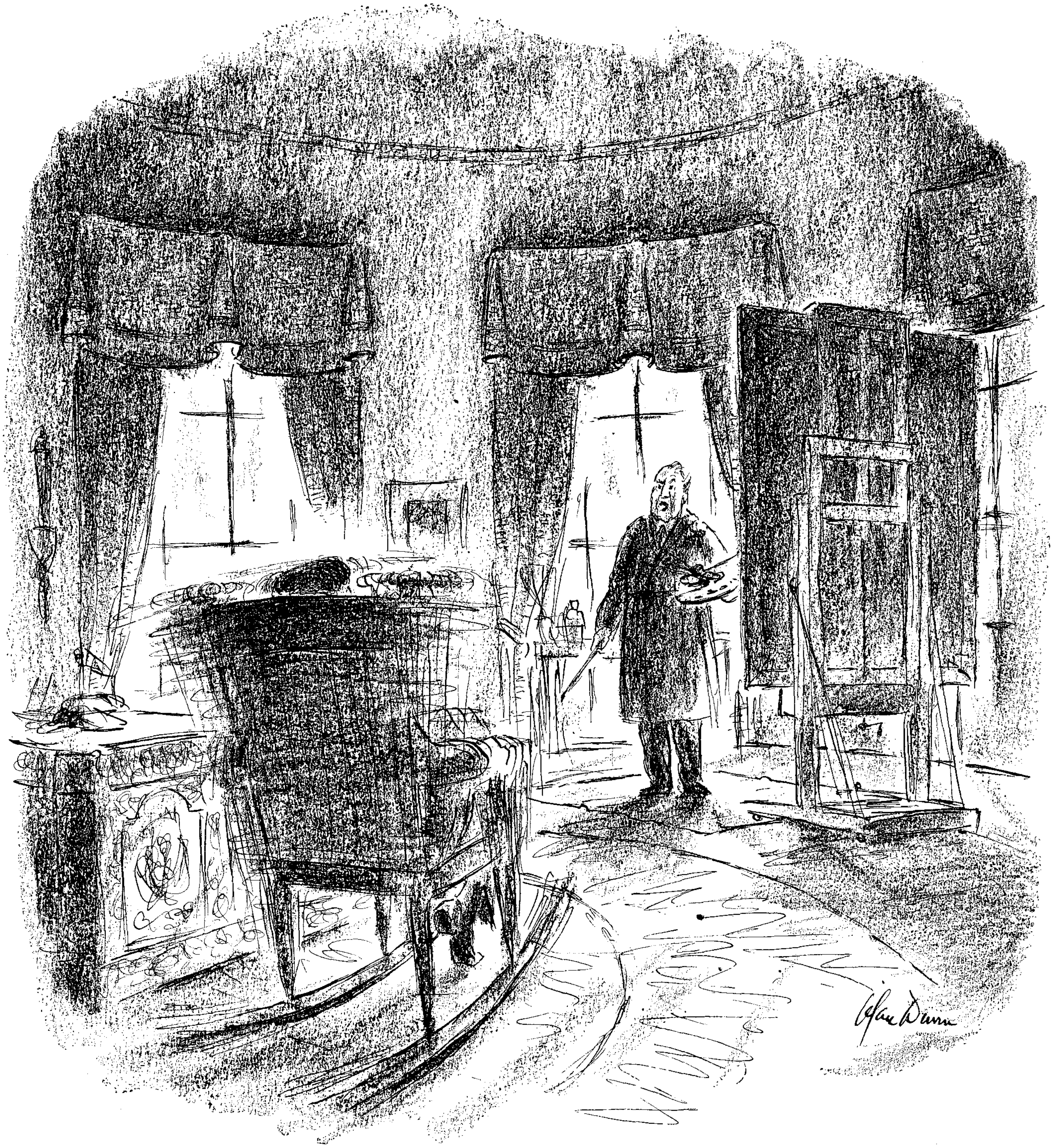
◆

Incidental Intelligence (Division of Supererogation): A local law school recently received from the West Publishing Company, of St. Paul, a carton on which this warning was stamped: "Law Books, Keep Dry."

P. R.

From time to time, we take it into our head to sample the tireless hospitality of the public-relations crowd, so at nine-ten one morning last week we sat down, in an alcove off the Music Room of the Biltmore, to orange juice, scrambled eggs and bacon, rolls, and coffee in honor of Neon Products, of Lima, Ohio, which in spite of its name calls itself the nation's leading manufacturer of fluorescently lighted plastic signs. Starting at nine-forty, we were introduced to some New York and Eastern Division representatives, to the sales manager from Lima, to the art director from Lima, to the director of advertising and sales promotion from Lima, and, finally, to Sam Kamin, president of the whole shebang, and at nine-forty-five we were ushered into the Music Room proper, to inspect N.P.'s Signarama 1962. This consisted of forty-five exhibits, mostly the latest thing in indoor signs—removable color landscapes, removable letters, eye-catching motion—and mostly promoting beer, but including a couple of outdoor items, one of them a specimen of three thousand plaid Plaid Stamp signs that the A.&P. may spring on Greater New York someday.

At ten-thirty, we left for the Jade Room of the Waldorf-Astoria, for brunch and news of the Toyobo continuous automated spinning system. We had time for coffee and a bun with a man who described himself as the Northern man for a Southern textile publication before, at eleven-ten, Amos Landman, of Ruder & Finn, introduced Arnold H. Maremont, president of the Maremont Corporation, whose subsidiary, Saco-Lowell Shops, will be manufacturing the spinning system, under an agreement with the Toyobo-Howa Textile Engineering Company, of Japan, which developed it. Mr. Maremont said he was delighted that his audience had taken the trouble to attend; pointed out that man is being emancipated from tiresome labor, and that leisure, stronger bodies, and longer lives are available to an increasing number of people; and, at eleven-fifteen, welcomed Mr. Eijiro Fujise, executive director of the Japan Trade Center in New York. At eleven-seventeen, W. Frank Lowell, president of the Saco-Lowell Shops, gave us a rundown on the textile industry as he had known it during fifty years in the busi-



"*Please, Mr. President!*"

• •

ness, and this led up to the showing, at eleven-twenty-five, of a film about how the spinning system works. We watched continuous opening, picking, cleaning, carding, drawing, roving, and spinning until eleven-thirty, when Mr. Maremont introduced Russell A. Graham, executive vice-president of Saco-Lowell. Mr. Graham explained the details of the automatic doffer, which hadn't been demonstrated in the film; announced that some units of the system will be ready for delivery in 1963; and reintroduced Mr. Maremont, who gave a short talk and then asked for questions from the floor.

Proudly retaining the fact that Japan has to compete with India and Hong Kong, we went up to the Waldorf's Louis XVI Suite. We arrived at twelve-eight, were handed a drink, and read a handout informing us that Scandinavian Airlines and Helene Curtis had decided between them that it is "a very frustrating thing for a woman to arrive in a strange city—tired and bedraggled—and just not know where to turn for that infinite pleasure of having it all put right again by a trusted expert." While the solution to this dilemma, the International Beauty Appointment Service, was being described by a public-relations girl, we heard a woman tell an acquaintance that she had seen Greta Garbo the other day, and go on to say that a friend of hers had recently fallen into a cesspool. Just before lunch, the procedure of the International Beauty Appointment Service was demonstrated by an SAS stewardess, a Paris hairdresser, and two models. At one-thirty, we began to wonder where our next meal was coming from.

•

OVERHEARD in the children's department of Best & Co., generously hatted matron to young daughter: "No, darling, we don't *love* cats. We merely like them."

Dubuffet

JEAN DUBUFFET, who is the current hero of the Museum of Modern Art, and of whom John Canaday has written in the *Times*, "For some years Dubuffet has been called the most important French artist since the Second World War, a position he can now be said to hold without serious challengers," is a short, passionate, exuberant, intolerant, polite, blue-eyed, bald man of sixty-one. He and his wife, Lili, came over here for the opening of his show—nearly two hundred paintings, drawings, sculptures, and other creations—and we caught them after breakfast the other morning in the coffee room of their hotel, the Chatham. Mme. Dubuffet presently excused herself to buy an electric razor for her husband, who had cut his chin that morning with a non-electric razor, and we were left with the artist, who, in response to some questions, favored us with a notably articulate and lucid account of himself.

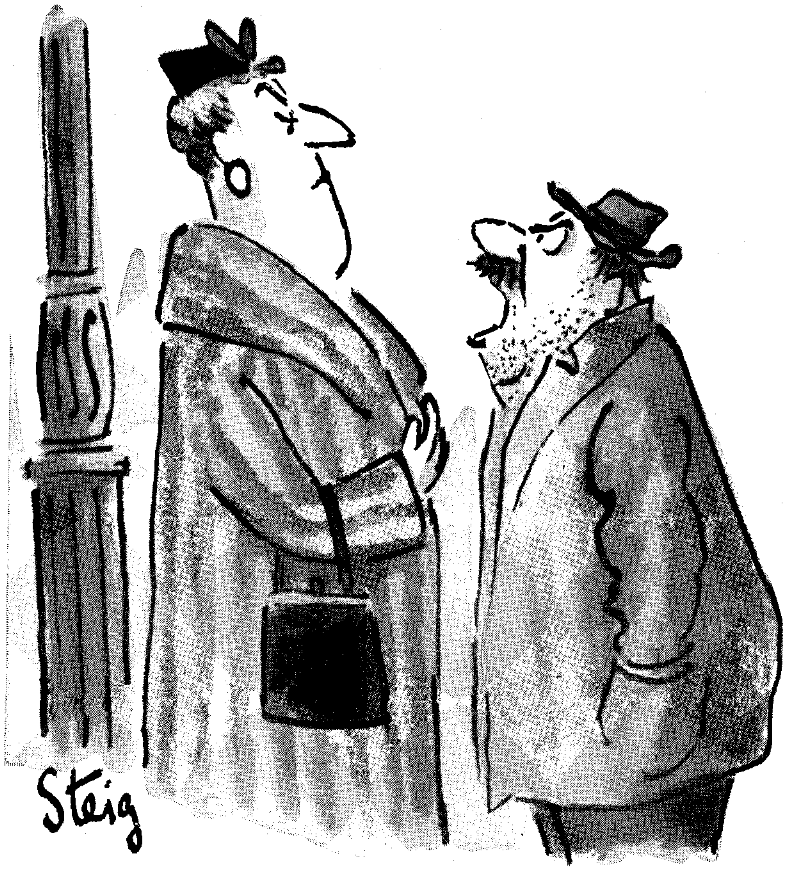
"I was born in Le Havre, and went to live in Paris at seventeen," he began. "I was bored with Le Havre, and I was bored and unhappy with my family. My parents were bourgeois; my father had a wine-and-liquor business. They had a house, and a chauffeur and other servants. I had a sister, but she was thirteen years younger than I was, and therefore no company. I hated my *famille de commerçants* and their constant talk of money. I went to Paris to paint and to live alone. I had been a good student, and had finished my high-school studies when I was seventeen. In Paris, I received a small allowance from my family, but I liked poverty, as young people do. I liked miserable quarters and poverty. I spent most of my allowance the day it arrived, and lived on nothing for the rest of the month. I was very eager to learn. I studied, on my own, Latin, Spanish, Russian, English, Italian, German, and even Arabic, as well as literature, poetry, and music. I have forgotten most of my languages, and I have developed a distaste for European music. Last year, I took up exotic musical instruments—Chinese chimes, Arabian flutes, little whistles for children—and became an orchestra all by myself. I've made some *disques* that sound as though twenty people were playing. When I was in my early twenties, I renounced art. I went to Italy, and then to Brazil, to start life afresh, and in 1925 I returned to Le Havre to study commerce. I had decided that business was the best way of life. I married my first wife, by whom I had a daughter, and in 1930 I started a wholesale wine business in the Bercy section of Paris."

M. Dubuffet, who had ordered a tomato juice, paused to take a spoonful of it, then went on, "After three or four years, I got bored with the wine business. I put an *associé* in charge and took up painting again. The business deteriorated, so in 1937 I renounced painting again and reassumed active control of the business, which was ridden with debts. In 1939, the business was closed by the war, and I was mobilized into the Army. But I was soon demobilized, and in 1940 I started another wine business, with another *associé*. He turned out to be a good *associé*. In 1942, I took up painting for the third time, and let the good *associé* run the business. It did well, and I sold it in 1946."

M. Dubuffet, whose conversation was punctuated with expressive gestures, compelling smiles, and fierce glares, added that he has since remained aloof from commerce (except for transactions with his dealers, who now command lofty prices for his work) and concentrated on art. "My career has been very bizarre," he said, taking another spoonful of tomato juice. "My work seems to arouse passion, both pro and con. My first exhibition, which was held in Paris in 1944, was mostly a *succès de scandale*. At my second, two years later, the *scandale* increased. Around that time, I was painting awkward cows—the sight of these animals gives me an inexhaustible sense of well-being, because of the atmosphere of calm and serenity they seem to generate—nude lady bicyclists, and cattlelike Parisians in the Métro, among other things. At first, my work was not considered to be painting. It is based on a feeling I have that art is much more common than one thinks; I attach as much value to a *dessin* by a *militaire* on a wall as to a Picasso—maybe more. I have always been against culture. I'm for the values of *sauvagerie*. I've always hated imitations. I've made enemies by writing against the *singeries* of the galleries and the museums and the academies. I like art that doesn't have the appearance of art, that ignores its name. *Je suis un homme passioné de la vérité*."

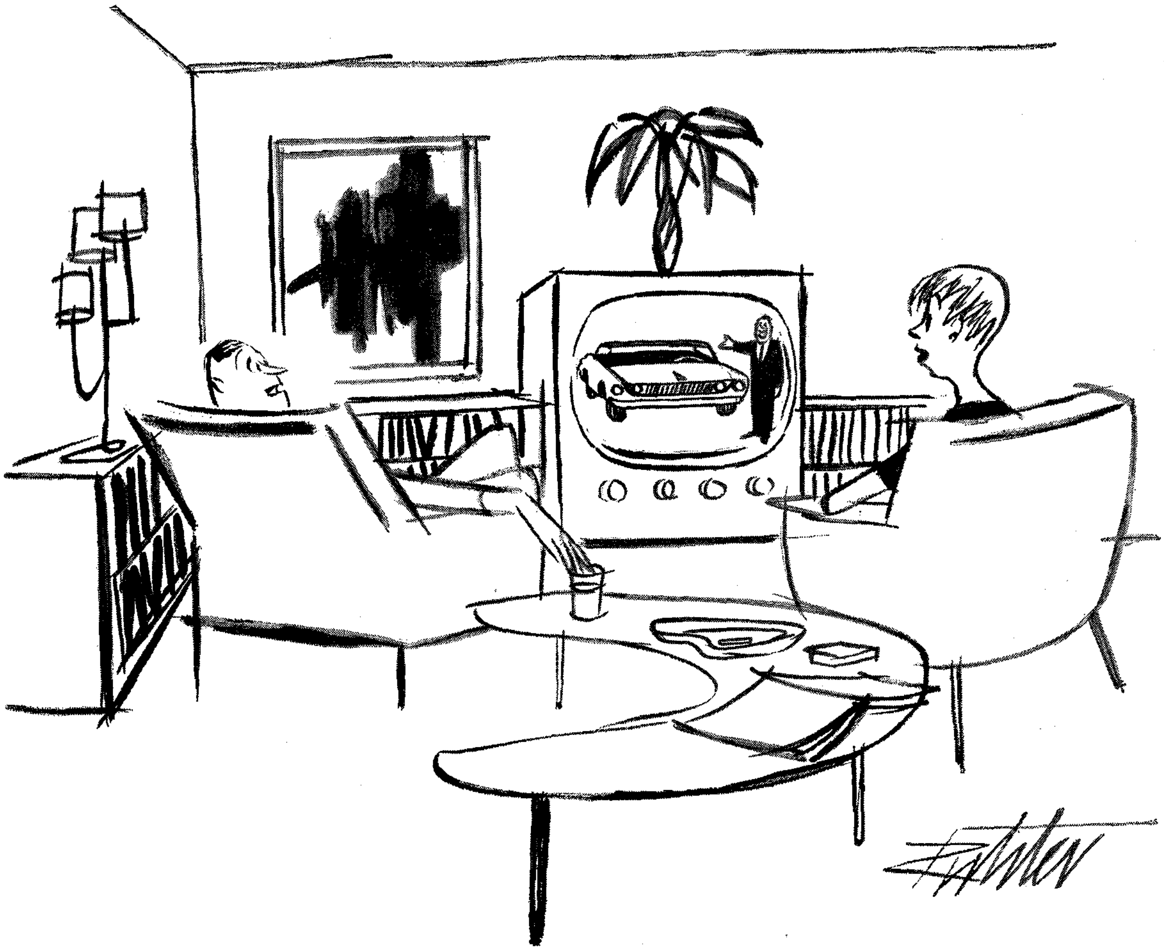
We remarked to M. Dubuffet that few painters are as articulate as he is.

"I think that people who aren't articulate have something to hide," he said, thoughtfully spooning tomato juice. "They are like battleships with a smoke screen. Did you know that I spent six months in New York in 1951? I had thought of coming here to live permanently. My wife—my second wife—and I



"You despise me, don't you?"

took an atelier on Charles Street, and I rented a loft just off the Bowery to work in. I have gone through many different styles, since I like to do new things, and at that time my work had become more abstract. I painted Bowery bums, but I also did some *pâtes très lourdes*—thick impastos, with mud, asphalt, tar, coal dust, pebbles, and so on. *Assez brutales.* In 1952, the Pierre Matisse Gallery, on East Fifty-seventh Street, gave me a show, called 'Landscaped Tables, Landscapes of the Mind, Stones of Philosophy,' which was a *succès de scandale.* It was greeted by many critics as an *espèce d'attentat.* I think no painter has ever been as insulted in the press as I have been."



"*Quick! Turn it off! He's beginning to sell me.*"

• •

In 1954, back in Paris, Dubuffet rented space for a retrospective show in a club called the Cercle Volnay. "The show enraged the critics, but it interested the painters, who began to imitate me," he said. "All my styles have been enormously copied. At one time, in Vence, where I have maintained several studios and a house for the past several years, I made a series of assemblages of butterfly wings, which I glued to paper, giving them tinted water-color backgrounds and fine brushlines suggesting the natural nervures of the wings. Butterflies are plentiful in the South of France after April, and it exhilarated me to chase them in the mountain solitudes. My most recent style concerns itself with Paris scenes, in bright colors, with many *petites voitures* and *personnages.* Imitation in painting is widespread and *épouvantable;* it is spread by reproductions and by journals of art. In Japan, in Pakistan, in Israel, there are ten thousand painters who are busy mimicking. Originality gets drowned."

A waitress asked us to leave the coffee room, which was beginning to fill up with lunchers, and we moved to the bar, where M. Dubuffet ordered an orange juice. He said he had been overwhelmed with lunches and dinners and receptions here, and we asked him what he did *en France.*

"*Oh là là!*" he said, sipping his juice. "At home I see no one. I would never see you in Paris. I live on the Left Bank, near the Panthéon, and in another part of town I have a *secrétariat* with a staff and all my archives—photographs of my work, and articles and books about me. I receive no journalists, and I read no clippings about myself; they go directly to the *secrétariat.* I remain an amateur. I never show in salons, in groups, or in *biennales.* I am not a candidate for any prizes—not that any are offered to me, but then my attitude is known—and I never even attend my own *vernissages.* I assume the position of a nonprofessional. *Je veux rester un homme de la rue.* I have a collection of *art brut*—primitive works done by people uncontaminated by artistic culture—and I think of myself as a practitioner of *art brut.* The Cordier & Warren Gallery is showing some of my collection here—Daniel Cordier is my American dealer; I left Pierre Matisse for him—and I have just bought a large house in Paris as a kind of museum for it. Many of its contents are the work of *fous*—not that I know what a *fou* is."

M. Dubuffet, who was due at a lunch, called for the check. "I have been spending more than half the year in Vence, but now I hate it," he said. "*C'est un endroit détestable;* I dislike the tourists, and the *grande lumière.* I am a man of the North. I'm building a place in Etaples, a fishing town in Picardy, near the Belgian border, in the North, the country of my wife. We'll go there next summer. I'm really going there to please my wife. Otherwise, I'd stay in Paris. I fell in love with Paris on my first visit there, when I was fifteen, and I'm still in love with it. My principal pleasure is to shut myself up and work."

System

WITH all the talk about policemen and parked cars, it was reassuring, up to a point, to see how one patrolman, ticket folio in hand, went about his business on a recent morning in the Sheridan Square area. With his right hand he patted the hood of each car illegally parked in a "NO PARKING 8 A.M. TO 6 P.M." zone. The warm cars were passed by; the cold ones got a fifteen-dollar ticket. Then he patted the front end of a Volkswagen, and sternly knotted a ticket to its windshield.

THE SHORTEST WAY HOME

THE first school I ever went to was full of girls, and that wasn't the worst of it. We were taught by big black nuns who had no legs or feet at all but who moved about as if, like the antediluvian chest of drawers in my mother's bedroom, they went on concealed casters. They used to haunt my dreams, moving uncannily about in thousands, bouncing off each other and spinning around like bumper cars at a fancy fair, holding aloft white canes like witches' wands. They didn't teach us much. All I remember is making paper chains and rolling plasticine, which we called "plaster seed," into sticky balls.

At any rate, the wells on my path to learning in that harem of a school were poisoned by the affair of the school reader and by the blow Sister Enda caught me on the knuckles with her cane when I was absorbed drawing funny faces, with spittle and fingertip, on the glossy, black-painted side of a brown wooden desk.

"Wipe the desk clean this instant," she said, "you naughty little boy."

The offending funny faces—they were a first effort at recapturing the fine careless rapture observed in a newspaper strip on the faces of Mutt and Jeff—I wiped out or dried off with my handkerchief, fastened with a safety pin to my white woollen gansey. (That was a precautionary measure taken against loss of linen by my mother, who for years preserved a snapshot of me, pennant flying, a surly, freckled boy with uncontrollable hair who looked as if he had just murdered nine reverend mothers.) As I rubbed away, I looked for sympathy toward Big May, and I hated Sister Enda, as the long Act of Charity said, with my whole heart and soul and above all things.

At that time, Big May was the only woman I loved. She was nine and a half, four years older than I, her protégé, was, and big even then, so that she might, in the words of the poet, with her great shapely knees and the long flowing line, have walked to the altar, through the holy images, at Pallas Athene's side. She was big and wild and lovely, and never could take the straight road to school or the straight road home, so that to be in her company was always an unguessable adventure. She ran messages for my mother and undertook to chaperon me to school when my sister, who was thirteen and a half, was too busy and superior to be pestered with the caretaking of a toddler of a brother. May was lithe, laughing-eyed, and dark-headed, and could box better than most boys, and climb trees like a monkey. She was an adorable woman and a born mother, so, with my knuckles smarting, I turned my moistening eyes toward her for sympathy.

But the morning that martinet, Sister Enda, tried to commandeer my second copy of the school reader—the Low Babies edition—I wasn't looking for any woman's sympathy. That was a lovely reading book—sixteen pages of simple sentences, big print, colored pictures. It told the most entrancing stories. This one, for instance: "My dog Rags has a house. He has a little house of his own. See, his name is over the door." Or this one: "When the children went to the Zoo they liked the elephant best of all. Here is the elephant with happy children on his back." Or, breaking into verse: "When the old owl lived in the oak never a word at all he spoke." My mother had bought me a copy, and to have one at home and another, supplied by regulations, in school gave that miracle of colored pictures and succinct narrative the added wonder of twins, or of having two of anything. So when Sister Enda, with the book in her hand, said, "Your sister tells me you have one of these at home," and then, soaring to the top of her flight in the realm of wit, added that one reader should be enough for such a little boy, and when all the girls except May giggled, I saw red and grabbed, leaving Sister Enda momentarily quite speechless with shock and turning over and over in her hand a leaf that said on one side, "Here comes the aeroplane, says Tom," and, on the other, "When the children came home from town they had much to tell Mum."

Gripping the rest of the reader, I glared at the nun, who was white in the face with something—fright or fury at this abrupt confrontation with the male forces of violence and evil. She looked at me long and thoughtfully. Fortunately for me, she was perambulating without benefit of cane. She said, "You naughty boy! Now your poor mother will have to pay for the book you destroyed. Stand in the corner under the clock with your face to the wall until home time."

I did. Tearless, my face feverish with victory, I made my resolve. On the homeward journey, I told May. I said, "As long as I live, I'm not going back to that school. It's all women."

"Not till tomorrow morning."

"Never. Never, if I die."

"Where will you go?"

"To the brothers, with the big boys."

"You're too little."

"I'll go all the same."

"They mightn't take you."

"They'll take me."

"What will your mother say?"

"I don't care what she says." Which was true, because I knew if I could best Sister Enda, I could best my mother. That onset with Sister Enda had taught me it was a man's world.

"You're a terrible boy," May said. "But I'll miss you."

She believed me, I felt, and knew in her heart that that was our last day at school together, and she was proud of me. So with my hand in hers we went on the last detour of my career at the female academy, leaving our proper route and wandering into the cozy, smelly, crowded world of the gridiron of lanes of one-storied, whitewashed houses below and at the back of the towering, double-spired Catholic church: Fountain Lane, Brook Lane, the Gussett, Saint Kevin's Lane, Potato Lane, and, narrowest of all, a cul-de-sac called the Rat's Pad. Previously, we had passed it by, because even to May the narrow, roofed-over entry, opening out into a small close that held only four houses, was a little daunting. Besides, you could not go through it and come out the other end. She said it was a dog's walk; you came back the way you went.

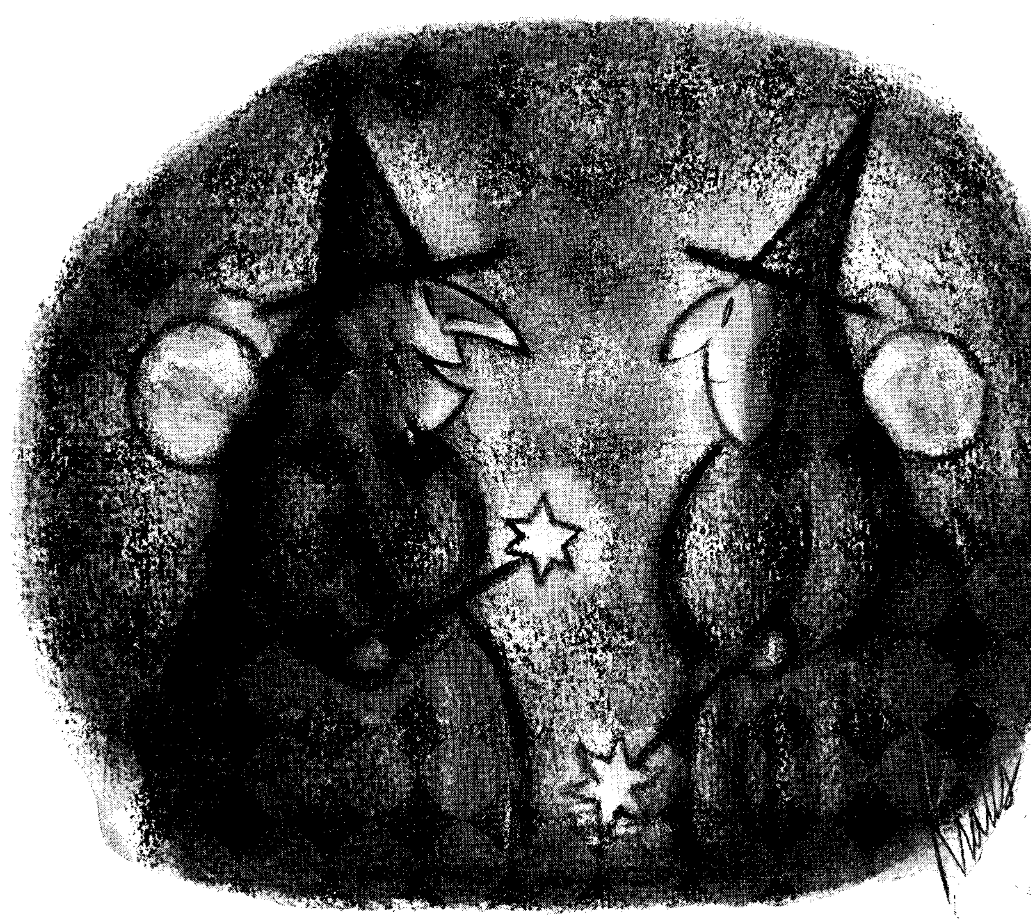
But on this day the Rat's Pad attracted us, because a woman in one of its four houses was shouting her head off and, outside her half door, a dozen or so people had gathered to find out what all the noise was about. Skillfully, May worked her way in to a point of vantage, carrying me pickaback, both to save space and to give me enough altitude to study the domestic interior. The woman was gesticulating with a long knife. Of all the words or sentences she shouted, only one remained with me: "I'll cut the head off you, you lazy gazebo!"

The man, saying nothing, his head bowed, as if meekly to accept the blade, sat on a low stool by an open, old-fashioned grate. The fire burned brightly.

"May," I whispered, "will she really and truly cut the head off him?" I wasn't sure whether I did or did not want to witness the spectacle.

"From what they say," said May, "she couldn't cut a slice of bread."

So since there was nothing happening but shouting, we rejoined our main route homeward and May bought for me, as a special treat to mark the day, a toffee apple in Katy McElhatton's huckster shop in Castle Street.



"I'll grant you three wishes if you'll grant me three wishes."

"THE only brother I'll go to," I dictated to my mother, "is the Wee Brother." Having won my battle against any return to the monstrous regiment of women, I was advancing to invest new positions.

I knew about the six black brothers of the Christian Schools. Every morning at eight-o'clock Mass, they emerged from their monastery to kneel in the top pew, to the left of the nave and under the marble pulpit. A wide-eyed study of their movements—kneeling, sitting, standing, praying, yawning, genuflecting, reading missals, blowing noses—had for some time been for me a substitute for any form of worship.

The Gray Brother, whose place was on the extreme right of their pew, was Brother Superior. His bush of gray hair was clipped and shaved in an exact straight line dead level with the tops of his ears. He had a fine Roman nose and a trumpet style of blowing it that never since have I seen or heard surpassed. He always gave a preliminary flourish of white linen before he trumpeted, and when he blew, even the two old voteens—one man and one woman—who prayed out loud, and talked over their affairs with God for all to hear, were momentarily startled out of the balance and rhythm of their recitative. To the left of the Gray Brother stood, or knelt, or sat, according to the stage of the celebration, Brother Busto and Brother Lanko—I knew them according to the nicknames the boys bestowed on them. They had the same soothering Munster accents and the same surnames, and were distinguished from each other only by the red-faced girth of one and the handsome height of the other. Next came the Beardy Brother, who was unusual because beards were rare among brothers. Then the Red Brother, who, true to the color of his hair and the close, disciplined army cut of it, was the terror of the school; the legend went so far as to say that on one of his punitive forays he had trapped the shoulders of a delinquent boy under a window sash and thumped him on the buttocks with a hurling stick. At the end of the pew was the Wee Brother, and even before I went to school to him it was clear to me, from his waving fair hair and the way the light reflected on his pince-nez, that the Wee Brother was an angel specially descended from above. Grown men admired the Wee Brother because he had been a famous amateur horse-jockey before religion claimed him, and—although this was something I did not then understand—the girls looking at him sighed heartbroken resignation to the inscrutable ways of the Lord, who claimed such a paragon for the cloister. The children adored him. They ran messages for him, swept the schoolrooms and the schoolyard for him, and in the season, under his direction, shook the trees and picked up the fallen apples in the monastery orchard. They banded themselves at his behest into groups of all sorts—from paper-and-comb orchestras to football teams—and went walking with him in crowds in the country, learning the names of birds and trees and not too often wandering off in small foraging parties to rob orchards or egg houses. In spite of the vow of poverty, he always clinked with small coins to reward them for their more meritorious efforts. He was good to the poor, and his favorite pupil was Packy Noble, a shuffling albino boy too big for his grade and mentally incapable of advancing further or of mastering more than the alphabet. So I said to my mother, "The only brother I'll go to is the Wee Brother."

It was autumn, and the schoolyard was the best place in our world for horse chestnuts. The yard was triangular, with the apex pointing up the slope toward the schoolhouse—an oblong cutstone building of two stories. Access to the second story, because of an oversight of the builder, who forgot the stairs originally planned for, was by an iron outside stairway. The long branches of the chestnut trees overhung the walls of the yard and, with a little encouragement from sticks and stones, readily dropped their thorny green

"Look, if you want to talk shop, call long distance."

fruit. Wonder was all around my mother and myself as we ascended toward the school. Ten million boys, it seemed to me, were playing conkers, swinging the seasoned chestnuts scientifically on lengths of string, slashing at and bashing their opponents' chestnuts. Fragments of the casualties crackled under our feet like cinders. Surrounded by an excited crowd, a tiny fellow called Tall Jimmy Clarke was bending down with his hands behind his back and picking ha'pence off the ground with his teeth. He did it for the price of the ha'pence he picked up, and prospered by it, because the fascination of what's difficult always proved overpowering even for the boys who had seen and paid for the trick a dozen times over. In a corner by the concrete lavatories and washrooms, a crowd of hydromaniacs were having the time of their lives pumping the handles of the drinking fountains and covering each other and the ground around them with water. This was the wonderful world of school, and apart from my mother there wasn't a petticoat to be seen.

Then a whistle blew, and in shuffling hordes the boys ascended to be swallowed up by the old stone building. We were alone, my mother and I. Dust still rose from the yard. It steamed in the sun on the damp patch left by the water sprites. Beyond a row of chestnut trees, the gardens kept by the brothers were well ordered and radiant. Variously regulated chants arose from various classrooms, and we listened to them, my hand in hers, until the Gray Brother came to us from the monastery beside the schoolhouse and said, "So this is the little man who doesn't like the girls."

The Gray Brother I took to from the start, for he saw my point.

"And what book shall we put him into?" he said. "He's so far under the admittance age."

Book! I thought. I have my own books! In the satchel on my back there was one jotter, slightly scribbled on; one pencil; two school readers, even if one of them, due to the villainy of woman, was lacking a page. There was also my lunch of bread-and-butter sandwiches, a small bottle of milk, two biscuits, and one piece of cake.

"He wants nobody but the Wee Brother," my mother said.

"Then the Wee Brother it shall be."

He waved his arm at a window on the second story, and on the landing of the stairway at the corner of the building the vision appeared, fair hair like a halo blowing round its head, the sunlight shining through the halo, the sun beaming out of its glass eyes, truly an angel descending to walk with us. He took me up the stairs with him, and that was how I came to meet the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, who, after Big May and the Wee Brother, were the greatest teachers I ever had.

Sometimes the Wee Brother called them the Twelve Apostles, because he said any one man of them was as good as three. But mostly, and I think merely because they ran his messages for him, carrying dispatches all over the town, being the bearers equally of errands of charity or admonitory notes to parents who weren't sending their boys to school, he called them the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. They sat, or knelt, at prayer time, on the bench nearest to the door, making sure in winter that the door was securely closed, enjoying in summer a high green view of the neighboring convent field, where the nuns, for some symbolic, devotional purpose, grazed a small black donkey—the happiest, laziest donkey in the world, the Wee Brother said. That big bench by the door towered over the other desks like a Spanish galleon over the dogged little ships of Elizabeth's gunners. Even by the standards of those days, it was a museum piece. It creaked with age every time one of its occupants moved. It had space, the Wee Brother said, for four and a quarter men, so he lifted me up, seated me at one end of it, my legs dangling, beside Packy Noble, told me I was the image of an artistic mantelpiece ornament in a modern house, and placed me thus under the tutelary protection of the Four Horsemen: Packy himself, Tall Jimmy Clarke, Jinkins Creery, and Tosh Mullan, who, later in life, was to become a boxer and to acquire by a painful accident the pseudonym of Kluterbuck.

My two school readers open before

me, I studied the pictures and listened to the drone of learning all around me and, sometime in the afternoon, fell asleep, to be gently lifted, as I learned afterward, by snow-headed Packy and, under the direction of the Wee Brother, laid to rest on the broad bottom shelf of a brown press used as a wardrobe on dry days for the scholars' coats and caps. Comfortably cushioned, I slumbered until it was time for the Litany of the Blessed Virgin and the journey home, and then, thumbing the sleep out of my eyes, I boarded the galleon again and balanced on my knees for a prayer so soothing that I would have fallen asleep again except that, just as the Wee Brother said "Tower of Ivory" and we sang out "Pray for Us," the old bench gave up the ghost and collapsed with a crash. The litany dissolved in the laughter of boys, and when the Wee Brother saw that nobody was hurt, he laughed, too.

The Four Horsemen, taking the place of Big May, conducted me home. Tall Jimmy Clarke, by stooping and lifting, acquired on the way four ha'pennies and bought sweets and shared them out. Jinkins Creery held me up on the parapet of the bridge over the Strule and showed me where he had caught a river lamprey a mile long, and promised to show me the seven baby lampreys he had in a glass jar at home. He explained how he had caught them by holding a tennis ball in among a maze of them in a foot's depth of water in the Killyclogher Burn, and how the stupid, vicious creatures had clung on to it so tightly with the suckers they had instead of mouths that he was able to lift seven of them out of the water. Packy and Tosh Mullan put on for my instruction a display of the noble art of self-defense, which was great fun, because Packy was huge and white-headed, and his battered boots were too big for him, and his toes turned up, and he could imitate a dancing bear he had once seen in John Duffy's travelling circus.

Packy's greatest weakness was that he could never be on time for school in the morning. His mother—or, to be more charitable, his aunt—went by the strange name of Pola and was the proprietress of what we knew bluntly as a tramp-lodging house, where, it was rumored, the itinerant patrons cooked over candles and slept on their feet, elbows hooked on a common rope, so that inexorably they were all aroused together when the rope was slackened at reveille. Certain it was that the mixed clientele of sallow-faced Oriental bagmen, peddlers, vagrant musicians, buskers, and downright beggars who patronized the place did not go to bed until the small hours, and then only to the accompaniment of a pretty consistent bedlam. So, shuffling in late, morning after morning, Packy would wearily rub red eyes that had around them rims of sleep like gray mud around a weeping, flowering marsh, and the back of his white poll was never devoid of a tiny pillow feather or two. Every morning, his day's study began like this:

"He who rises late must gallop all day. Do you know what that means, Packy?"

"Yes, sir."

"What, Packy?"

"It's in the handwriting copybook, sir." (The handwriting copybook, with its incomprehensible maxims in stiff, old-fashioned copperplate, in elegant lines and curves that no young, inexperienced hands could ever hope to imitate, was the masterwork on which we were supposed to model our penmanship.)

"Packy, you're right. I suppose one way or another the sum total of wisdom is in the handwriting copybook."

"Yes, sir."

"*Diluculo surgere saluberrimum est*, Packy. To rise early is most healthful." Tenderly, with his fingertips, the Wee Brother would pick the feathers of the night before from the close-cropped white head.

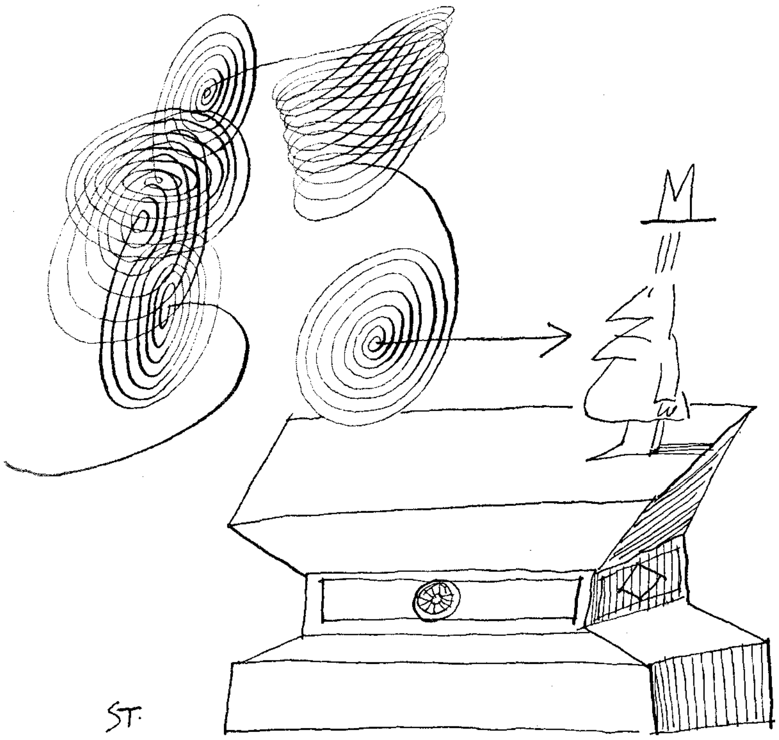
"Yes, sir," said Packy.

"Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise, Packy." With those gentle fingertips he would drum out on Packy's shoulder a rhythm to go with the words. "That's in the handwriting copybook, too, Packy."

"Yes, sir."

The only saying I liked at all in the handwriting copybook was about violets: "I would give you some violets but they withered when my father died." Not one of us—not even John MacBride, a clean boy who was clever and was taught by his musical mother to sing Moore's Melodies at parochial concerts—knew what it meant, or who said it, or who died, or who wanted to give violets to whom, or what violets were anyway. In spite of the Wee Brother's earnest botanizing expeditions, we couldn't have told a violet from any flower except a rose, a daisy, a dandelion, or a primrose. But, regardless, we copied out the words painfully and with all the intensity of faith—slope lightly up, slope heavily down, curve at the top and curve at the bottom—Packy peering so closely at the page that his nose was as good as in the inkwell, the tip of Tall Jimmy Clarke's tongue peeping out like a moist pink rodent.

We knew more about nettles than about violets. For Pola was a great believer in the health-giving powers of nettle tea, nettle soup, or nettles as a vegetable, and it was Packy's task—or one of them—to gather, in the spring, the soft, succulent young nettles before age had soured them and forced them to show their strings. The three other horsemen went along to help, and I went along with them. Because of the four oblong fields that belonged to Big James Campbell, the butcher, and the engine shed, and Spyglass Hill, and the grass wigwam, and the cave at the spot where four hedgerows joined, and the Ali Baba's treasure house of a town dump, and the old horse, and the roaring bull in MacKenna's meadow, gath-



ering the nettles was not as prosaic a business as you might readily imagine.

You crossed the town dump, a gray-black wasteland smoking with an occasional volcano where discarded cinders had refused to die. There were always a few old people, sacks in hand, shoulders hunched and eyes on the ground, wandering slowly about, gathering the makings of a fire and hoping for treasures of scrap. They were quite frequently rewarded, and the curious schoolboy could find there, too, objects to delight the heart. Tosh Mullan, who was lucky at finding things, had once come upon a handsome .22 rifle that would do everything but shoot.

The best nettles were always found on the fringe of the dump just before you ascended the slope, climbed a fence, and crossed the railway line to the turntable and the engine shed. "Nettles for measles and pimples," Packy would say as we set to, pulling them up. "That's what my Aunt Pola says. Boil them in water, she says, and drink the tea. She says if you drink nettle tea you'll always have a clear skin."

"Tosh could do with it," said Tall Jimmy Clarke. For Tosh, with a hanging lower lip and a squint and a recurring rash of pimples, was not the most beautiful of boys. Yet even then he had in his social relations the tolerant mildness of the natural professional fighter, who never, outside the ring, feels called upon to prove his prowess, and the pummellings with which he responded to Tall Jimmy's witticisms were perfectly good-natured.

One day, he flourished in his hand a full-grown dead lamprey that Jinkins had caught and given to him and that he carried as proudly as if it had been a policeman's truncheon, and, waving it in his hand, he pursued Jimmy with warlike whoops toward the railway line and the engine shed. Jinkins, carrying his fishing rod, ran after them, and I ran after Jinkins, because, bright ferret eyes glistening in his turnip of a head, he had promised to show me how he caught fish and how, incidentally, he had acquired the name we called him by. (I never knew his Christian name.) "Come on, Packy!" Tosh called. "We have nettles enough to sink a battleship."

Packy rose, clutching his herbs, and, to excite our laughter, did his bear's gallop toward us. "We'll cross over to the engine shed and grease our boots," he said.

What we used was a thick, yellow suetlike grease kept in little iron boxes on the sides of the freight trucks. It was meant, I suppose, to cool the friction of axles and wheels and not to be applied to any leather ever hammered out of an animal's hide. But, in ritual fashion, like savages daubing on war paint, we greased our boots with it before we entered the four fields. Its one beneficial quality was that it could withstand moisture, and if the grass was wet the beads of rain or dew danced like jewels on the dulled leather.

With our feet anointed, we slipped through a well-worn hole in a high hawthorn hedge and into the first field. Tall Jimmy was in the lead, dancing a dance that was halfway between his idea of an Indian war dance and his slightly more accurate idea of a sailor's hornpipe.

Packy came at the rear, beaming like a bride over his bouquet of nettles. Pola, who never had had a wedding, or a groom from whose arm she could dangle, was an assiduous spectator at every wedding in the parish church, and Packy could simper like any lace-clad virgin just as well as he could prance like a circus bear.

In the middle of a clump of rushes, a tall, unheeded wooden pole carried a notice saying trespassers would be prosecuted. We regarded it as the dissolute members of an aristocratic family would regard a family ghost who had become an old-fashioned bore. No longer even did we use it as a cockshot for cinders carried from the engine shed.

"Tony!" Tall Jimmy shouted. Running away from us, he called back in an explanation no longer necessary, "Watch me! I'm Tom Mix!"

For the old horse grazed or wearily sucked the grass in the first field. Nothing less like the renowned Tony ever shuffled along on four shaky feet. He was an old saddle-backed bay left out there to die in peace. There were white

A LETTER

I have been wondering
What you are thinking about, and by now suppose
It is certainly not me.
But the crocus is up, and the lark, and the blundering
Blood knows what it knows.
It talks to itself all night, like a sliding, moonlit sea.

Of course, it is talking of you.
At dawn, where the ocean has netted its catch of lights,
The sun plants one lithe foot
On that spill of mirrors, but the blood goes worming through
Its warm Arabian nights,
Naming your pounding name again in the dark heartroot.

Who shall, of course, be nameless.
Anyway, I should want you to know I have done my best,
As I'm sure you have, too.
Others are bound to us, the gentle and blameless
Whose names are not confessed
In the ceaseless palaver. My dearest, the clear and bottomless blue

Of those depths is all but blinding.
You may remember that once you brought my boys
Two little woolly birds.
Yesterday the older one asked for you upon finding
Your thrush among his toys.
And the tides welled about me, and I could find no words.

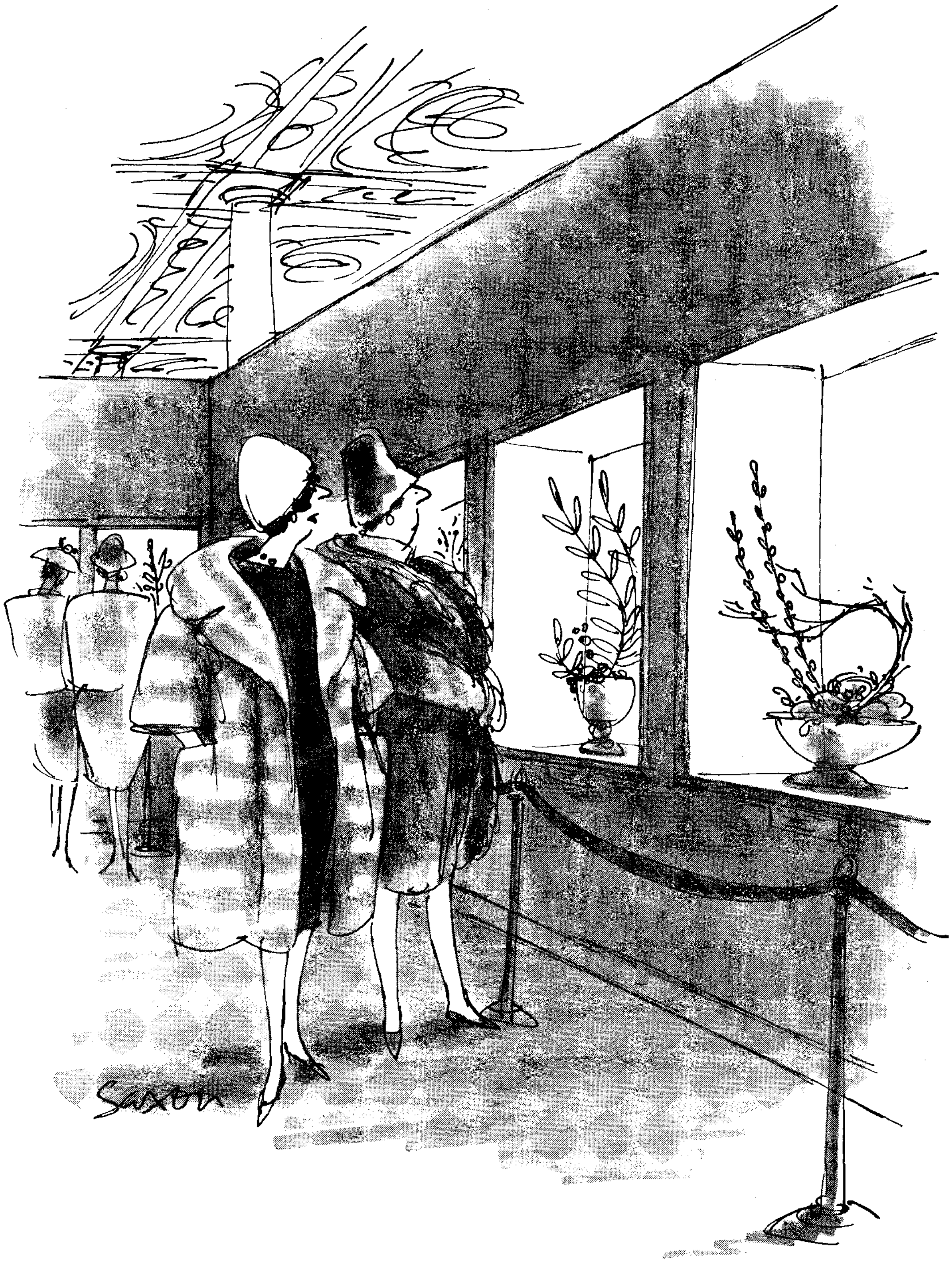
There is not much else to tell.
One tries one's best to continue as before,
Doing some little good.
But I would have you know that all is not well
With a man dead set to ignore
The endless repetitions of his own murmurous blood.

—Anthony Hecht

• •

spots of age on his hide, like stabs of lichen on old stone. He was just about able—and no more—to bear the featherweight of agile Jimmy, and it was Jimmy's delight to straddle on the sunken back that seemed almost to creak like a worn iron bedstead, to hammer his heels, as if they were spurred, against the withered, flagging flanks, to hang from the scraggy neck as if he was a Red Indian, to wind up the exhausted, slack-springed body to a trot in which every leg seemed to limp away in a different direction. "Look at him now! Hasn't he the lovely smile?" Jimmy pulled the lips apart to show great green-and-yellow teeth lazily floating in saliva. They weren't bright or beautiful, yet the expression was more like a smile than it was like anything else.

Tall Jimmy on horseback leading, we went in procession through the gapped hedge and up the slope to the grass wigwam that Tosh and Tall Jimmy had lovingly plaited from branches, rushes, and long grass. From the wigwam, you could see the traffic on the road to Clanabogan; the long scimitar-shaped meadow where our bull fed; Pigeon Top Mountain, where the sportsmen went for grouse; the town's three steeples; the deep Drumragh River, where Jinkins fished; and the clanking, metal, gymnastic structure called the Lynn Bridge, which carried the railway over the river. So we called the place Spyglass Hill—from the Wee Brother's public readings, we knew all about Long John Silver and Jim Hawkins. The wigwam was a magic, restful place. Green light filtered down into it. The air was sweet with the smell of warm grass. That big man James Campbell, who owned the fields, went to the trouble of putting up notices banning trespassers, but neither he nor his foreman nor his workingmen ever tampered with the grass wigwam, and it managed to last, with repairs to meet the depredations of the weather, for a whole long summer. All together, we lay in the green light, and Tall Jimmy's exhausted, discarded mount lay thinking the thoughts of age on the grass outside the palisade.



"They always hang themselves with pussy willows."

• •

From the tired horse to the roaring bull was no distance at all, because the wigwam was our halfway house to the cave that wasn't a cave but a sort of unfinished tunnel that cattle seeking shade from the sun had made under branches at the meeting place of four hedgerows. Smaller than the cattle, we could penetrate further into gloom, and then, parting a few branches, peer down into the meadow where the big red bull grazed. The game was to roar at him until he roared back. He never failed to oblige us.

"They'll kill him someday," Jimmy said sadly. "They'll kill him and make Bovril out of him. That's what they do with bulls." We wandered aimlessly across the grass thinking sadly of all the noble roaring bulls, black and red, who had gone down to the doom of being melted to fill small bottles with meat extract, until, to wipe out our despondency, Tall Jimmy seized one of a pair of pitchforks left stuck in a hedge by some of Campbell's men, and shouted, "We'll play ninety-eight!"

This was an offshoot of the Wee Brother's fervent teaching to us of the long, sad history of Irish rebellion. The pitchforks, one in the hands of Packy and one in the hands of Tall Jimmy, became the pikes the boys of Wexford carried in 1798. Before their glistening points, hordes of redcoats fell back, and Tosh with the dead lamprey was beating an invisible big drum, and Jinkins with his fishing rod was a galloping lancer, and the high town of New Ross and Three Bullet Gate were about to be stormed and taken when Big James and his foreman appeared through a gap in a hedge and roared at us and we ran.

"They'll arrest us, sure as God!" said Jinkins, who had a natural horror of the law.

So we ran faster, and the two men for the hell of it ran after us. For my age and the length of my legs I could run well, but the Four Horsemen were bigger and better athletes, and I was losing ground badly. I stumbled and fell, and was resigning myself to arrest and prison when I was picked up by Packy and carried and helped through a narrow gap between two trees to the covert of a terraced, whin-dotted slope above the river. It came rattling down over shallows, curved and spread out to make a deep pool that went on under the railway and the girders of the Lynn Bridge.

"That's where I catch my fish," Jinkins said.

"Where you catch the jinkins you should throw back," said Tall Jimmy.

On our river, the salmon fry and the tiny trout were called jinkins, and our friend had earned his name from his passion for catching, cooking, and eating them—against all the laws ever made for the conserving of game fish. "Come and watch me catch them," Jinkins said to me.

So when we thought the coast was clear and our pursuers gone, Jinkins mounted his rod and readied his dry flies, and in single file we marched out from the shelter of the whins to be greeted with gales of friendly laughter from Big James and his foreman. They waved at us through our escape gap between the two trees, and went back, laughing, toward Spyglass Hill.

"They were only fooling all the time," said Packy.

With a light breeze at his back, Jinkins let the long line float out easily. The stiff hair stood up on him like the bristles on a hedgehog. His ferret eyes pierced the water for the first white flash of soft underbelly. The small hook struck with deadly accuracy, and Jinkins chuckled to himself as he unhooked the tiny, silvery, fluttering bodies and strung them through the gills on a looped, peeled ash twig.

It was methodical massacre, and when it was done we walked the railway line to the center of the Lynn Bridge, opened a metal trapdoor between the rails, and descended a ladder to a plank walk that workmen used when inspecting or painting the girders. The deep water was quite still below us. Packy held me by the shoulders, but in spite of his protection I had, that night, my first falling nightmare.

"Long Alec Nixon," Tosh said, "drowned himself in that pool."

"He didn't drown himself," said Packy. "He just sank."

"I saw them dragging the river for his body," Tall Jimmy said. "There was a man diving all the time from a boat looking for him."

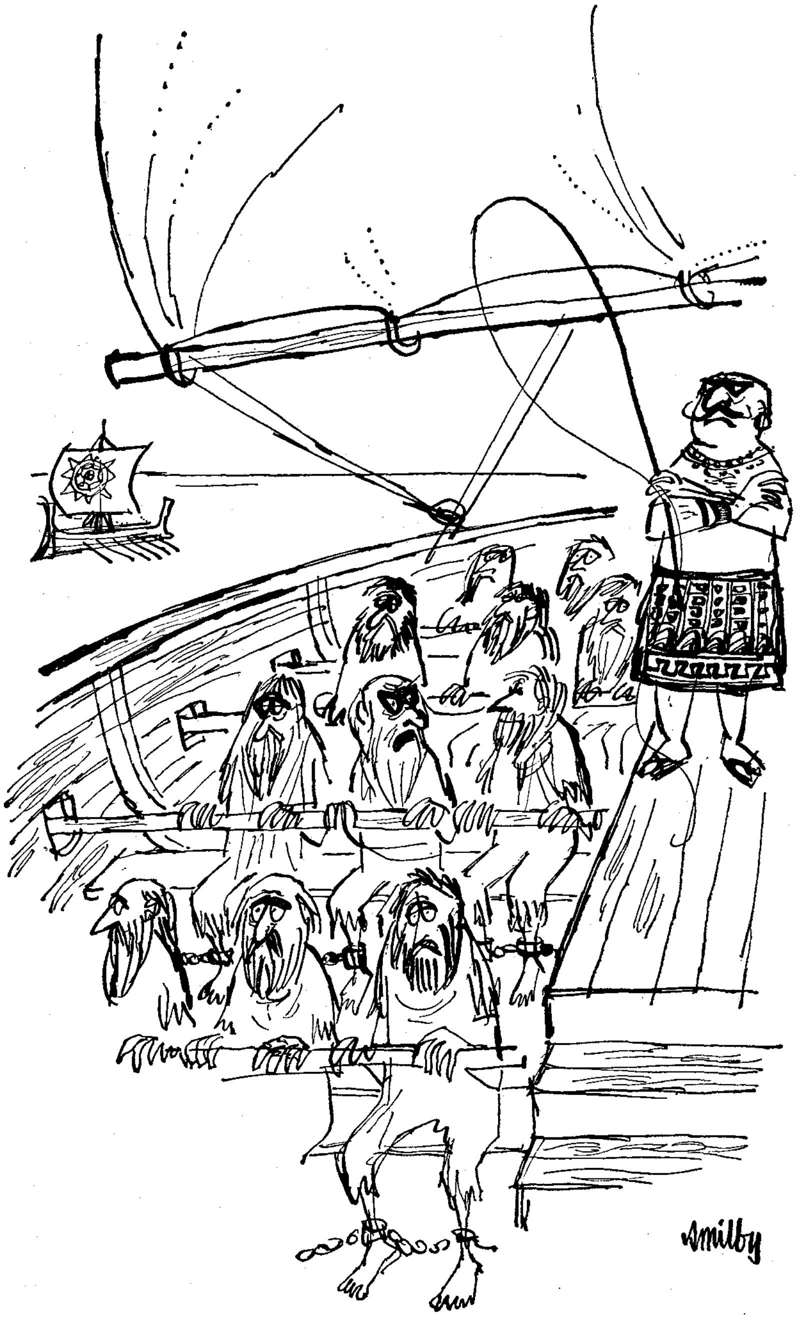
"We all saw that," Jinkins said. "They were at it for days."

"He was the best swimmer in the world," Tosh said. "He just held his nose and sank and drowned himself. He was always fighting with his wife."

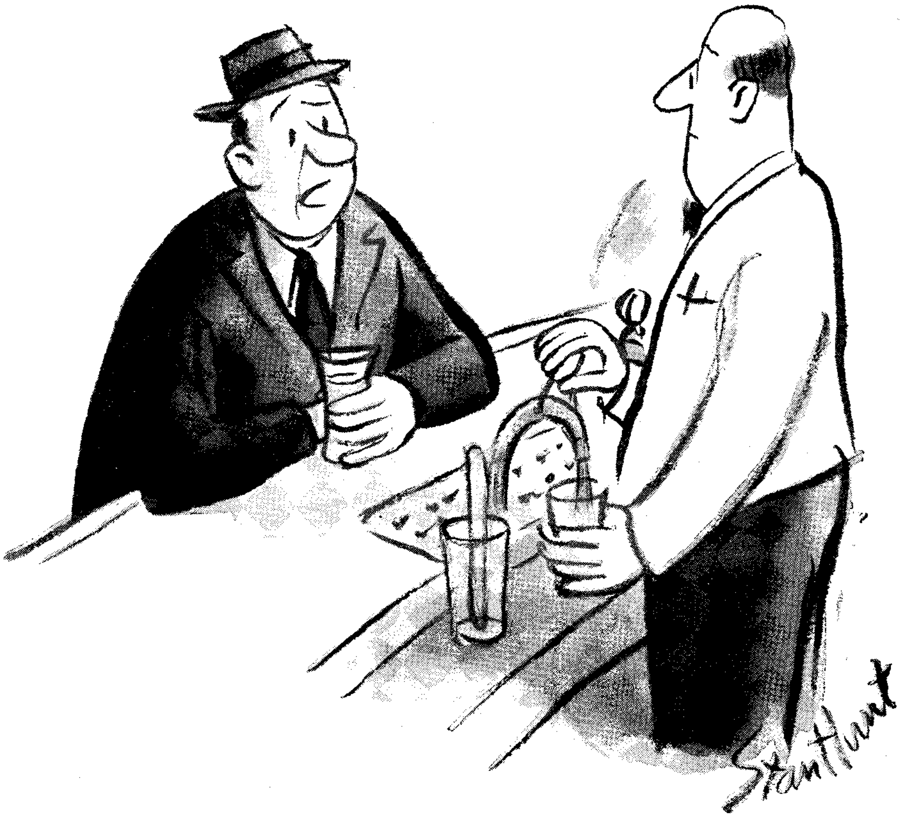
"That doesn't prove he drowned himself," Packy said. "You couldn't drown yourself just by holding your nose."

The possibility of drowning by holding the nose was a topic that kept us talking all the way back along the rusted branch line to the town's auxiliary goods station, where the coal wagons were lined up with the supplies for the lunatic asylum, and halfway up the town's main street, where shops were closed and the teatime hush had descended. Thought and remembrance came with the hush, and we heard the agonized voice of Packy. "Mother of God, I've lost my nettles!"

Red and blue shop blinds, carefully drawn, made the town look like a place of the dead. Not a nettle grew on the cruel pave-



"Listen, pal. That 'all in the same boat' crack wasn't funny even the first time."



"I never trouble trouble till trouble troubles me, but trouble is always troubling me."

• •

ment. With guilt I remembered that I'd seen Packy's nettles fall to the grass when he redeemed me, the trespasser. I said, "We'll go back for more."

"We wouldn't have time. We're late already. She'll murder me."

Generously, Jinkins said, "Give her a couple of fish."

"She never eats fish. She says they're greasy."

"Give her my ampor eel," said Tosh. "Ampor eel" was our mispronunciation of "lamprey."

But, sick to the soul, we all knew that this was no joke, for Pola put great faith in nettles.

Then, as we stood, sadly thinking, Big May came to our rescue. She came tall, wild-haired, and ragged. She came as she always came—from a side street of shabby brown-and-yellow brick houses. She bore in her arms a jungle profusion of wild nettles, and, bending her ear to the sorrowful tale, she said simply to Packy, "One of the women I work for is mad about nettles. But take half of mine. I have enough to physic the town—let alone one old woman." She patted my head. She said, "How do you like the big boys?" She took the lead as if she was the biggest boy of all, and we followed her up the street for fifty yards until, being Big May, she left us to make her own detour along another side street.

THE day the Wee Brother would no longer close me in the press to slumber my way to learning on the piled coats and caps, I knew sorrowfully that life had begun. What happened was that one of the scholars, for reasons known only to himself, had a pocket of his coat full of broken glass. Turning over in my slumber, I lacerated my left hand—I still have a faint scar—and emerged when awakened dripping blood. The Wee Brother looked as if he and the class were guilty of murder. He staunched the flow, sent Jinkins to buy me a bag of hard sweets, then sent me home in the company of shambling Packy. It wasn't a serious wound, but it was the beginning of the end. Thereafter, there was nothing for me but the common lot—the hard reality of wooden desks and life. Remorselessly, life was to take me away from Big May and the Wee Brother and the Four Horsemen.

The Wee Brother is with the saints, and Packy is more than likely his favorite pupil still, for Packy died young. Short of dancing like a bear and roaring like a bull, being late for school and being kind to me and gathering nettles to preserve Pola from pimples, he never accomplished much in life that I ever heard of. But he had a splendid funeral, paid for by the subscriptions of the Wee Brother's numerous clients and led by Pola and the Wee Brother as chief mourners.

Tosh took to boxing, and retained his professional amiability except for one unfortunate moment when he was engaged in conflict with a fighter who had the provoking name of Kluterbuck. Every just man loses his composure at least once, and Tosh struck Kluterbuck very much and very severely below the belt, lost the fight, and gained a new name. Never afterward was he known as Tosh. The change of name may have altered his character and his attitude to life. He gave up boxing. He left the town and never came back. He was last heard of, I've been told, just before the war, working in a bicycle factory in Coventry.

Jinkins had a mental breakdown and went for treatment to the asylum whose coal supply we walked past the day Packy lost the nettles. He remained there as a trusted patient; he works around the grounds and spends all his spare time fishing in the river that flows just outside the walls—a tributary of the river that flows under the Lynn Bridge.

Tall Jimmy Clarke, as you might have guessed, became a jockey, but he took to drink, put on weight, descended to truck driving, and became a wealthy owner of trucks. No longer as supple or as close to the ground as he was that day under the chestnut branches, he no longer makes money by picking ha'pence up with his teeth. But then, as he told me himself, he now has other ways of earning his living.

Big May went off to London and, if you could believe on their Bible oaths the people in the town I came from, went on thinking the longest way round was the shortest way home. Her thick dark hair, the outline of her strong jawbone are still visible to me. She holds me pickaback. Together we peer at the flashing knife and the raving woman and the slave of a man in the dim kitchen, and May says, "From what they say, she couldn't cut a slice of bread."

To judge by the tone of her voice then, she never put much weight on what people said. —BENEDICT KIELY

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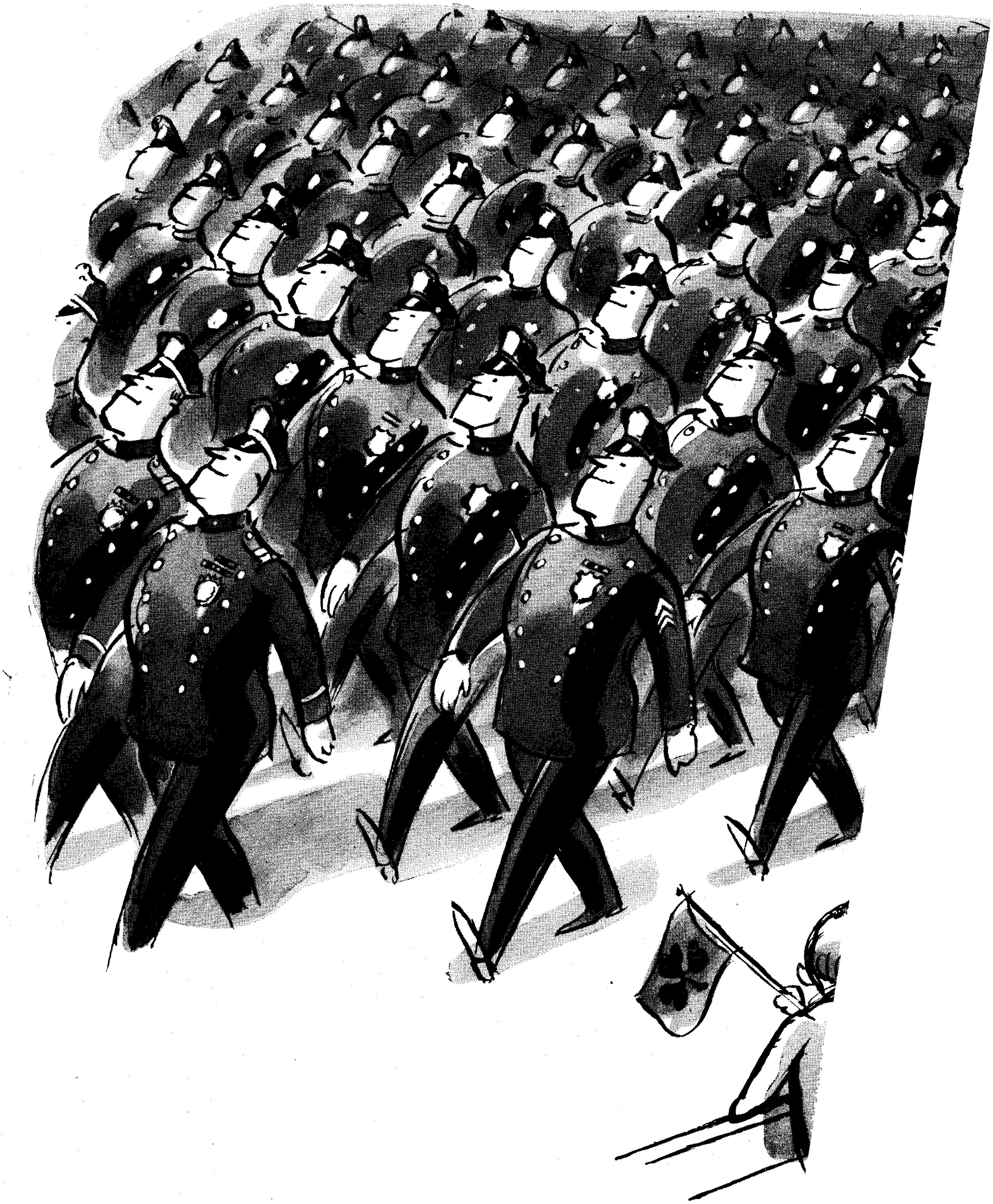
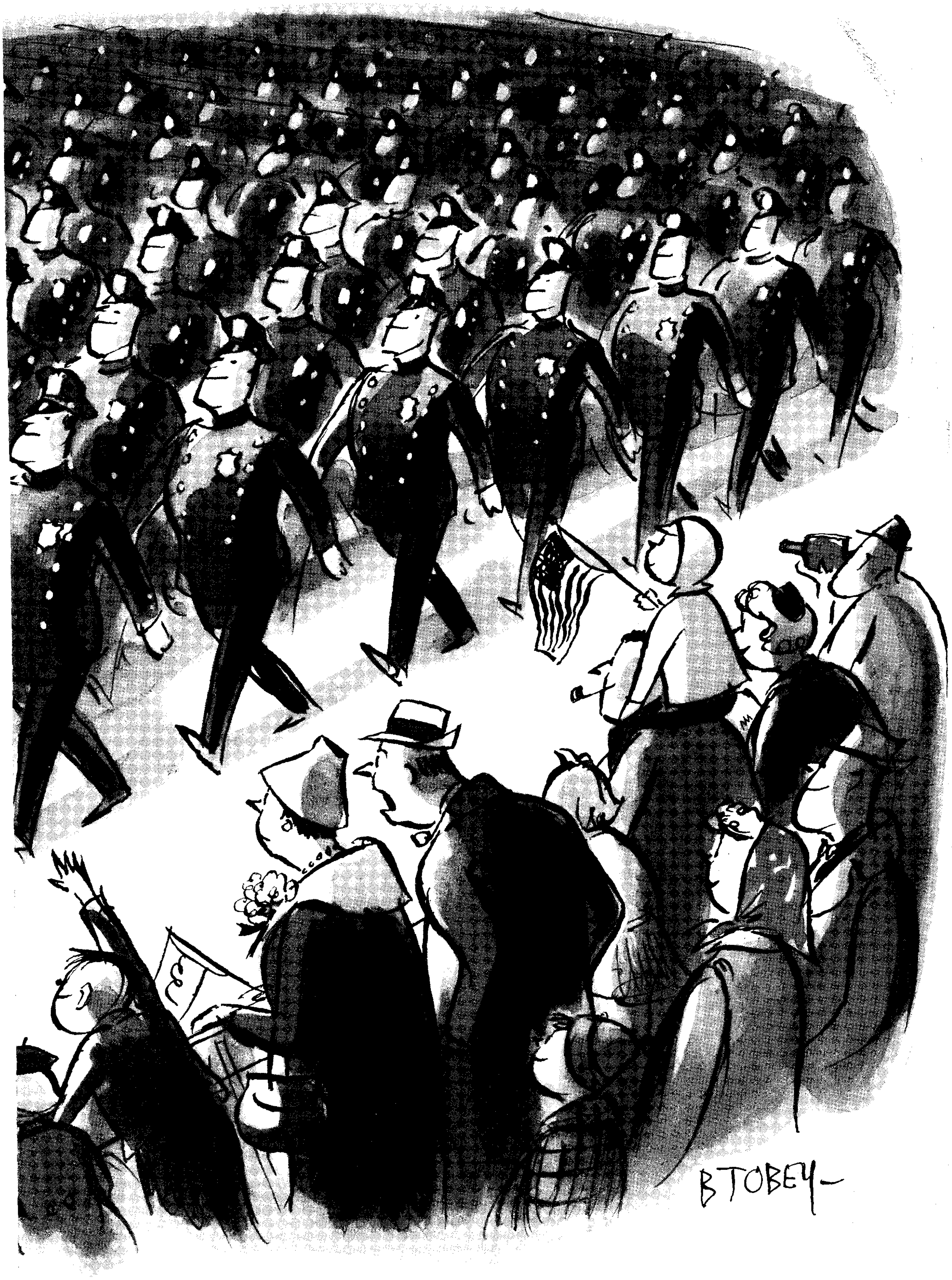
REWARD OFFERED for information leading to apprehension of individual who removed red sweater from our dog on Christmas Day, and brown sweater, on New Year's Day.—*Manchester (Mass.) Cricket.*

And with Easter coming up and all.





"When you need a cop, there's never one around."

NIGHT AND DAY

SITTING next to the driver, who was certainly his father, he saw the fine rain through the beam of the headlights, and the eyes of small animals at the edge of the road. They were driving from Shekomeko to Pulver's Corners, taking the route of the school bus. He felt a slight bump, nothing more, and sprawled on his face in an open field. Somebody, running, kicked him in the back. "Run," he heard a voice say. "Get up and run." They turned him over. "Be careful of my back," he said. "I've hurt my spine."

He knew without opening his eyes that he had been brought to a farmhouse. "I've been hurt," he tried to explain. They had placed him on a kitchen table, and now they stood round him and talked about him. They discussed his past, his character, and his destiny—and he powerless to reply! Then they all went out, and left him to die.

I must be careful, he said to himself. I don't know who these people are, or what they intend to do. He knew they were on the other side of the door, whispering, listening, waiting for him to die. He opened his eyes and saw the reflection of an oil lamp on the ceiling. The lamp had been placed out of his reach, on the kitchen floor.

Without moving his head, he sensed the weight, or the presence, of a large piece of furniture, such as a Welsh dresser, somewhere behind. A window had been left open; he could smell the snow, and he was rigid with cold.

"You poor devil," said the woman they had left in the room with him.

She got up from her chair and stood by the table. She bent over him; he could not see her face. "It's a drink you want," she said, "but I can't give you anything to drink. I can just give you something to wet your lips. Wait." She went outside to the yard and filled a cup with water at the pump. She poured the water from the cup onto his dry lips, but the water splashed to one side. None of it got to his tongue.

"I was in England twenty years," the woman said, close to his ear. "My husband was a schoolmaster. That is why my English is so fluent. They thought you would want to hear English when you came round."

They had placed his hands across his breast in preparation for his death, with the fingers of his right hand curled slackly on a worn piece of wood. In the dark—she had turned the lamp down, or else he had closed his eyes—he explored it, barely moving the muscles of his hand. His thumb came to the end of the piece of wood and pressed in.

"You don't need to ring for me," said the woman. "I am here. I shall be here until morning."

She was crouched on the floor, down beside the lamp. He knew she had his examination papers. He heard her rustling them, tearing them perhaps. He moved his jaw; his glued lips parted. His tongue was swollen and dry. He said, "What are you doing?," but all he heard of his words was "Aaah."

"You poor devil," she said. "It's a bad night for you. A week from now you won't remember it." She got to her feet, towered over him, and vanished. The room was rosy, then gray. The Welsh dresser dissolved. "Try to sleep," said the woman's voice, lingering after her person.

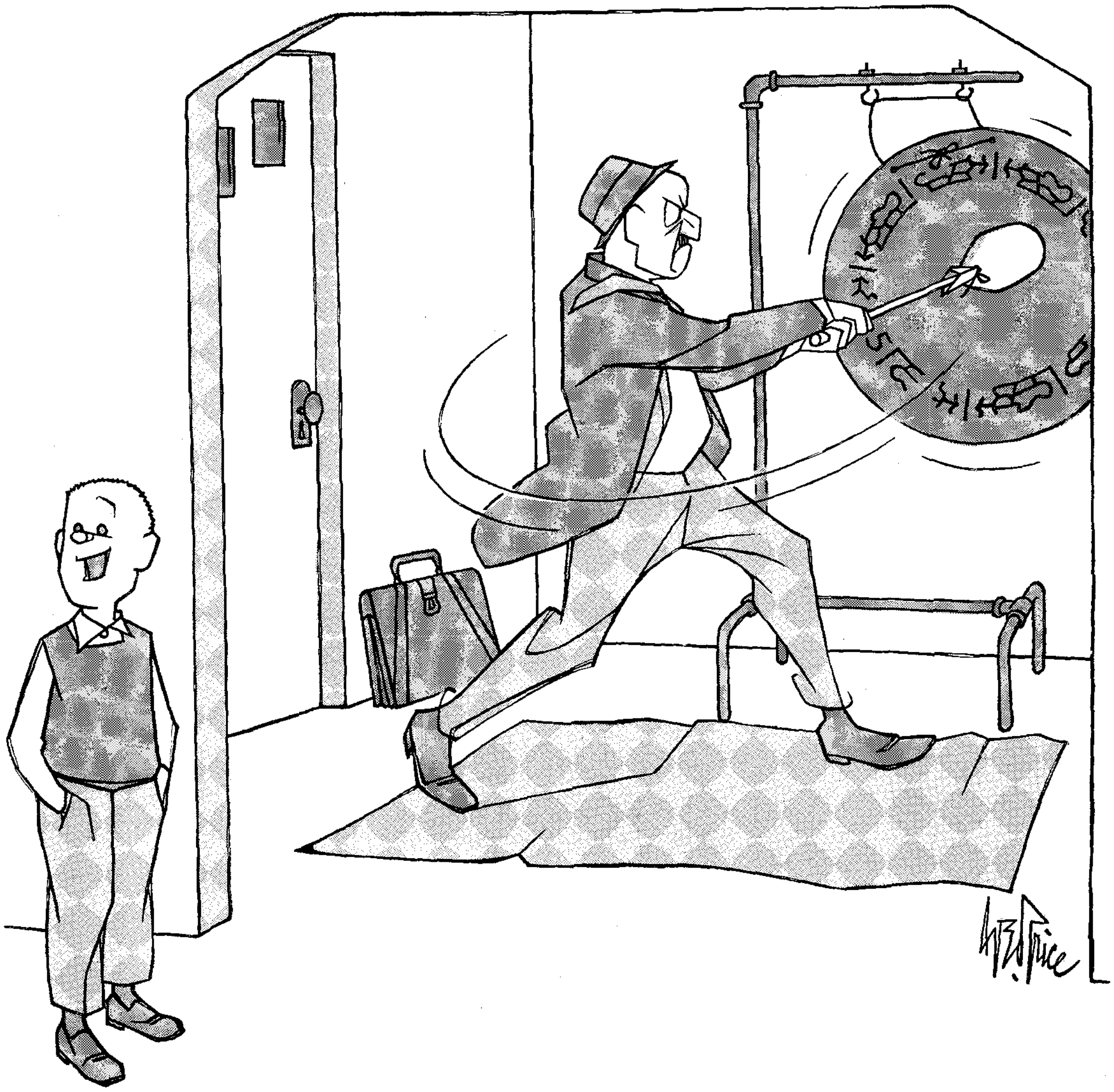
IN his sleep they placed him upon a bed as hard to his back as the table had been. Someone at the foot of the bed asked him questions, tormenting him. He made no attempt to reply. He was troubled now only because he could not imagine his parents' faces, or think of their name. The people at the foot of his bed knew everything, but they did not know the name of his parents, or how they could be reached. "Do you feel that?" they said to him, grasping both his feet. They had tied electric wires between his feet and his spine. He said, "Yes, I can feel it," and they all went out once again and left him alone.

It occurred to him that he had been brought here for an important reason, dragged unwillingly, and had been injured when he fought. He spread his hands on his chest, and touched the turnback of the sheet, and then the blanket. He moved his hands slowly, exploring.

The first thing he must remember was the name of the language these people spoke. He understood everything that was said but had forgotten what the language was called. The room was white and too bright, and the brightness was part of his pain. He lay in pain, but presently he found small discomforts just as serious. He was thirsty. The blanket covering him was heavy and coarse. "Yes," he heard in answer to something he must have said aloud, and a woman slipped her hand beneath his pillow and gradually lifted the pillow and his head. She pushed a glass tube between his lips and he

drank orange juice and went to sleep. Waking, he tested his fingers, then his wrists. He tried to change the position of his legs but gave it up. He moved his hands cautiously and discovered the wooden bell. It had been pinned to the garment he wore. There was a safety pin around the wire. He ran his fingers along the pin and the wire, and then rang the bell. He dreamed for a time of swimming. He felt the bedclothes drawn away and his hand gently lifted from the bell. He had lost the sensation of swimming and all that accompanied it—youth and pleasure—yet an indifference to his fate and future made him joyous and pure, as a saint might feel. "I have no past and no memories," he thought he said. "This is what it means to be free." A light shone on his face; he addressed the darkness around him.

"Drink some water now," she said. She laid the flashlight on the bed and brought the glass and tube toward him. He tried to lift his head.



"Hey, Mom! Pop's home!"

• •

ONE day a blond nurse of great beauty fed him little pieces of toast. The toast was slightly burned, and the texture of the butter disgusted him. He swallowed one bit, was revolted with the next, and spat it out. This girl, whose face floated above him, was of mythical beauty. Her hair was silk and her eyes sea blue. He wanted to see her clearly, but there was a veil. The aura of her own goodness blurred her features. He had never seen the physical evidence of goodness until now, but then he had never in his life been treated so kindly. Meanwhile, the goddess was putting yet a third piece of toast into his mouth. He swallowed it so as to make her pleased with him, and suddenly began to weep; and the goddess, on whom he now depended for everything, was obliged to wipe his tears.

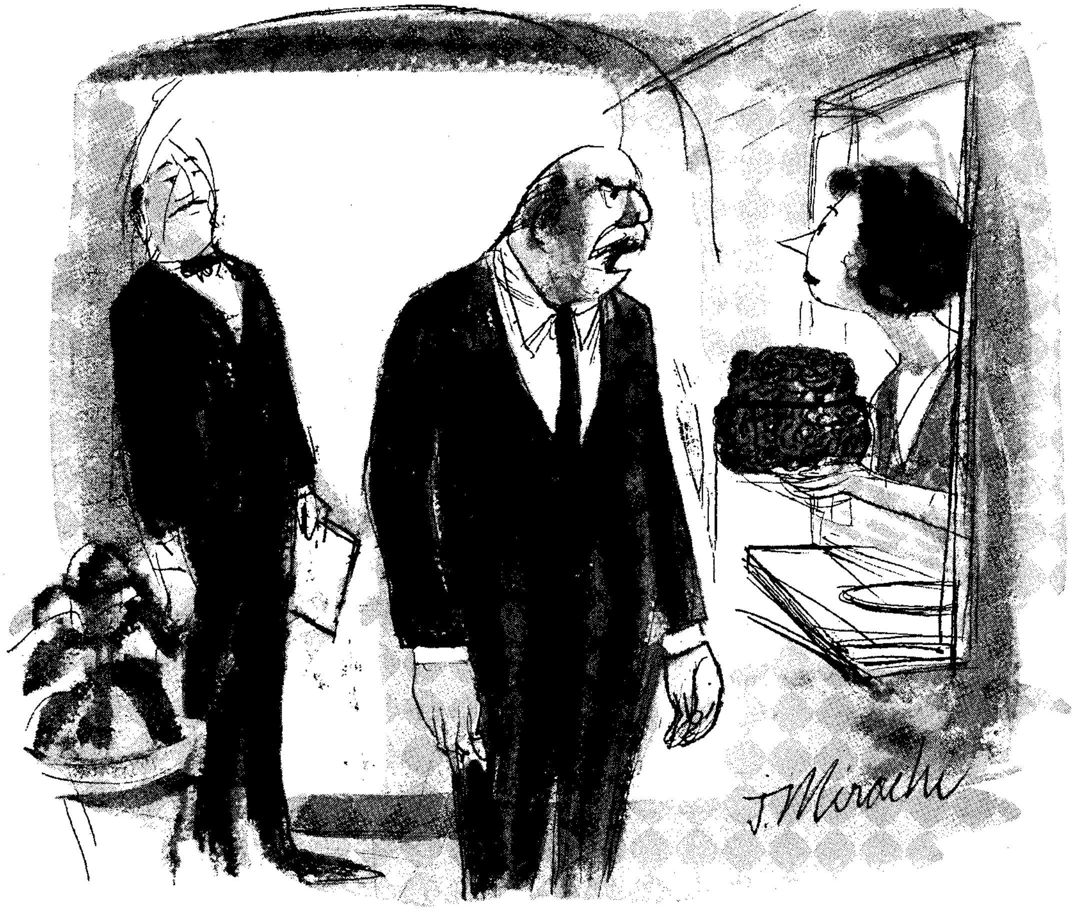
THEY were speaking French. He understood everything they said, but had not been able to give the language a name. His language was English, which he had not forgotten—neither the name nor how to speak it. The people with secrets to keep, such as the little girls who swept the floor and were scolded by the nurses, talked in a dialect he could not follow, but he knew it was a dialect, and was not troubled as he would have been if it were something he ought to remember. It seemed to him that all anxieties and decisions concerning himself had passed into other hands. This lassitude, this trust, was a development of the vision he had been granted with the veiled goddess who fed him toast. He willed peace, harmony, and happiness to flow around his bed. He succeeded, and he understood how simple everything was going to be now. He smiled.

"That's a good sign," said the dark nurse. "Smiling is the best sign. We are bringing your telephone back today. We took it out so the ringing wouldn't disturb you. And look!" She whipped out her hand and held an envelope to his face. The handwriting said something to him, but his feeling was of apprehension, as if the letter had come too soon, and made too great a claim. He lifted his hand and took the letter. He had a wired arm attached to a wired spine. He was unable to read his own name. "There's too much light in this room," he said.

"It's the morphine," said the nurse. She had a sugary voice. "You can't focus. But you are getting smaller doses now."

That was all. From this momentary puzzle he moved on to his new state of bliss. He knew there would be nothing but brief periods of doubt followed by intervals of blessedness. Uncaring, impartial, he remembered the name for his condition: *la belle indifférence.*

"We have used the expression too often and I for one am sick to death of it," said the judge. Another voice remarked, "He is simulating indifference and knows very well what is in the balance." "I used the term in an ironical sense," said the consulting psychiatrist, rather crossly, "and did not



“No, that is not my hat!”

• •

intend the court to take it seriously.”

He saw the prisoner, the judge. The prisoner was smiling, dreamy, unaware; they could do as they liked. Had he really seen this? No, he had read about it. It was an account of a trial he had read that summer, sitting on a beach. He had the airmail edition of the *Times*. The *Times* gave a long, thorough, and sober account of the case. He read on the beach, with his children and wife nearby, and he wondered about *la belle indifférence*, which seemed a state of privileged happiness reserved for criminals and the totally insane. His younger son crawled away with his sunglasses, his cigarettes. It was because of his children, both babies, that his wife could not be with him now.

“When can I smoke?” he said, carefully putting the letter down.

“That is a very good sign, wanting to smoke,” said the cooing nurse. “Your wife has called twice from Paris. We told her you were very quiet, no trouble at all. When you have the telephone you can talk to her. You must practice reaching, so that you can pick up the telephone. Pretend this is a telephone.” It was his toothbrush.

In Europe, the doctors save you but the nurses kill you; before the operation someone had told him that. But he had a job in Paris and it was too expensive, out of the question, to go home. He had been told that in this place he would have care as good as any. What a mistake! The nursing was slipshod, slack. The girls were callous and unconcerned. They came and went, doing nothing really useful. They chattered together, and took little notice of him. And the doctor; what of the doctor? “Why hasn’t the doctor been to see me?” he asked in a new, querulous voice—like an ailing countertenor’s.

“Aren’t three visits a day enough for you?” said the nurse, with all the honey gone from her voice. “You will be seeing less of him now. He has cases much more serious than yours. He is a celebrated surgeon, a busy man.”

THE goddess was a plain girl of about twenty-three. She was rough and impatient about his bath, and when she pulled the sheet taut underneath him it was an earthquake.

“You have to do too much for patients in Switzerland,” she remarked. “I am French, and I am working here only to get an international certificate. All this washing and feeding . . .” She made a face and said, “In France, the patients look after themselves.”

“I know it,” he said. “That’s why I came to Lausanne. I work in France.” He had intended to tell her all about himself that morning—all about his children and wife. Now he would tell her nothing. In any case, he hardly needed her now. He could move his head when he wanted to, and reach for the telephone or his cigarettes. With only a little help he was able to turn on his side.

“You’re getting better,” the former goddess said placidly. “Bad temper is the best sign.”

“You mean I’m a bad patient?” He resolved he would give as little trouble as possible, even if it meant hardship, hopeless neglect. Just the same, he thought, I think the doctor might come around more often than he does.

NOW he knew everything, of course. What lingered of his amnesia was the sweetness of *la belle indifférence*. Sometimes he regretted it, and wished he had been in a state to observe it and put it away in his mind, but the return of memory, and reason, brought all the reasonable problems of the future as well—sensible problems of convalescence, work, money, home. Very soon he recalled everything he needed for everyday life, although there were crevices now and again: he forgot the names of close friends, and once the number of his own telephone. In conversation with the doctor, an amateur botanist, he forgot “trillium.” And even much later, when nearly all of the first days had gone from his consciousness, he still could not believe he had ever come to this place voluntarily but secretly was certain he had somehow been tormented and then brought against his will.

—MAVIS GALLANT

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The “Birth Of A Nation” film will be shown at the Court House in Centreville, February 17th at 7:30 P.M.

This film shows the true story of the conditions of the South during the reconstruction era after the Civil War.

There will not be any admission charge.

Come one—come all.

White Only.—*Centreville* (*Ala.*) *Press*.

Come one, come *who*?

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE STRAGGLERS

I—EVEN IF IT TAKES A HUNDRED YEARS

ON August 15, 1945, when Emperor Hirohito of Japan made his radio début to tell his subjects they had lost the Second World War, some six and a half million Japanese soldiers, sailors, and civilian employees of the armed forces were outside their country's home islands, scattered from remote Pacific atolls to Southeast Asia, China, and Siberia. Five years later, three hundred and sixty-seven thousand of these people had still not been repatriated—the vast majority of them being in Soviet and Chinese prison camps. Between 1950 and 1960, most of the prisoners of war were returned home. (The Japanese government claims that even now twenty thousand ex-servicemen are involuntarily detained on the mainland by the Communists. The Communists, for their part, insist that they currently hold only a handful of hard-core war criminals.) In addition to prisoners, there have been some more unusual categories of long-term Japanese absentees. Some of them are men who elected to stay where they were when the war ended, and decided that they preferred life overseas to the life they had known in Japan. Others were men who just didn't get around to coming home for a while—men like Tsunekichi Matsuda, who went to Vietnam in 1941 as a medical orderly; who hung around after V-J Day long enough to be accepted as a full-fledged doctor, marry a Vietnamese girl, and father six children; and who then, in 1960, returned to Tokyo, where the best job he could find was a menial one in a department store. Even after Matsuda's belated reappearance, there showed up in Tokyo one Genzo Seki, who had remained on Saipan for fifteen years, working, under an assumed name, as a civilian employee of the United States armed forces, and then finally resolved to let his kinfolk in Japan know he was still alive.

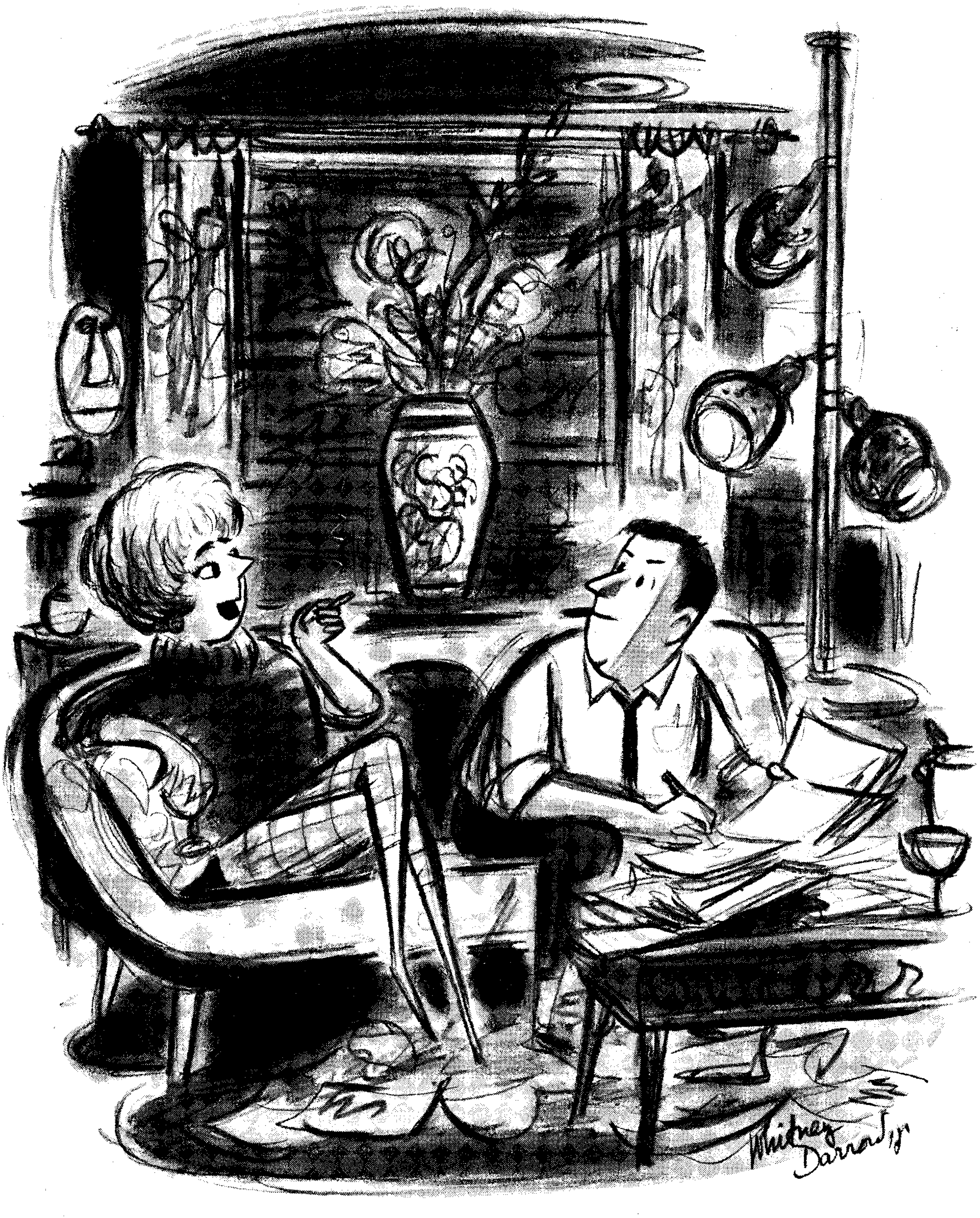
Of all the dawdling expatriates, those who have most interested the Japanese public have been a group of former service people who for very different reasons didn't get back home until long, long after the war was over. These were men who, hiding out in the jungle fastnesses of various Pacific islands after their military units had been routed, didn't know that the war had ended, didn't believe that it had ended, or, having heard that it had, were either ashamed to return home in defeat or fearful of the treatment they would receive at the hands of the victors—an understandable apprehension in view of the way many Japanese soldiers had treated *their* prisoners. In the first few years after the war, hundreds of such men, known to their fellow-Japanese as *zanryūsha*, or stragglers, were flushed out of their lairs. What is more remarkable is that in the years *since* 1950—and, indeed, as much as fifteen years after the end of hostilities—about forty more diehard stragglers have turned up. Of all the holdouts discovered to date, the two most obdurate were apprehended on Guam in May of 1960, at which time they did not know the war was over, and refused to believe it when they were told. Few Japanese would bet that these two are the last of an odd lot. The Pacific islands embrace hundreds of thousands of square miles of sparsely populated and scarcely penetrable land, and if, in this temperate, though inhospitable, environment, a man is able to find enough food and water, and does not succumb to injury or illness, he can theoretically live, or at any rate exist, until he dies of old age. Thus, in the event that a Third World War should start in the next couple of decades, and spread over the Pacific, it is possible—if not very probable—that it might involve some dogged Japanese who thought they were still fighting the Second.

WHILE none of the stragglers who have made it back to Japan have come close to matching Robinson Crusoe's record of twenty-eight years of enisled living, it must be remembered that Daniel Defoe's hero had a shipload of tools and other gear, to say nothing of a man Friday, and, most important, he was not at war with anybody, or under the impression that he was. "Robinson Crusoe," in translation, is staple fare in many Japanese schools, and a few of the stragglers either had read it before they took to the bushes or have browsed through it since their return. Their consensus is that Crusoe had things much easier than they did. Masashi Ito, one of the two men who spent sixteen futile years on Guam, has never read the book but has heard about it, and he says, "If there hadn't been soldiers or natives chasing me all the time, my sixteen years would have passed easily enough, but I always had to face the possibility of being shot, so I think my life was harder than Crusoe's."

Nearly all the stragglers, like Crusoe, had long since been given up for dead by their kin, and nearly all had been given war heroes' funerals *in absentia.* A schoolmaster named Shigeichi Yamamoto, one of four men who were plucked off a mountainside on the Philippine island of Mindoro in October, 1956, has put together a personal scrapbook dealing with his adventure and its aftermath, and the very first picture in the collection is a snapshot of him kneeling in prayer beside his own grave. After making, and recording, this obeisance, however, Yamamoto uprooted his headstone and sold it. Recarved, it now marks a neighboring grave. Keishichi Kishi, another straggler who returned to Japan in 1956, from the island of Morotai, in the Moluccas, took even more forthright measures to obliterate the evidence of his demise. He collected all the documents pertaining to it and set fire to them, then slapped red paint across the inscription on his gravestone. Ito, who returned from Guam in Western clothes, such as most Japanese men wear nowadays, changed the next day into a kimono and, carrying a parasol, paid a formal call on his grave. He hasn't disturbed it in any way; he plans to leave it as it is, and, when he dies, to have a second stone put up. "That first grave is for the death of my soldier's life," he says.

Bunzo Minagawa, the first of the Guam pair to be rescued from what might conceivably have been a lifetime in the jungle, was delivered from this fate only after a hand-to-hand struggle in which he tried to kill his saviors. He says he resisted mainly because he thought the Guamanians who found him were out to kill him, but the reason that certain other stragglers had to be forcibly dealt with was that they construed it as their soldierly duty to wage war forever. The fact that Japanese soldiers were so thoroughly indoctrinated has given rise to postwar soul-searching. "We must study with deep consciousness the inhuman teachings of the old Japanese militarists," the daily *Mainichi* said editorially in 1960. Such a study is complicated by the fact that not all the precepts of the old militarists were conducive to, or even consistent with, a straggling way of life. Many Japanese soldiers were told on the eve of battle that their only honorable alternatives were those set forth in the Bushido code—victory or death. In defeat, a man who was not physically incapacitated was supposed to kill himself. Regardless of the means he chose—a suicidal banzai attack, hara-kiri, clutching a live hand grenade to his chest—the end was prescribed, and the reward was generous and glorious: a soldier who died at his post would at once become deified, and thereby attain an affinity with his Emperor that he could never aspire to while alive. By the old, traditional Bushido standards, the most resourceful and resilient straggler, no matter how ghastly the hardships he had undergone, would have been esteemed considerably beneath a soldier who had put the barrel of a pistol in his mouth and pulled the trigger. This explains why some stragglers, unaware of how much Japan had changed in their absence, were reluctant to come home; though lucky to be alive, they were chagrined at their own egregious vitality.

But Japan, of course, *had* changed, and not merely in respect to such things as Western clothes, modern buildings, and jazz music. Many of the stragglers were astonished to be received with adulation


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"But, Al, if we do live within our means, what will happen to our image in the neighborhood?"

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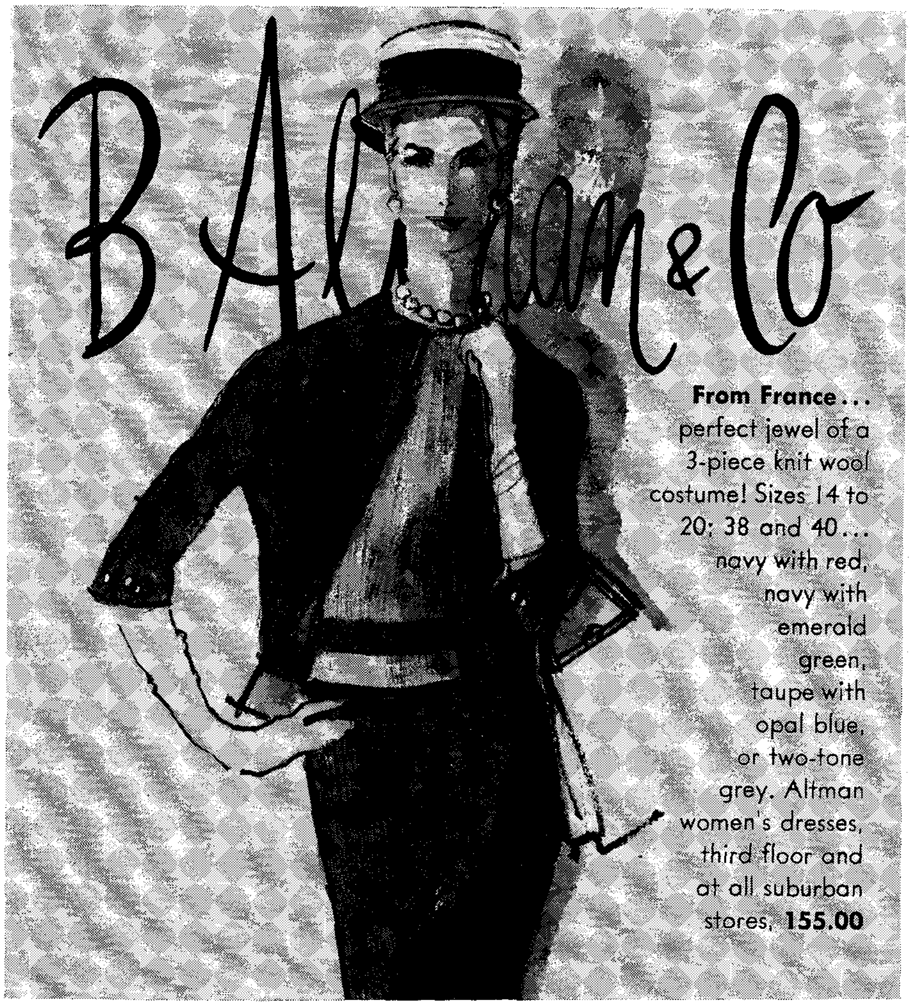
Germaine Monteil

and hailed in the press with high-flown phrases like "living spirits of heroes." There have been innumerable newspaper and magazine articles about the hardy species, not to mention a spate of autobiographies, most of them hastily written "as-told-to" potboilers. (The few stragglers who have ploddingly penned their memoirs themselves have had little success peddling them; in Japan, as in the Western world it emulates, living spirits of heroes stand a better chance of getting their stories published if they work through ghosts.) Within five months after Ito and Minagawa reached Japan, each had had a book published, and a full-length movie about their tribulations was on view. At the studio where the film was made, both men are now employed as watchmen. They are exceptionally well qualified for this work; a man who has spent sixteen years constantly listening for the click of a rifle bolt or the snap of a twig has achieved an alertness nearly as keen and sweeping as that of radar. In spite of this, Ito and Minagawa now exhibit few outward signs of jumpiness. Indeed, they seem surprisingly calm—almost phlegmatic. They are sometimes asked by sightseers visiting the movie studio, or by other random acquaintances, what effects their long estrangement from civilization has had on them. They usually reply—and so do most of the other stragglers to whom the question is put—that just about the only significant change they can detect in themselves is a marked enhancement of self-control. "I have learned to be patient," Ito says. "I have learned to be coöperative. I can restrain myself better than I'd have been able to otherwise. Now I don't—in fact, I simply can't—say exactly what I feel, and I can't do exactly what I want to do. These days, in Japan, everybody seems to say what he wants to say and do what he wants to do. I can't. Of course, it could be that I am old-fashioned."

Most of the stragglers showed exceptional patience almost from the start of their detached existence. They were prepared to stay wherever they were—a cave on Guam, a cliff on Saipan, a grass hut in New Guinea, or a crude lean-to in the Philippines—for as long as they could breathe. Minagawa recalls that on Guam, before he joined up with Ito, a Japanese officer pointed out to him and some other soldiers that since it had taken the United States, for all its vaunted might, two and a half years to recapture Guam, it might very well take the Japanese even longer to *re*recapture it. "In three years or so, the



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THE TIMES
LONDON WEDNESDAY AUGUST 30 1961
LA PRENSA
El Presidente se Retiró Anoche a "La
EDIZIONE DELLA NOTTE
APERTURA BORSA
IL GIORNALE D'ITALIA
Frankfurter Allgemeine
ZEITUNG FÜR DEUTSCHLAND
LATE EDITION
The Sydney Morning Herald
PRICE, 5d
STOCKHOLMS-TIDNINGEN
TORSDAGEN DEN 10 AUGUSTI 1961
THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
Business Bulletin
Brisker Borrowing
Consumer Loans Rise
朝日新聞
発行所
朝日新聞東京本社

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Japanese Army will come back for you," Minagawa quotes the officer as saying in 1944, "and in the meantime you wait and help each other out, no matter what. Remember, you are Japanese soldiers." The officer and all the other men involved in this colloquy are now presumed dead; Minagawa alone remembers.

SOME of the stragglers remained incredibly soldierly right up to the moment when they were discovered and disarmed. Kishi, the man who returned from Morotai in 1956, had been a corporal, and the highest-ranking member of a group of nine men on that Moluccan island. When, in November of 1955, an Indonesian policeman caught up with him on a beach there, and asked if he had any weapons, Kishi acknowledged that he had a rifle and some ammunition stashed in the underbrush. On being told to go get them and yield them up, Kishi retorted that he'd die first. What was more, it soon developed that each of the eight men with him had a rifle, and each had been ordered by Kishi never to have less than a hundred rounds of ammunition at the ready, even if this meant curtailing the hunt for food. "I made my men keep their rifles clean at all times, because I wanted to be prepared for combat at any time," the corporal has since said. "Our last formal order had been to stand by, and I told my men, 'Sooner or later the Japanese Army will come back, even if it takes a hundred years.' " Ultimately, Kishi agreed to accompany the Indonesian policeman back toward civilization, but only on condition that the stragglers be permitted to retain their arsenal until they met up with some Japanese authorities who could officially inform them that the war was over and instruct them to lay down their arms. Nearly two months elapsed before this came to pass—at the Japanese consulate in Djakarta—and even then, a decade after Japan's surrender, Kishi slowed down the proceedings by insisting that he be allowed to count his men's bullets. When the inventory had been taken, he announced with pride that the total was just a few short of nine hundred, and then demanded that the Japanese consul give him a written receipt for the ammunition. "I wanted to have proof that we had never lost our fighting spirit," he says.

On September 15, 1944, General Douglas MacArthur's forces landed on Morotai, which lies two hundred and fifty miles south of Mindanao, in the Philippines, and which MacArthur's

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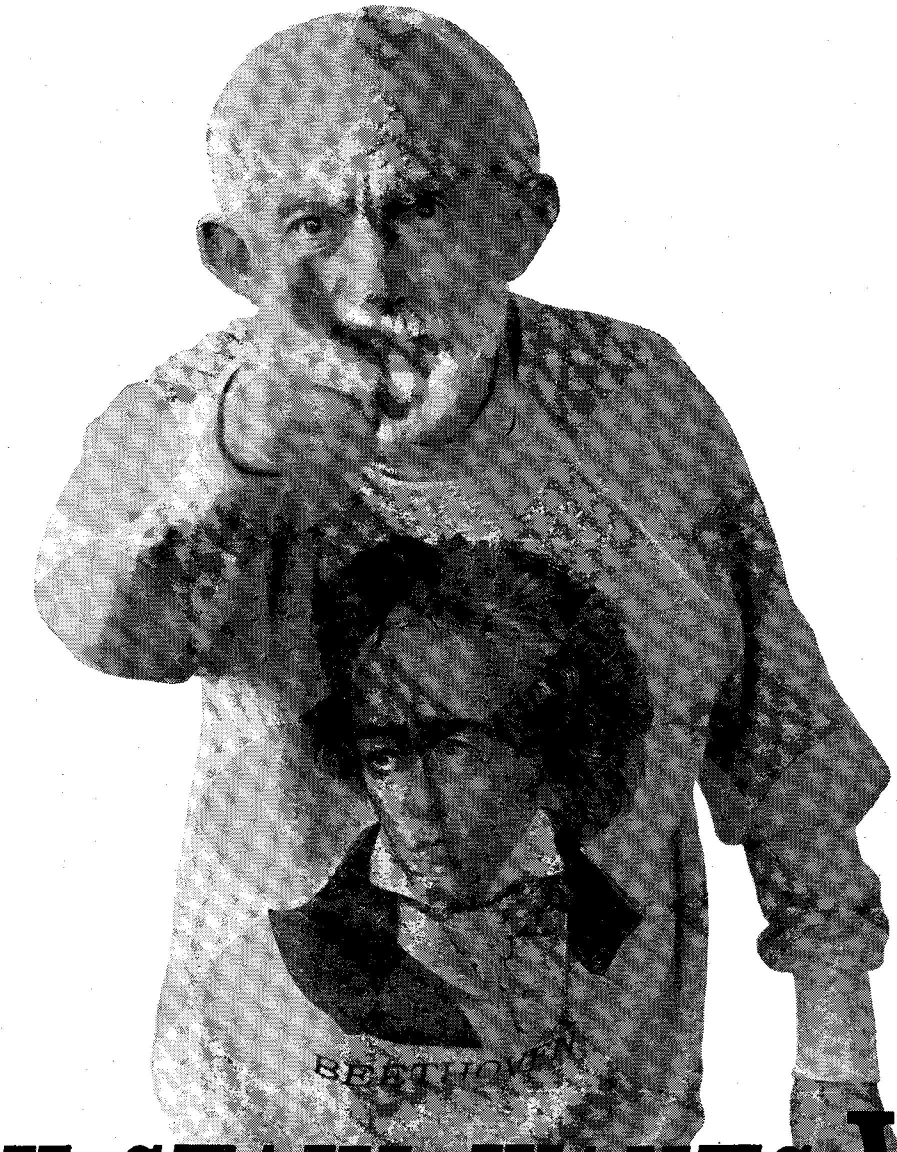

COACH STAHL WANTS YOU TO WALK TO SEATTLE!

Yes, this is your chance to win a free trip to Seattle's Century 21 World's Fair! And the beauty of it is you will be able to enjoy the great out of doors every step of the 1000 miles from the Opera House in San Francisco to Seattle and the Space Needle. What finer way to reassure man that he will still be able to fill his lungs with fresh air amidst the marvels of the 21st Century?

However, man does not live by breath alone.

In line with Rainier Ale's policy of combining the cultural with the vigorously masculine, you will, of course, be wearing one of our Beethoven, Bach, or Brahms Sweatshirts* as the glorious miles trudge by. Expenses en route will be paid; you will be fully equipped from sweatshirt to shoes. On arrival at the Fair each of you will receive a crisp $1000 bill from an official (at the very least) of the Seattle Fair in recognition of your services to music.**

All this if you can qualify as one of the three man team to leave San Francisco the day the fair opens, April 21, 1962, and arrive whenever you get there. Applicants must be between 21 and 65 and have about three months to spare so they won't have to hurry; this is no race. Coach Stahl, shown at left, is against walking for any reason except pleasure and physical improvement. He moreover feels that this project, in line as it is with the President's fitness program, would be self-defeating if the walkers arrived too pooped to have a nice time at the Fair.

We are fortunate indeed in having John F. (Old Iron Legs) Stahl, Rainier Ale's Athaletic Director, as mentor of our squad. Coach Stahl, the dean of American walkers, has already made the arduous trip himself in a "dry run" (a figure of speech, since he gratifyingly believes Our Product to be an adornment to the training table). Mr. Stahl, 79 — he intends to spend his 80th birthday on the road to the Fair — has made walking his career since being retired from the Postoffice for physical disability in 1935. He has covered 17,832 miles the hard way during the last 27 years. His walking feats on three continents include a 3000 miler from the Canal Zone to Austin, Texas and from Fatima, Portugal, via Lourdes, to Rome. He has received many honors in recognition of his prowess, viz., he is a Papal Knight of St. Gregory and an Honorary Texas Ranger. He credits his longevity and excellent physique to walking and is anxious to inculcate an appreciation of its pleasures in young people. "The Twist is no substitute," says he, "the action is faulty."

Of the Seattle Walk Coach Stahl says, "Hitch-hikers need not apply; we do not need their sort." Those of you who are interested in joining him at the San Francisco training camp should have your applications in no later than April 9th. Write: Mr. John F. Stahl, c/o Rainier Ale, Seattle, Washington. Coach Stahl will require the data customary in affairs of this sort — age, occupation, photograph, shoe size, previous experience in long distance walking, if any; and, without seeming to pry, a report on the general condition of your health. In a pinch he would be willing to accept your say-so in this area, however a report from your personal physician would be preferable. We like to acknowledge the primacy of the medical profession in corporal matters whenever we can. It only seems fair. Oh, one other thing: men only.*** Happy Walking!

***You may still buy one — and we now have Mozart, too — by sending $4.00 plus 50c postage and handling to: Sweatshirts, Rainier Ale, Box S3134N, Seattle 14, Washington. Specify composer and size; either Male or Female.**

****Since you are making the trip anyway perhaps you won't mind doing a service for us, too: return a Rainier Ale empty to the brewery; a purely symbolic gesture to remind you who put up the $1000.**

*****Rainier Ale itself is for men only, or so we like to think. It has a strong male flavor and a strong male color. Therefore it should not be swilled down, but drunk with the same respect as a highball. Our Product is now available on the West Coast only, but soon N.Y., and after that who knows?**

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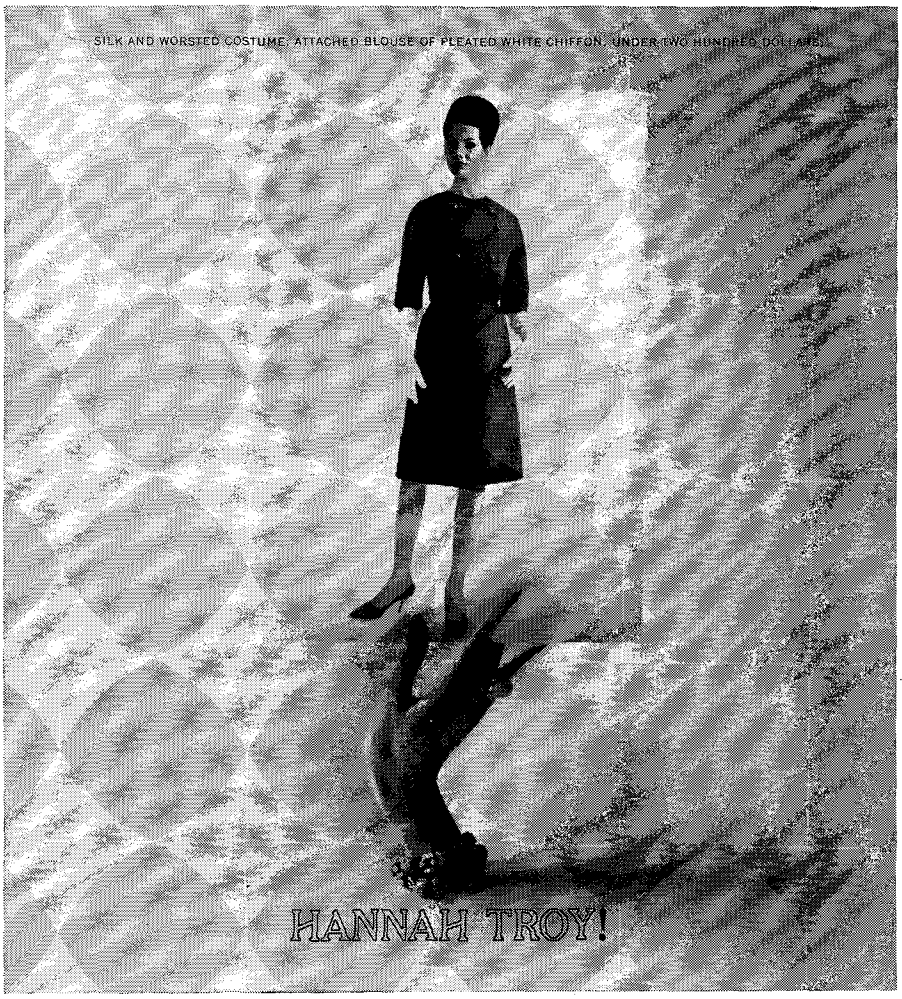
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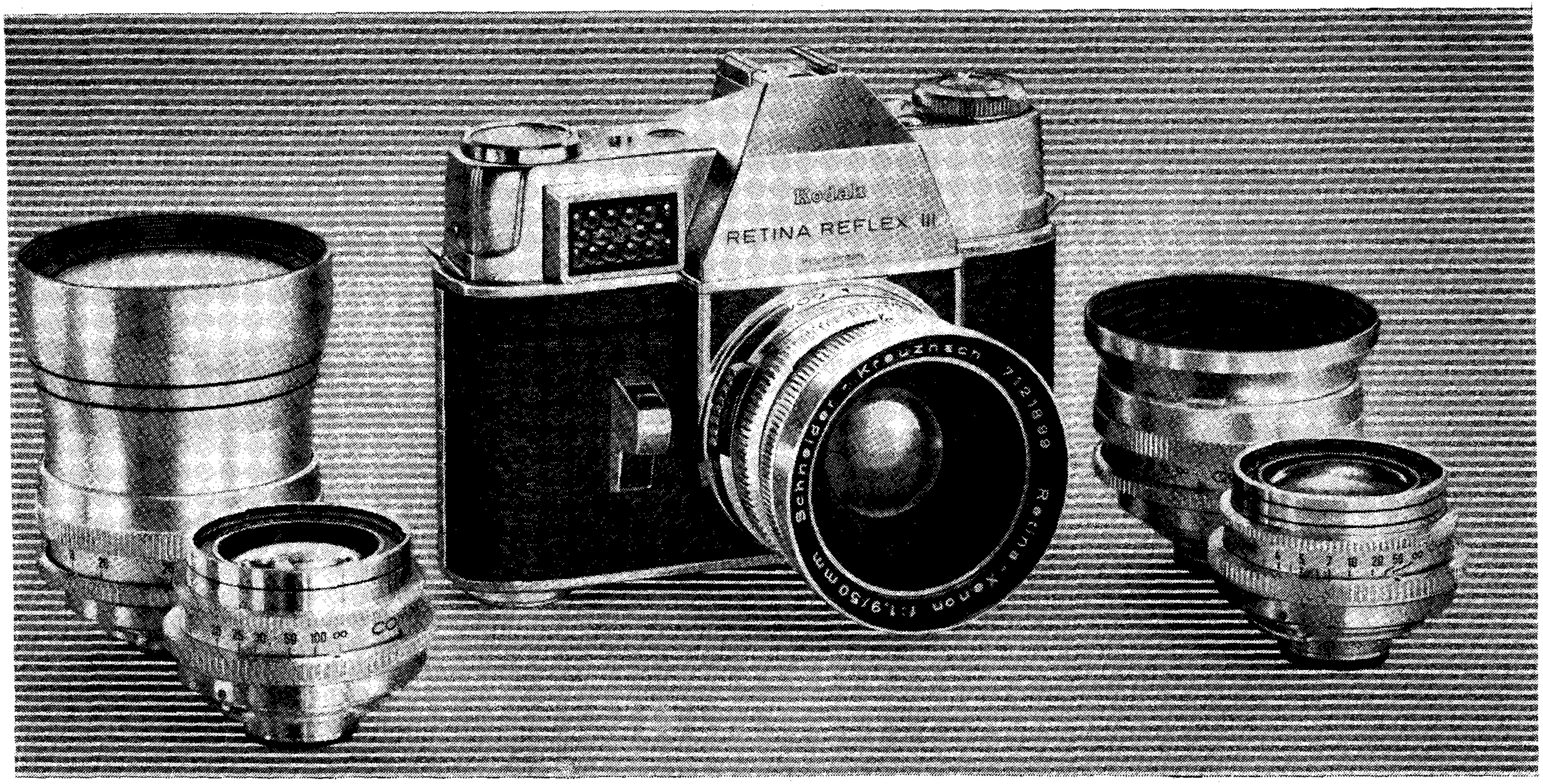
staff visualized as a handy base for fighter planes engaged in the reconquest of those islands. In late November, to prevent the island's being used for this purpose, the Japanese sent twenty-five hundred men from nearby Halmahera to retake Morotai. Most of these soldiers either were killed in action or died of starvation or disease. The remnants took to the bush. The indomitable Kishi was twenty-four at the time. A native of Yamagata Prefecture, a predominantly agricultural region a couple of hundred miles north of Tokyo, he had gone to Manchuria in 1939 as a junior economist, had enlisted in the Army there, and had been trained as a cipher clerk—an occupational specialty that was of singularly little use to him when he and his men were cut off from all channels of communication. The only human beings the group had any contact with after its first few months on Morotai were a family of natives Kishi ran into on the eve of his capture. In November, 1955, his men were so hungry for at least a scrap of information about the world beyond their jungle that he decided they would go to the coast—a three-day trip by raft down an inland river—to see what they could see. En route, he bumped into a native woman with a child, and then her husband turned up. In sign language, Kishi asked if the natives had seen any Americans, and on being told that they hadn't, he indicated that his party was going to push on to the seashore in search of further intelligence. The natives, who knew the terrain better than the Japanese did, took a short cut to the coast and, once there, sounded the alarm. The Indonesian police were waiting for Kishi when, leaving his men as well as his rifle concealed in the woods, he came into the open.

Shortly after their life of waiting began, Kishi's group had met up with some other Japanese, who had passed along a rumor that a ship would be coming to the mouth of a nearby river to evacuate all the Japanese on Morotai. Going to the designated spot, Kishi's men, who then numbered eleven, found no boat but merely a swarm of other Japanese drawn to the place by the same fantasy. Kishi judged that there was too little food in the area to sustain that large a crowd, so he and his men moved away. For the next year or so, they prowled around aimlessly, scrounging whatever edibles—coconuts, papayas, grasshoppers, and so forth—they could lay their hands on, and during this period two of the eleven men fell ill and died. The rest, all of whom were



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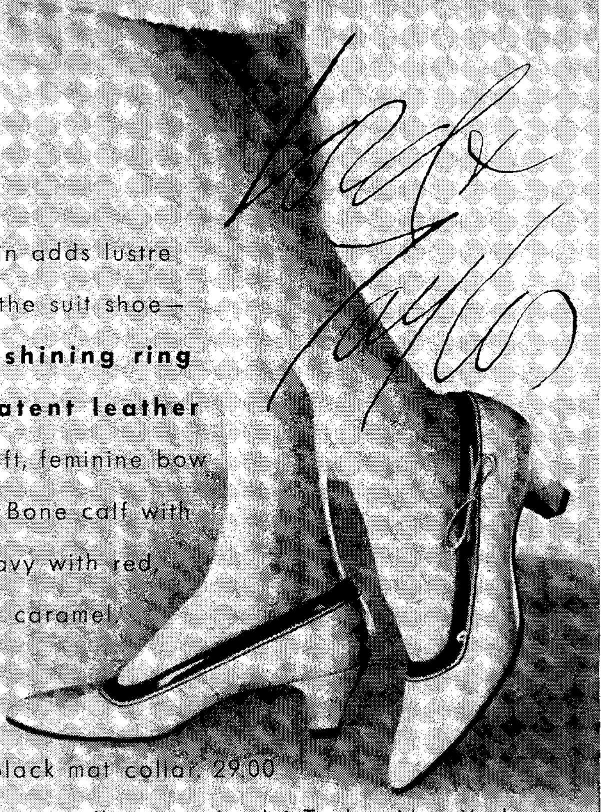

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Fourth Floor designer collections, Lord & Taylor, New York

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ultimately rescued with Kishi, were Masao Akagi, of Okayama; Take Maruda, of Nara; and six Formosans—Najima Motoyama, Tomeo Maeda, Jiron Yoshia, Tomeo Wakayama, Tarou Nishimura, and Yasuichi Kunijama. In time, the nine men came upon a cultivated field, which had been planted with sweet-potato vines and tapioca and papaya sprouts, and then, apparently, abandoned. They decided to settle in the forest nearby, and they built a shack. Thereafter, most days, from dawn to dusk, were spent searching for frogs, snakes, wild boars, and other items to supplement their monotonous diet. Whatever any of them brought back would be handed over to Kishi, who would scrupulously divide the food into nine parts, and would make a point, if one portion seemed a trifle undersized, of taking that one for himself. Each morning and each evening, the stragglers lit cooking fires, using flints, or else rubbing sticks together. For pots, they had American helmets they'd picked up. (As cooking utensils, these were far superior to Japanese helmets, which had four ventilation holes in them.) By day, the men went nearly naked, saving their ragged uniforms to wear during the relative cool of the night; eventually, they supplanted the uniforms with clothes and sandals that they wove from hemp. After dark, Kishi would try to perk up his crew by narrating fanciful stories of how Japan had won the war. If his auditors suggested that such an outcome seemed little short of miraculous, he would remind them that an apparently successful Mongol invasion of Japan in the thirteenth century had been repelled, according to the tale their ancestors had handed down, by gods called *kami*, who had stirred up a violent wind called a *kaze*. Who among them, he would sternly ask, was prescient enough to say for sure that within the next hundred years or thereabouts Japan would not once again be providentially rid of its oppressors?

Kishi arrived back in Japan on March 19, 1956. He has since married and is now the father of a young son. He lives in Tokyo, where he works in a foundry. Though there is nothing specifically wrong with his health, he feels that his eleven years in the jungle sapped his energy, and at last report he was looking for a desk job. He was also looking for somebody to publish a three-hundred-page "Robinson Crusoe"-like saga he had written, but was not overly dejected at having found no takers. "I have a strong conviction that after what I went through nothing

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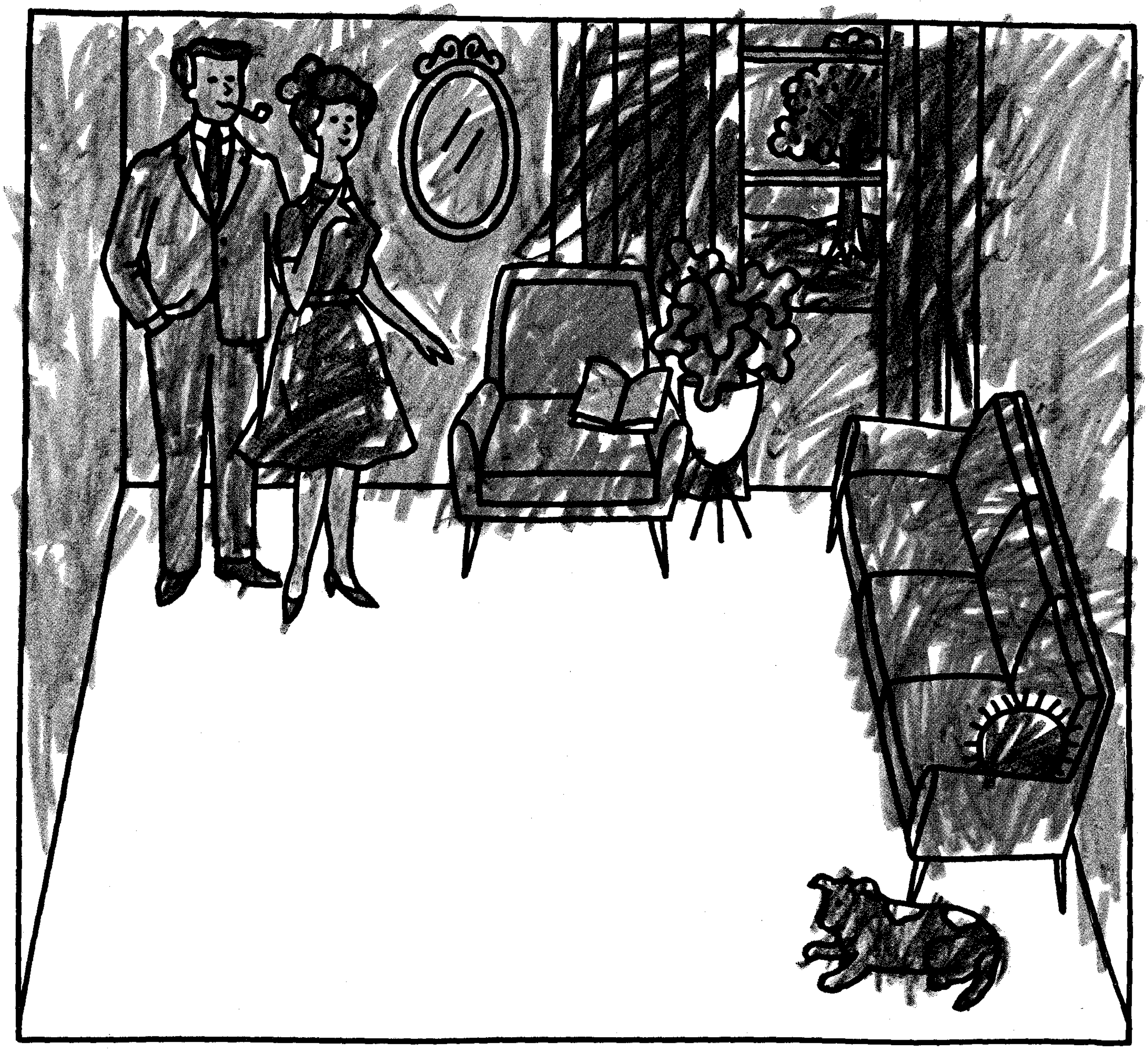

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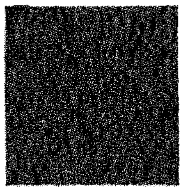
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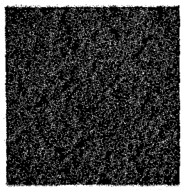
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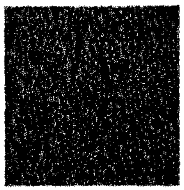
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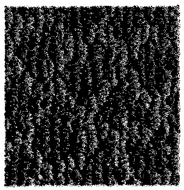
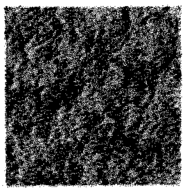
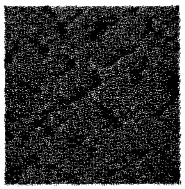

C'EST BEAU $8.95

CHEERS $7.95


SUITE $9.95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can ever get me down again," he said recently.

AT one time on Morotai, Kishi and his men were on such intolerably short rations that they toyed with the idea of raiding a native village that they thought might be richly stocked. They dismissed the notion, though, upon reflecting that it was one thing to continue an old war with Americans who might be far away, but quite another to start a new war with natives over the next hill. Such caution was characteristic of most of the stragglers, and it helped account for the success of their long disappearing acts. Many Japanese are fond of seclusion while at home and at peace, and in the Pacific wilds the strays often went to great lengths to avoid any contact with strangers. Nevertheless, on most of the islands where they are known or are assumed to have hidden, it has become a postwar gambit for parents to curb unruly children by warning them that if they don't behave, a Japanese straggler will get them. On the island of Truk, where no flesh-and-blood straggler has yet been apprehended, a phantom straggler has entered the folklore—a solitary, bearded cave dweller who reputedly, after scaring the daylights out of miscreant youngsters, becomes invisible if anybody takes a step toward him. He is a particularly unlikely spectre, if only because few of the men who have straggled for any appreciable length of time have done so in solitude; indeed, the handful who have voluntarily given themselves up have, in almost every instance, done so because they were companionless. Typical of these was Kaichiro Eguchi, who, on June 13, 1953, astonished the villagers of Ginagaya, a settlement a hundred miles southeast of Manila, by suddenly appearing in their midst. A private first class, Eguchi had stumbled into the hills with four other men in 1944, when their unit fell apart. Subsequently, two of the four had died of malaria, and the other two had disappeared. Eguchi was left pretty well fixed. He had some quinine, a rifle, and a hundred rounds of ammunition. He had ready access to fruits and vegetables, lobsters and fish, and wild pigs and rabbits, not to mention an occasional chicken from a Luzon farm. He had made himself some passable clothes from hemp fibre, and had fitted them out with coconut-shell buttons. But he couldn't go it alone. More than once, as the years dragged by, he had crept close to a native compound, planning to give himself up. But each time he had stolen

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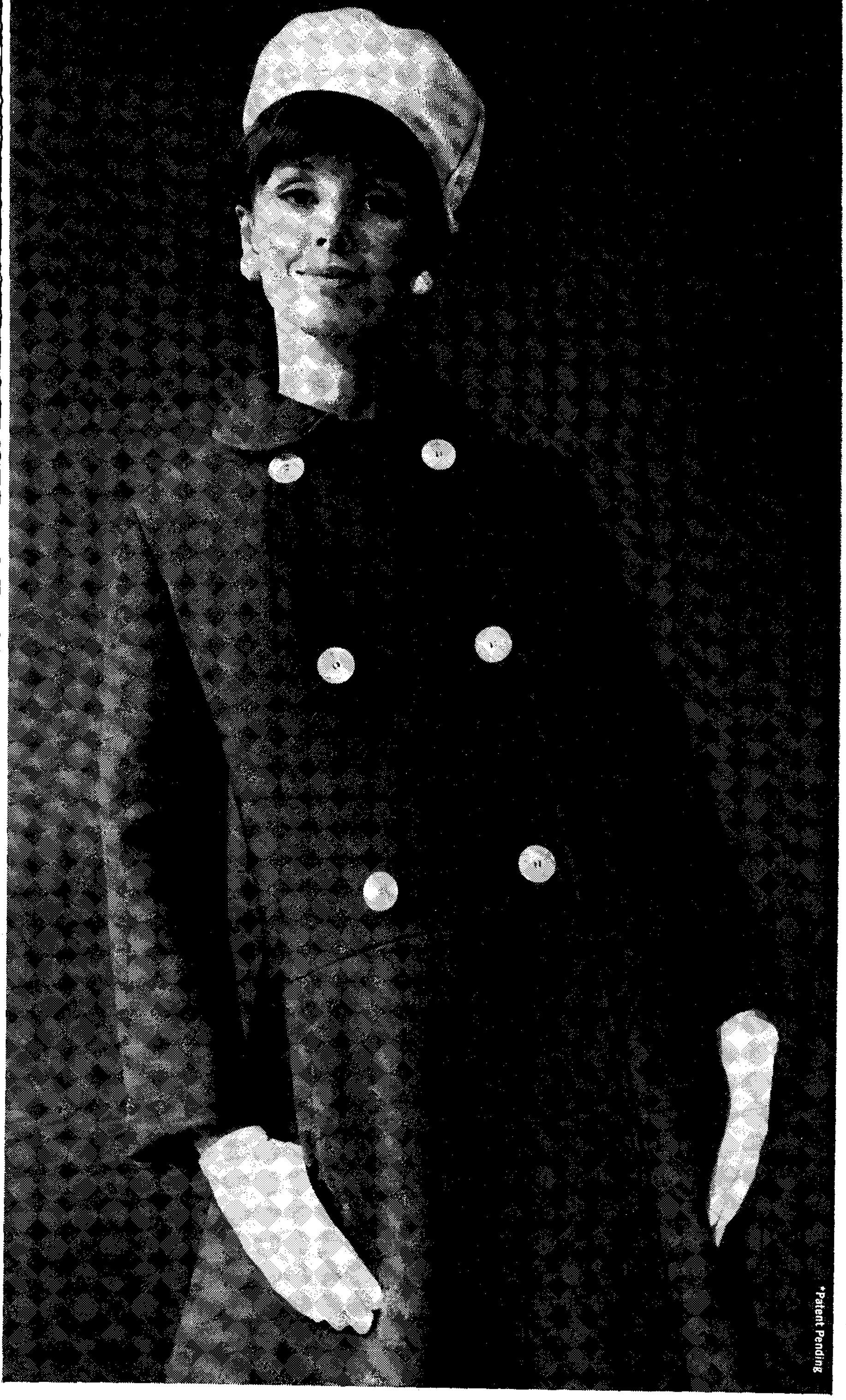
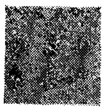


*Patent Pending

SCOTT *Apparel* FOAM

comes between you



and the weather!

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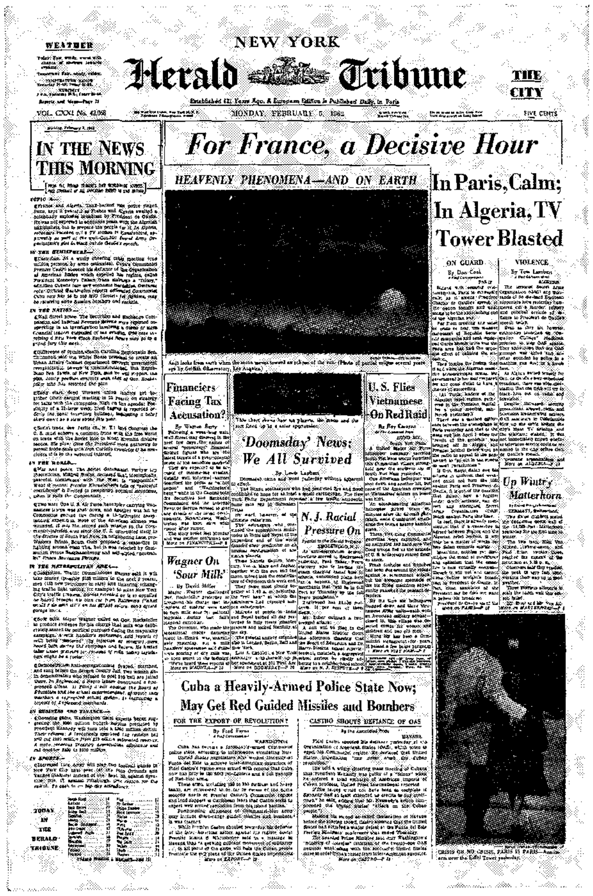

NEW YORK Herald Tribune
THE CITY
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1962
IN THE NEWS THIS MORNING
For France, a Decisive Hour
HEAVENLY PHENOMENA—AND ON EARTH
In Paris, Calm; In Algeria, TV Tower Blasted
Financiers Facing Tax Accusation?
U.S. Flies Vietnamese On Red Raid
'Doomsday' News: We All Survived
N.J. Racial Pressure On
Wagner On 'Sour Milk'
Up Wintry Matterhorn
Cuba a Heavily-Armed Police State Now; May Get Red Guided Missiles and Bombers

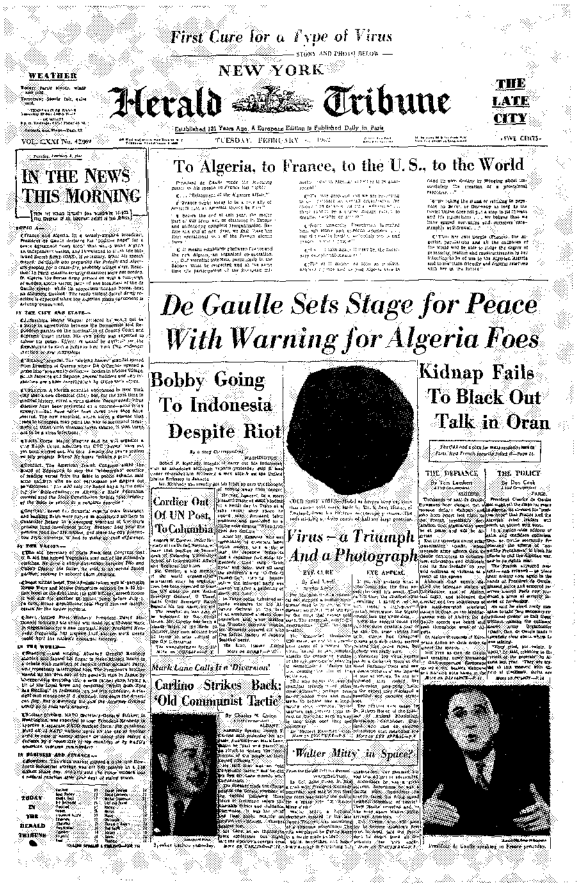
MONDAY, FEBRUARY 5

NEW YORK Herald Tribune
THE LATE CITY
THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1962
IN THE NEWS THIS MORNING
The Cardinal Vs. the President on School Aid
We Add to Our Force in Viet Nam; Kennedy Sees 'Increasing Ferocity'
Can It Be '64? Political Darts
What America Can Give to the World
The Laos Toll: 28 Americans
Steel Union Objective—Less Work
On A-Testing in Air
'Is This Trip Necessary?'
White House Has a Scare

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8

NEW YORK Herald Tribune
THE LATE CITY
FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1962
IN THE NEWS THIS MORNING
RED FLARE-UP IN PARIS
Eight Killed, 240 Hurt In Leftist Riot
Majesty
Argentina Finally Cuts Its Ties With Castro; Terrorists Toss Bombs at U.S. Official's Home
The Nixon Waltz
Appeal to K On A-Tests
At the Brink; Top General To Viet Nam
A Small Band of Faithful Jews Makes a Stand in West Germany

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 9


First Cure for a Type of Virus

NEW YORK Herald Tribune

THE LATE CITY

IN THE NEWS THIS MORNING

To Algeria, to France, to the U.S., to the World

De Gaulle Sets Stage for Peace With Warning for Algeria Foes

Bobby Going To Indonesia Despite Riot

Kidnap Fails To Black Out Talk in Oran

Cordier Out Of UN Post, To Columbia

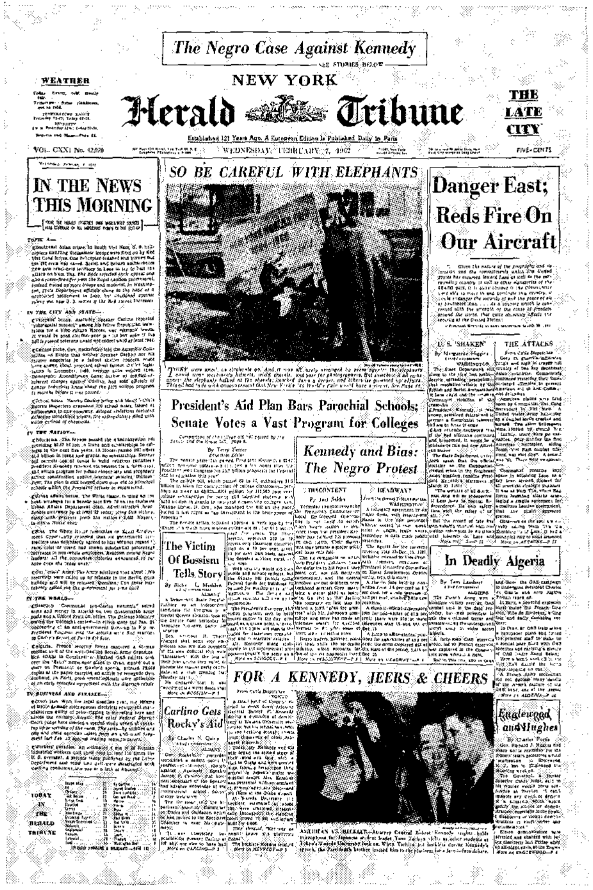
Virus—a Triumph And a Photograph

Mark Lane Calls It a 'Diversion'

Carlino Strikes Back: 'Old Communist Tactic'

'Walter Mitty' in Space?

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6


The Negro Case Against Kennedy

NEW YORK Herald Tribune

THE LATE CITY

IN THE NEWS THIS MORNING

SO BE CAREFUL WITH ELEPHANTS

Danger East; Reds Fire On Our Aircraft

President's Aid Plan Bars Parochial Schools; Senate Votes a Vast Program for Colleges

Kennedy and Bias: The Negro Protest

The Victim Of Bussing Tells Story

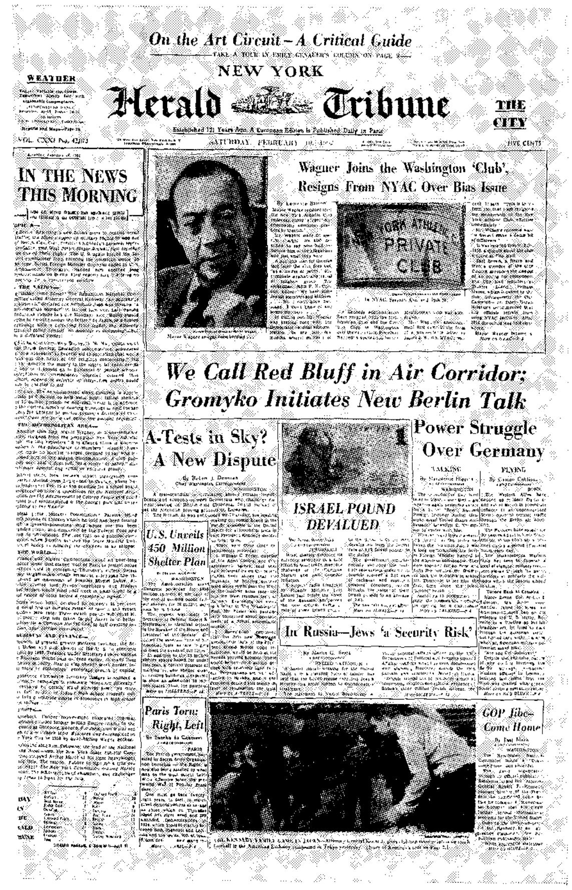
FOR A KENNEDY, JEERS & CHEERS

Carlino Gets Rocky's Aid

In Deadly Algeria

Englewood and Hughes

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7


On the Art Circuit—A Critical Guide

NEW YORK Herald Tribune

THE CITY

IN THE NEWS THIS MORNING

Wagner Joins the Washington 'Club', Resigns From NYAC Over Bias Issue

We Call Red Bluff in Air Corridor; Gromyko Initiates New Berlin Talk

A-Tests in Sky? A New Dispute

Power Struggle Over Germany

ISRAEL POUND DEVALUED

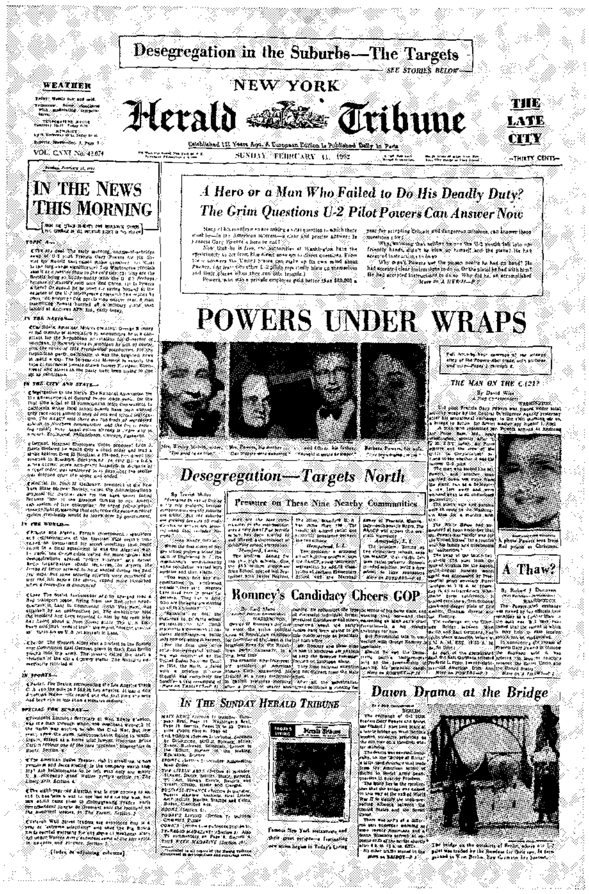
U.S. Unveils 450 Million Shelter Plan

In Russia—Jews 'a Security Risk'

Paris Torn: Right, Left

GOP Jibe—Come Home

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10


Desegregation in the Suburbs—The Targets

NEW YORK Herald Tribune

THE LATE CITY

IN THE NEWS THIS MORNING

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POWERS UNDER WRAPS

THE MAN ON THE CREST?

Desegregation—Targets North

Pressure on These Nine Nearby Communities

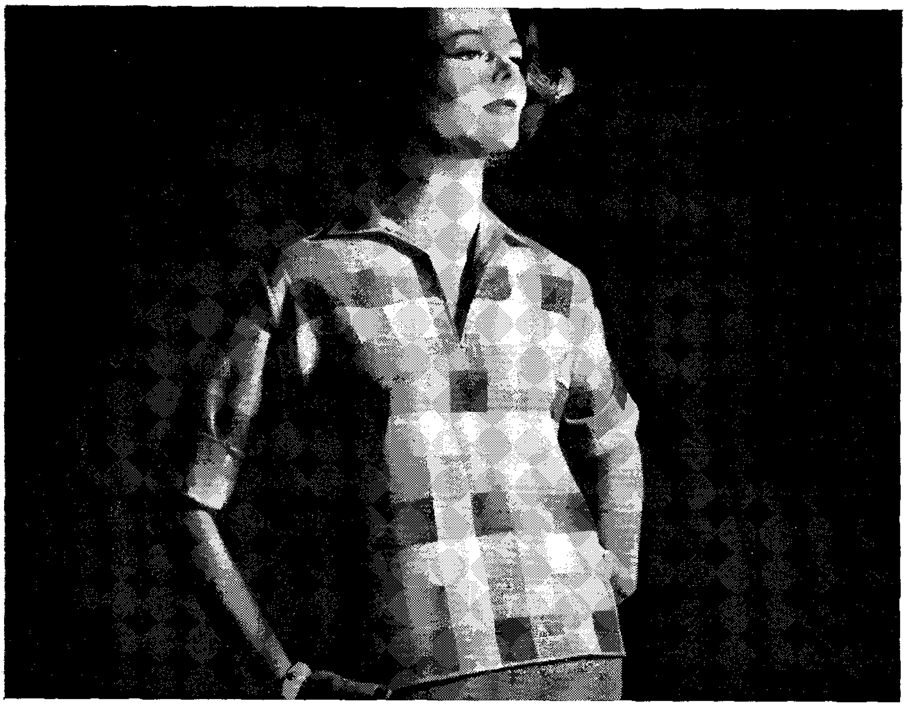
Romney's Candidacy Cheers GOP

A Thaw?

In The Sunday Herald Tribune

Dawn Drama at the Bridge

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 11



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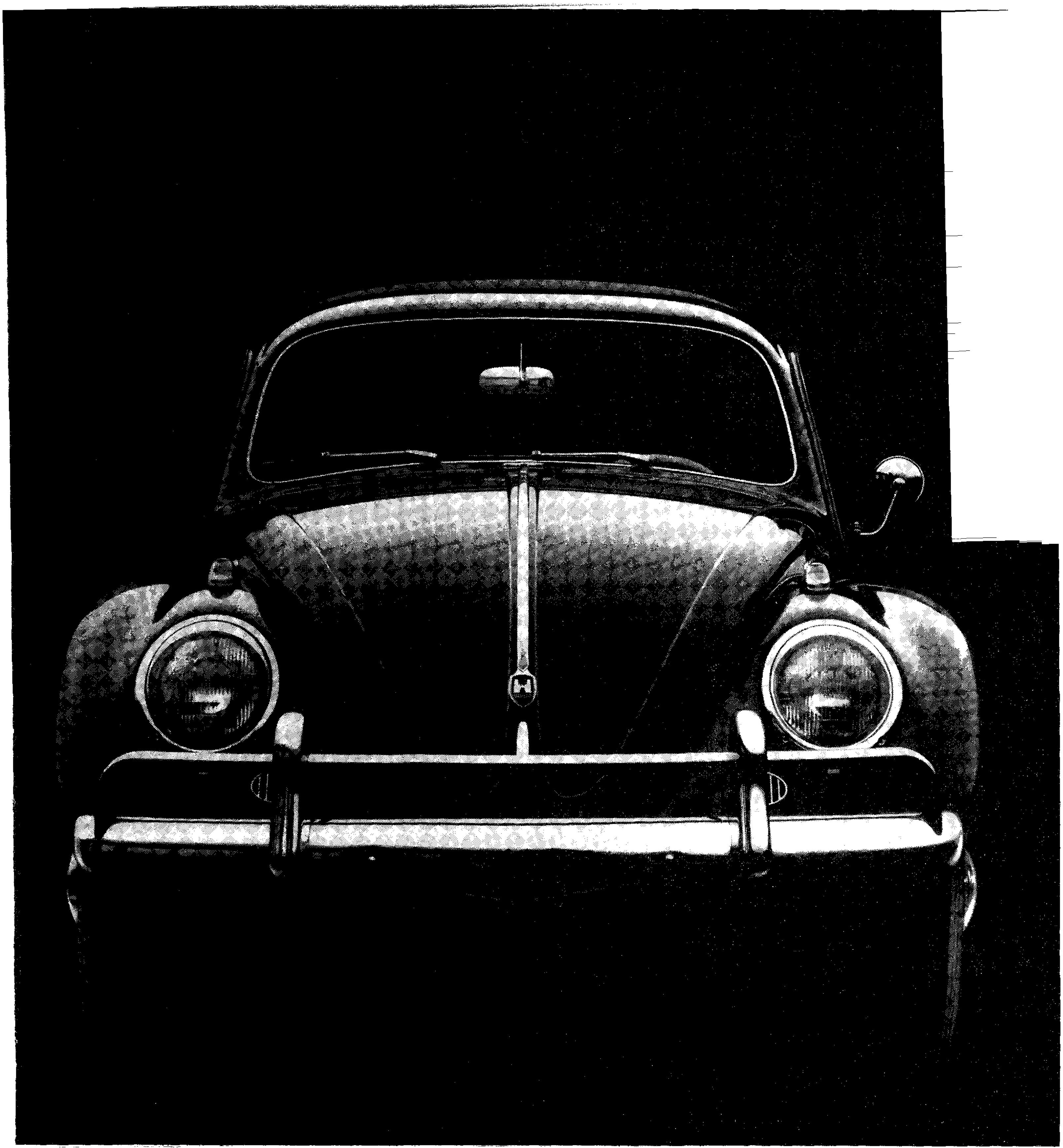
silently away, purely for lack of sufficient nerve to accost another human being. When he could finally stand it no more, he walked into Ginagaya. Upon being asked what had brought him there, he said, "I wanted a man to talk to."

Throughout the Pacific islands, there have been many more alleged stragglers than real ones. Every so often, a pilot flying over a stretch of uncharted jungle will see some newish-looking huts, and a new rumor will soon be airborne. At least three widely separated islands have been claimed to harbor a legendary unwashed Japanese soldier, who, just after the war, supposedly spent months in an American Army encampment, sleeping by day under the floor of a tent and emerging at night to attend the outdoor movies; the story goes that he was exposed when a G.I. noticed that the fellow sitting beside him in the dark smelled excessively bad. In the last couple of years, the Solomon Islands have been the source of several rumors. On Guadalcanal, there is supposed to dwell a brutal, barefoot, fast-striding fellow who likes to attack natives; people who believe he is real also believe him to be a Formosan, since the Formosans are noted for their fleetness of foot while unshod. However, nobody on Guadalcanal has yet found a persuasive footprint. In 1959, on nearby Vella Lavella, possible factual evidence of straggler activity was discovered. A woman there said she had seen seven or eight wild-looking Japanese on the loose, and when the local police went out to investigate, they did turn up an empty bottle that had once contained Asahi beer, a popular Japanese brand. But there was no way of telling when and by whom the contents had been consumed. Bougainville is thought to shelter a single Japanese Army captain; Borneo, three Japanese soldiers of unknown rank. The Philippine Islands are big, and have spawned big rumors. Cebu has been credited with thirty stragglers, Leyte with thirty-five. A Japanese officer and two hundred enlisted men are reported to have settled in the wilds of Mindanao, married native women, and raised families, but when, in the summer of 1960, the Japanese Embassy in Manila sent an expedition out to hunt for them, the searchers came back empty-handed. Almost everywhere that the Japanese were—and in the course of trying to establish their Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere they covered a lot of ground—Japanese are rumored still to be.

Rumors aside, enough genuine stragglers have turned up to make anyone



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hesitate to scoff at reports of still more. In 1955, the remote island of Peleliu yielded up a chap who differed from most of his straggling brethren in that, although he had been living alone for the better part of ten years, he was nonetheless far from willing to rejoin the society of men. Some natives on Peleliu had been aware of periodic filching of their tapioca, and on the evening of April 28, 1955, three local boys in one of the fields saw some tapioca leaves shaking violently, as if they were being uprooted. The boys gave chase, and a man scurried off. They presently caught up with, and wrestled into submission, one Keiki Tokugawa, a farmer from Korea who had been conscripted by the Japanese Army back in 1942 to work in a Peleliu phosphate mine. Tokugawa had fled to the hills in September, 1944, when United States forces landed on the island, and had stayed in hiding, unmoved by placards nailed to trees and by jeeps tooling up and down the roads broadcasting appeals to him and anyone else who might be within earshot to come out, come out, wherever they were.

Three years before Tokugawa was bagged, the island of Saipan had produced a brace of almost equally elusive birds. Early one morning, a farmer spotted a naked man scrambling up the side of a hundred-foot cliff, and notified the local authorities of this spectacularly unconventional performance. The police, sneaking around to the back of the cliff and going up the easy way, bagged two soldiers named Toshieshi Ide and Toshiji Kamigawara, who had been living on the cliff top like eagles in an aerie. Every four or five days, they would scramble down to forage for food—fresh-water eels, fat land snails, mangoes, papayas, rats. They cooked on a fire they lit from the spark gap of an old electric generator, seasoning their food with salt they obtained by letting sea water evaporate, and with sugar they obtained by smashing sugar cane with a rusty pair of pliers. For recreation, they snared wild canaries and bred them. Eight years and nobody could guess how many canaries after they first occupied their roost, Ide and Kamigawara were brought south to Guam and thence returned to Japan.

Just north of Saipan lies the island of Anatahan, which produced a couple of dozen stragglers, among them the only woman more or less eligible for the designation. Anatahan was never the scene of wartime fighting, but in June, 1944, a convoy of Japanese ships was bombed by American planes off its shores. Several of the ships were

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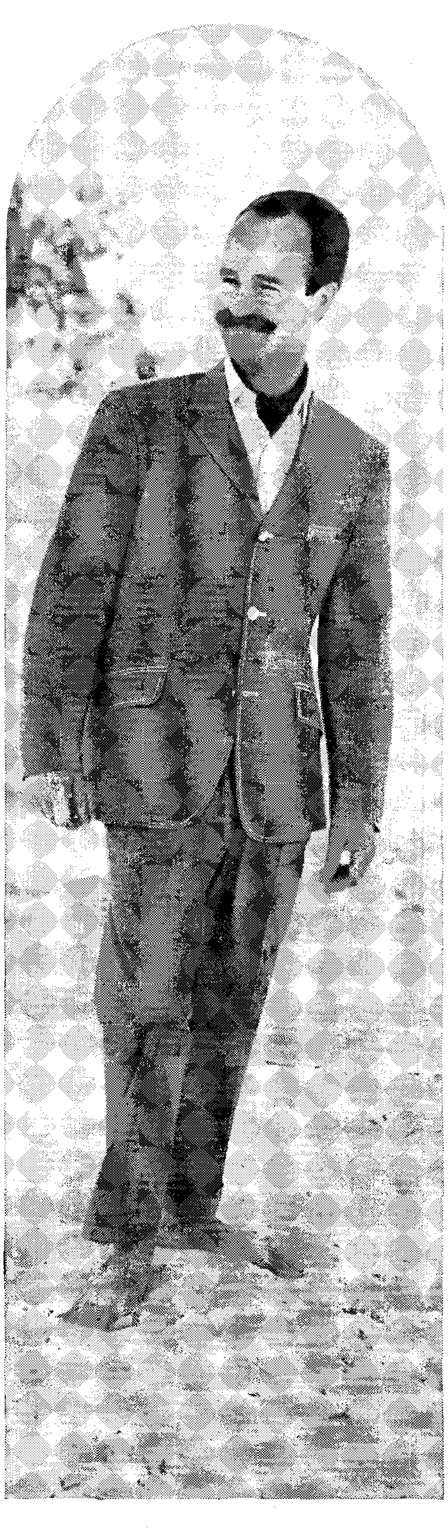
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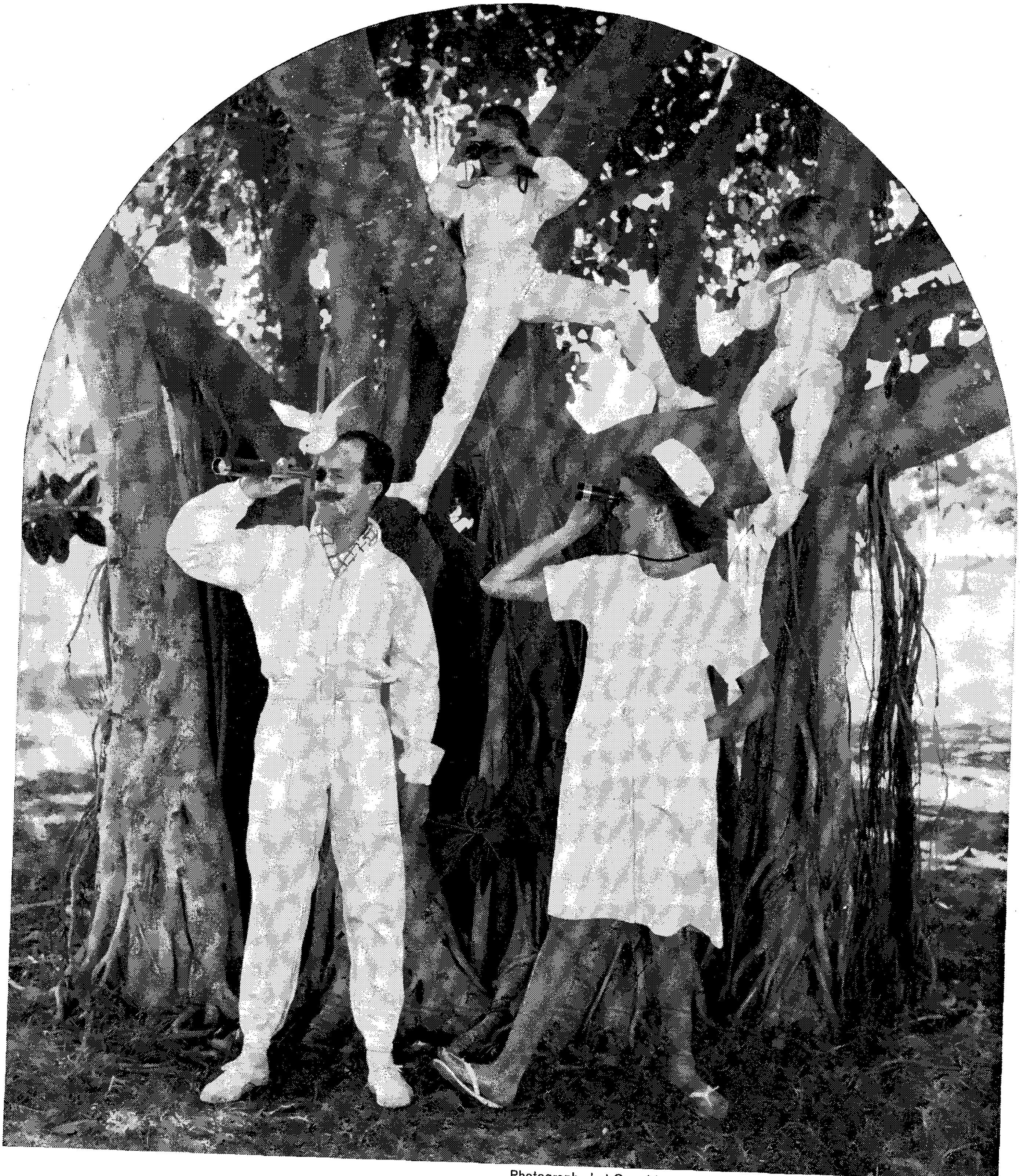

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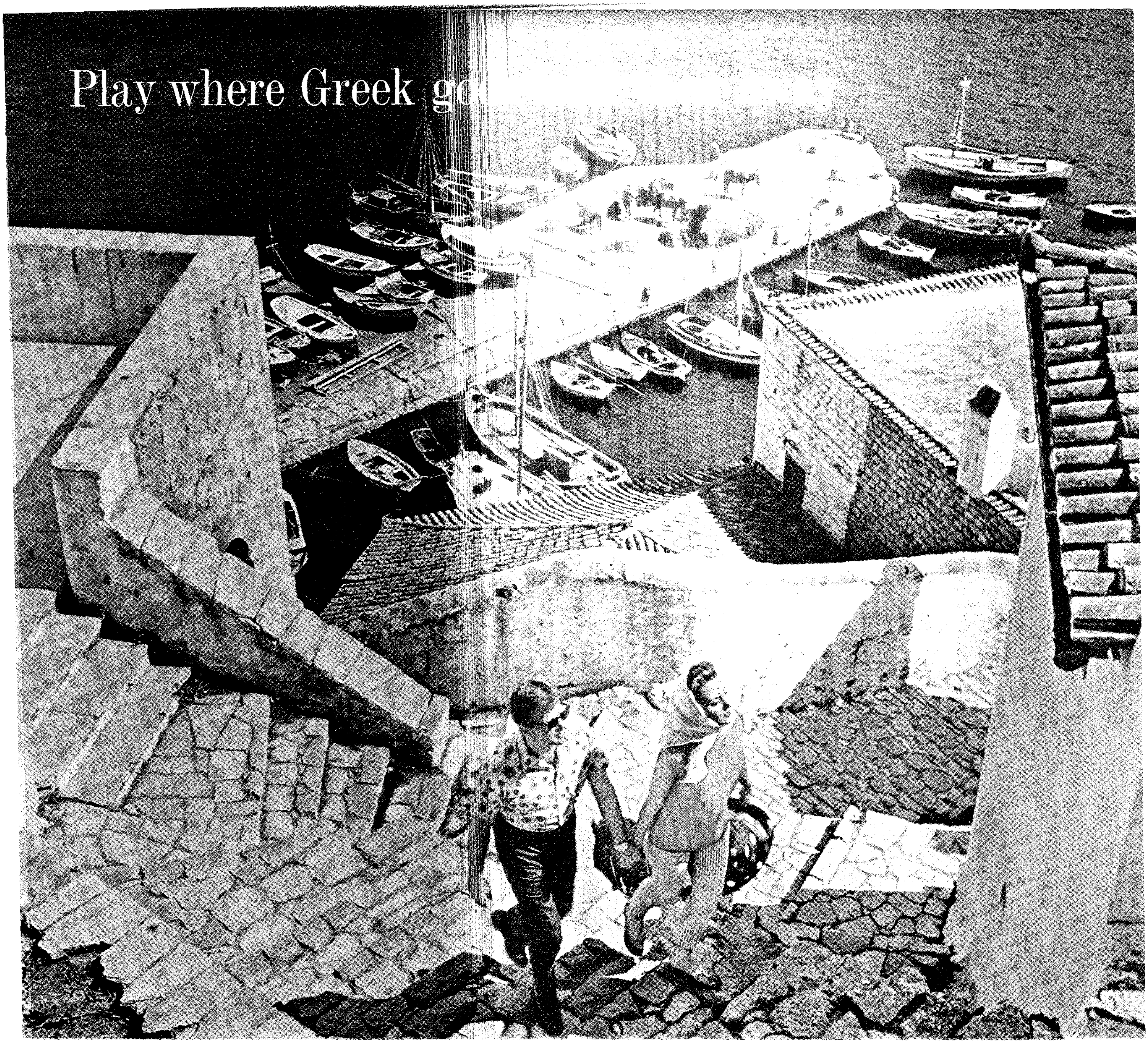
sunk, and thirty-one survivors—about half of them soldiers, half sailors—swam to Anatahan. The Japanese government had a civilian overseer there, a man named Kikuichiro Higa, who supervised the activities of some seventy native farmers. He, in turn, had an Okinawan deputy with the same surname, Shoichi Higa, whose wife, Kazuko, was also there. Shortly after the castaways reached Anatahan, Shoichi went off on an inspection trip to a neighboring island, and that was the last anybody on Anatahan heard of him. Kikuichiro Higa then moved in with his namesake's wife, and they lived together until 1947, when Kikuichiro died of an unspecified disease. Meanwhile, the native farmers had been taken off Anatahan during one of several periodic sorties that United States forces made to the spot. Whenever the Americans landed, the Japanese would flee inland and hide. The rest of the time, they busied themselves growing bananas and a kind of coarse local potato called the pig potato, trapping lizards, and fishing for sharks. After each American visit, the Japanese would collect the cigarette butts left behind and have a party, livening things up with liquor they had made from coconut juice.

After Mrs. Higa became mateless for the second time, the captain of one of the foundered ships took charge of the island colony. Apparently hoping that a married woman would cause less trouble than a widow among so many men, he ordered her to take as husband a young straggler named Yanagahashi. Mrs. Higa assented. About two months later, the captain disappeared, and so did Yanagahashi. After that, there is some confusion about just how many troths the widow plighted. She is believed to have contracted at least two successive marriages before, in the spring of 1950, she sneaked away from whatever spouse she then had and asked an American landing party to get her out of that complicated place. A year later, the remaining men on Anatahan agreed to surrender, conceivably because their last hope of marrying Kazuko was gone. By that time, there were only nineteen of them. It is generally accepted that some, if not all, of those who perished did so jousting for the love of the widow Higa—who, after her rescue, enjoyed a brief fling on the Tokyo nightclub circuit, where she was billed as the Queen of Anatahan. A book of fiction called "Anatahan" was soon out, featuring a heroine who ran through a gamut of five island husbands; all of them were compared to Robinson Crusoe. Ultimately, Josef von Sternberg

Play where Greek go



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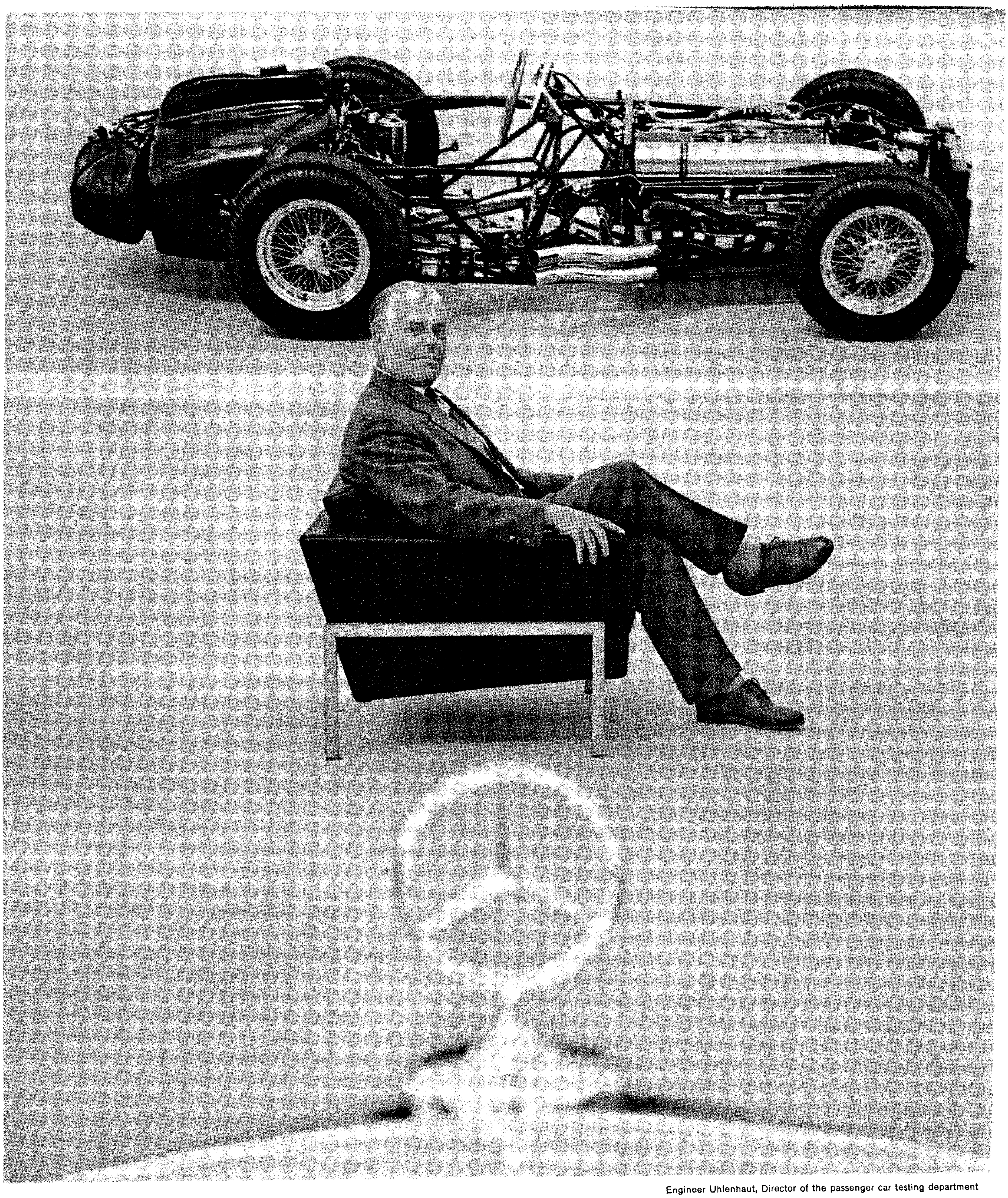

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directed a Japanese movie version of "Anatahan," and at about the same time the island's Queen went back to her original home on Okinawa, where, to her surprise, she found her original husband. After what may have been a somewhat unsettling period of readjustment, the couple were cozily reunited.

DURING the first few postwar years, there was little the Japanese could do to entice their former soldiers out of distant nooks and crannies. To begin with, nobody could pinpoint the hideouts of any of these men, and a scatter-shot approach could hardly have done the trick. There are seven thousand islands in the Philippines alone, and in the vast oceanic area surrounding Guam, now called the Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands, there are some two thousand more. Then, in 1950, the Japanese had it on what seemed to be the fairly reliable authority of the nations administering the various regions of the western Pacific that not a single known straggler was left in any of them. Certainly, the administrators had done their best; the United States had saturated all the areas under its control with leaflets, had made broadcasts from ships and planes, had placed in conspicuous spots on some islands letters from the families of men who might be at large on those islands, and had sent out foot patrols. But the best wasn't very good—or, at any rate, it didn't work. The Japanese Army had been so well indoctrinated against enemy propaganda that many of the soldiers in silent hiding refused to believe what they saw or heard. A photograph of the surrender ceremony aboard the battleship Missouri? Trick photography. A statement from the Emperor to the effect that Japan was at peace and they could return to it unharmed? Didn't sound like the Emperor *they* knew. Letters begging them to come home and assuring them that the Allied Occupation of Japan was humane, even gracious? Forgeries. Yuichi Akatsu hid out on the Philippine island of Lubang for five years. Back in the fall of 1945, he was on the point of giving himself up, in response to a leaflet that fluttered from the sky, when he examined the paper carefully. Aha! He spied what at first glance appeared to be a two-character Japanese word, "*kōfuku*," meaning "surrender," which was what the Americans in the Philippines hoped that any Japanese reading the message would promptly and peaceably do. But an apostrophelike mark at the end of the second character was missing, and without that mark the word is meaningless. Akatsu

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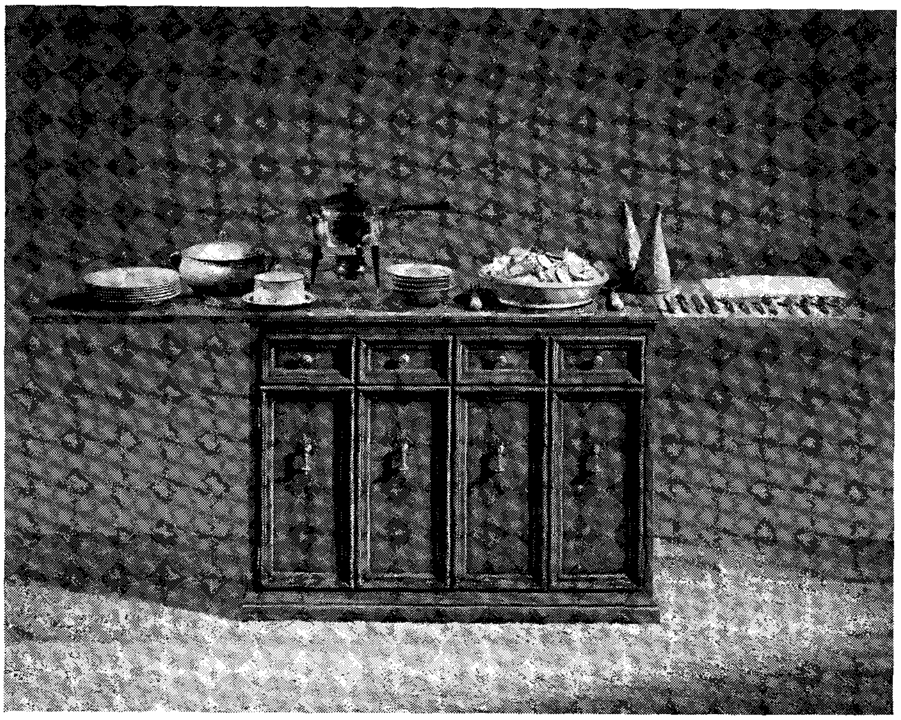

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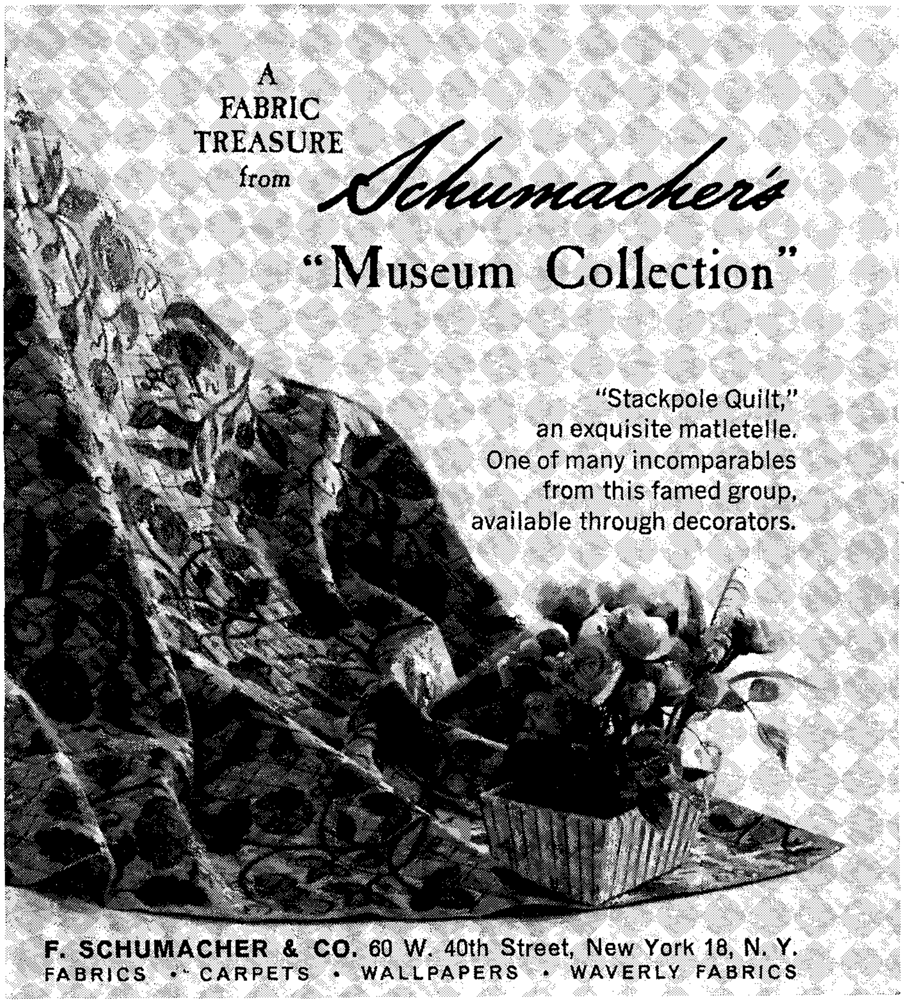

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was nobody's fool, and he concluded that the message had been written not by an authentic compatriot of his, who would surely never have made so obvious an error, but by some impostor. Why? Clearly, to dupe him into surrendering and thus exposing himself to consequences unimaginably appalling. Congratulating himself on his perspicacity, Akatsu ignored the message—which had in fact been composed, in perfectly good faith, if with some orthographical carelessness, by a nisei in the American armed forces—and thus doomed himself to four additional years of misery. He ultimately got out of that bewildering area and back to his sense-making prewar occupation of fashioning children's hats.

Immediately after the war, the Japanese government was chiefly preoccupied with organizing and expediting the mass repatriation of large contingents of interned servicemen and assisting the families of the dead and missing. In 1948, several officials who had dealt with these matters were banded together in an agency called the Repatriation Aid Bureau, under the Ministry of Health and Welfare, and a subdivision of the bureau, called the Repatriation Section, was made responsible for trying to find far-flung individual stragglers and help them to get home. This section is still being run, as it has been ever since its founding, by two retired Imperial Army officers—Lieutenant Colonel Touru Itagaki and Major Yuzo Miura. Their office is in a drab and drafty wooden building, once a stable for cavalry horses, in a bureaucratic enclave in the Ichigaya district of Tokyo. More than thirty years ago, as student officers, Itagaki and Miura learned to ride at the same spot where they now seek sedentarily to corral stray comrades-at-arms. Their experiences over a dozen years have left them sharply cognizant of the danger of making any flat predictions about stragglers. Itagaki, who is as near to an authoritative government spokesman on straggling as any individual in Japan, thinks that there are probably no more stragglers anywhere, but he would not dream of omitting the "probably." And if by any chance there should still be some men at large, he points out, it might take some doing to catch up with them. "The longer you leave them out there, the cagier they get, and the more difficult it becomes to bring them back," Itagaki says.

OF all the areas in which Japanese stragglers have roamed, New Guinea is generally considered the most

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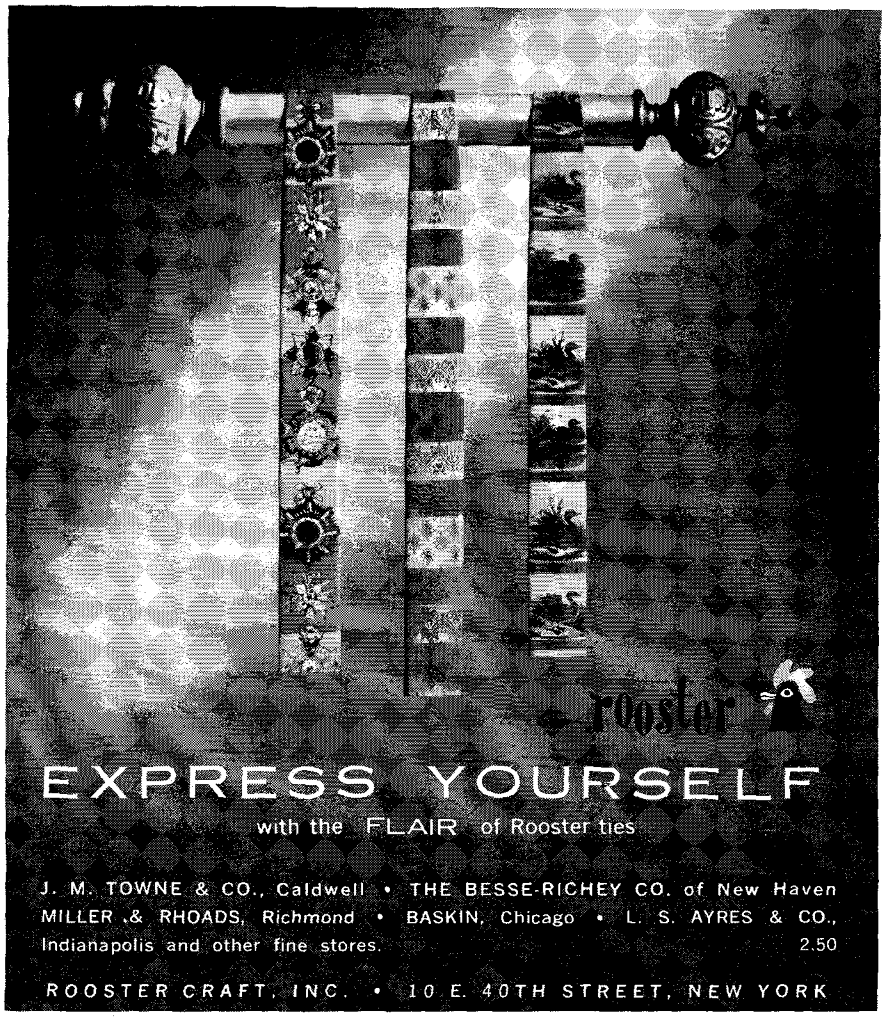

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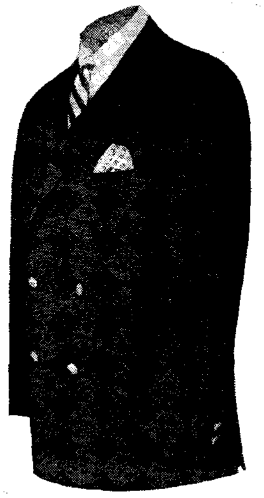

forbidding. People can, and do, debate endlessly about the degree of disagreeableness of the world's many jungles. As a rule, the worst jungle is held to be the one that the man describing it has most recently been in. But among reasonably dispassionate folk who have visited several tropical zones it is conceded—once the conceder is back in civilization, and clean and dry and fed—that the jungles of New Guinea are a match for any. The Japanese had tens of thousands of soldiers in New Guinea during the war, and the Repatriation Section has seeded the area with a succession of hortatory leaflets. In 1954, the section tried to give aid and comfort to the distraught parents of a single straggler who was thought to be in Papua—the southeastern part of New Guinea, which is under Australian jurisdiction. He was Ichiya Sugano, an Osaka man. His mother and father, who happened to be devout adherents of the Osaka Christian Mission, composed a message to him; the Repatriation Section had a hundred thousand copies of it printed, in Japanese and English; and arrangements were made to obtain the assistance of missionaries in Papua in distributing it. "ICHIYA come home very soon," the English version was headed, and the text said:

> (1) The War closed nine years ago and officers and soldiers are back in their homes already and they are diligent in their own business.
>
> (2) Come out ICHIYA very soon to the Missionary's house near you. Then you can go home. There is no fear, no danger. Never have suspicion about this.
>
> (3) Through the Grace of God and the kindness of Missionaries in New Guinea we are very grateful to be able to drop the leaflets from the air.

But God's grace can be stymied by man. When the Repatriation Section is dealing with foreign nations, it must work through ordained diplomatic channels, and in this instance the leaflets it hoped to have dropped over New Guinea had to be dropped off first at the Japanese Embassy in Australia. That was as far as they got. They could not be moved from there without Australian sanction, and the Australians felt that it would be unfortunate to remind the New Guinea tribesmen of the possible continued presence of any Japanese. Ichiya never got his parents' plea, and he never came out—if, that is, he had ever gone in, and was still alive.

Since 1950, however, two groups of stragglers *have* returned to Japan from New Guinea, and their utterly dissimilar experiences illustrate how anarchy and order can flourish almost side

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by side in the same environment. The first batch of repatriates, consisting of eight infantrymen, got home in mid-February of 1950, not long after an Australian jungle patrol learned they were hanging around some Papuan native settlements in the vicinity of Madang. Despite the misgivings later expressed by the Australians in the case of Ichiya, the Papuans were, by and large, friendlier to outsiders than most Pacific islanders. One Japanese soldier, Noguo Wakabayashi, who is now a retail clothing salesman in Okayama, in south central Japan, was wounded by an American hand grenade and left for dead by his Japanese buddies; a native chief came upon him, carried him to his village, and spent nearly a year nursing him back to health. But however cordial the natives around Madang may have been, if they had any notion that the war was over they either could not or would not convey this news to the Japanese they met. Of the eight New Guinea stragglers who reached home in 1950, not one knew what was what until the Australians grabbed him. One of the octet, a Fukuoka farmer named Yukimori Tsuda, spent a good deal of time with some natives who had been converted to Christianity, but although he picked up some spiritual knowledge from them, he got no temporal information. However, his recollections are by his own admission imprecise; he is the only straggler who has frankly acknowledged that his experiences temporarily addled him.

Perhaps the most unusual of these eight returnees is a frail and exceedingly lachrymose man named Miroru Noda. Now thirty-nine and a shipbuilder in the teeming port of Kobe, Noda was one of nine children in a farming family in Nagasaki Prefecture. In 1941, when he was nineteen, he enlisted in the Army and was sent for training to Korea, where he had a taxing and tearful time. People kept hitting him—this was a common feature of Imperial Army indoctrination—and he kept crying. Whenever the officers treated him decently, the noncommissioned officers would slap him around and make him cry. Whenever the N.C.O.s let up on him, the officers would start in, and he would cry some more. It was hardly a promising start for a soldier who was to survive six years on New Guinea. Moreover, during this training period, his health was poor, and he had a hard time keeping up with the older and stronger men. But after almost two years in Korea he regarded himself as a real soldier, ready to handle raw recruits in the conventional hardfisted manner. When orders came through early in 1943 for his regiment to move out toward combat, however, the Army doctors said he was not physically fit to go along. Noda, like the other men in his unit, had already written his will and sent home a few snips of hair and some fingernail parings, in case he never got back whole. He begged his leaders to take him with them, and they countermanded the doctors' orders. With a *sennimbari*—the traditional Japanese soldier's sash embroidered with a thousand theoretically lucky stitches—wrapped snugly around his stomach, Noda set sail eagerly from Pusan. As his troopship steamed southeast, he would go up on deck every night, face in the direction of Japan, kneel down, pray, and shed copious tears.

Noda's unit spent a month on the island of Palau, practicing amphibious landings, boning up on jungle-fighting tactics, and gorging on fresh fish and fresh eggs. Then the soldiers moved on to New Guinea, landing in March at Hansa Bay, between Wewak and Madang on the northeast coast. En route, their ship barely escaped being torpedoed, and when they arrived, they were bombed and strafed as they were unloading. For a while, the men were put to work constructing roads and airfields, but then they were ordered to the Japanese front lines, which were rapidly crumbling as the Allies pressed farther and farther up the coast from the southeast. Noda, having come down with malaria almost at once, never actually got to do much fighting. At one point, he did find himself in charge of a light-machine-gun squad, but when he ran out of ammunition and saw little prospect of getting any more, he buried the weapon. Toward the end of 1943, after wandering around the seashore areas for many weeks, the men he was with had their previous ration of a yam a day reduced to a yam every three days. All were feverish, all were hungry, all were discouraged. According to Noda's highly emotional account, he had a somnambulistic dream in which he rose from his sleeping place, walked along a beautifully paved street, stopped to

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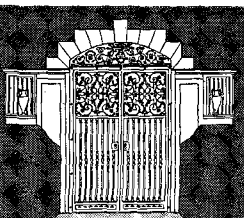

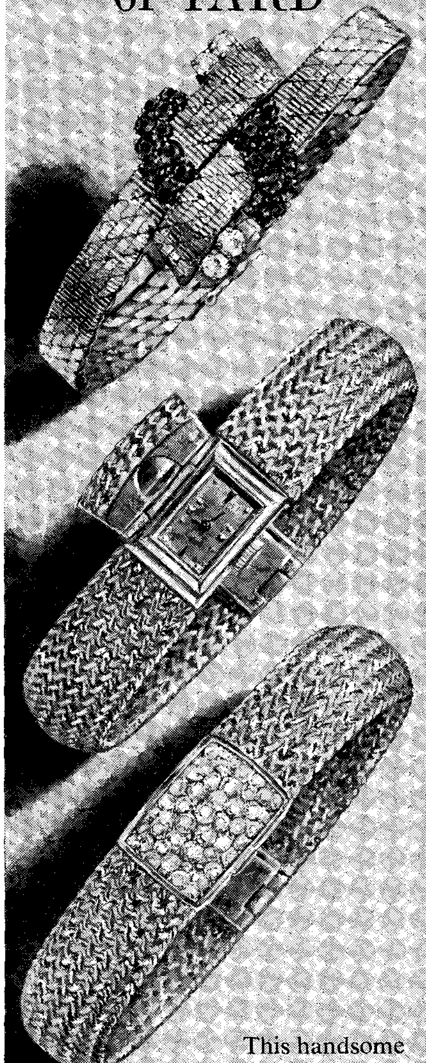

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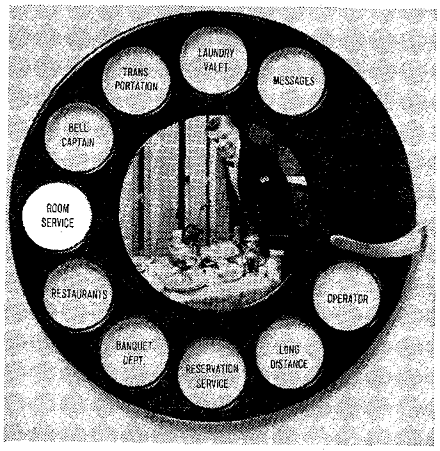
watch a circus put on by midgets, and dropped in at a public bath, where he was treated to a feast of all the boiled yams he could eat. When he awoke, he was in a deserted native hut, still famished. Not long after that, he and several other ailing men decided to head inland and take a chance on finding some food. They were disappointed, and for the next four or five months they kept alive by becoming cannibals.

Noda says he first tasted human flesh unwittingly. He met up with an amiable native who offered to trade him some fresh pork for a bit of dried ginger and a few cigarettes he had. After the swap, he was told by another native that his pork was human meat. Soon after that, he and the handful of men with him found the bodies of several Japanese soldiers, and cooked and ate the meat. They all got stomach pains, and Noda was horribly afflicted with hives—which may ultimately have saved his life. They made it impossible for him to abide the touch of clothing, and as he hobbled about in inflamed nakedness, he cut so unappetizing a figure that when his comrades ran out of meat again and began stalking each other, nobody cared much for the idea of eating him. Only one overt attempt was made on his life, he says, and this, ironically, by a man whom he himself had earlier saved from a cannibalistic assault. Upon being told by a confidant that the ungrateful man was going to kill and eat him, Noda sternly informed his potential aggressor that he knew about his intentions, and made him apologize.

"That interlude of cannibalism was the most horrible period of my life," Noda has since said, with genuine contrition. The men around him were so completely disorganized that the harsh sense of discipline beaten into them in their training days had all but vanished. The Japanese soldiers had a do-or-die saying, tied in with their Bushido code, that can be translated roughly as "Eat or be eaten." Now they were following it literally. One day, a lieutenant and a sergeant wandered out of the bush. Noda decided to receive them hospitably; he was unarmed, and both the newcomers had sabres, so he hoped his geniality would stand him in good stead if they were as hungry as he was. Accordingly, he made a big to-do about carrying their belongings into a native hut and finding them a corner to bed down in. But he failed to consider the possibility that the two late arrivals had not retrogressed as much in matters of military discipline as the men he'd been living with. He still had some cigarettes,



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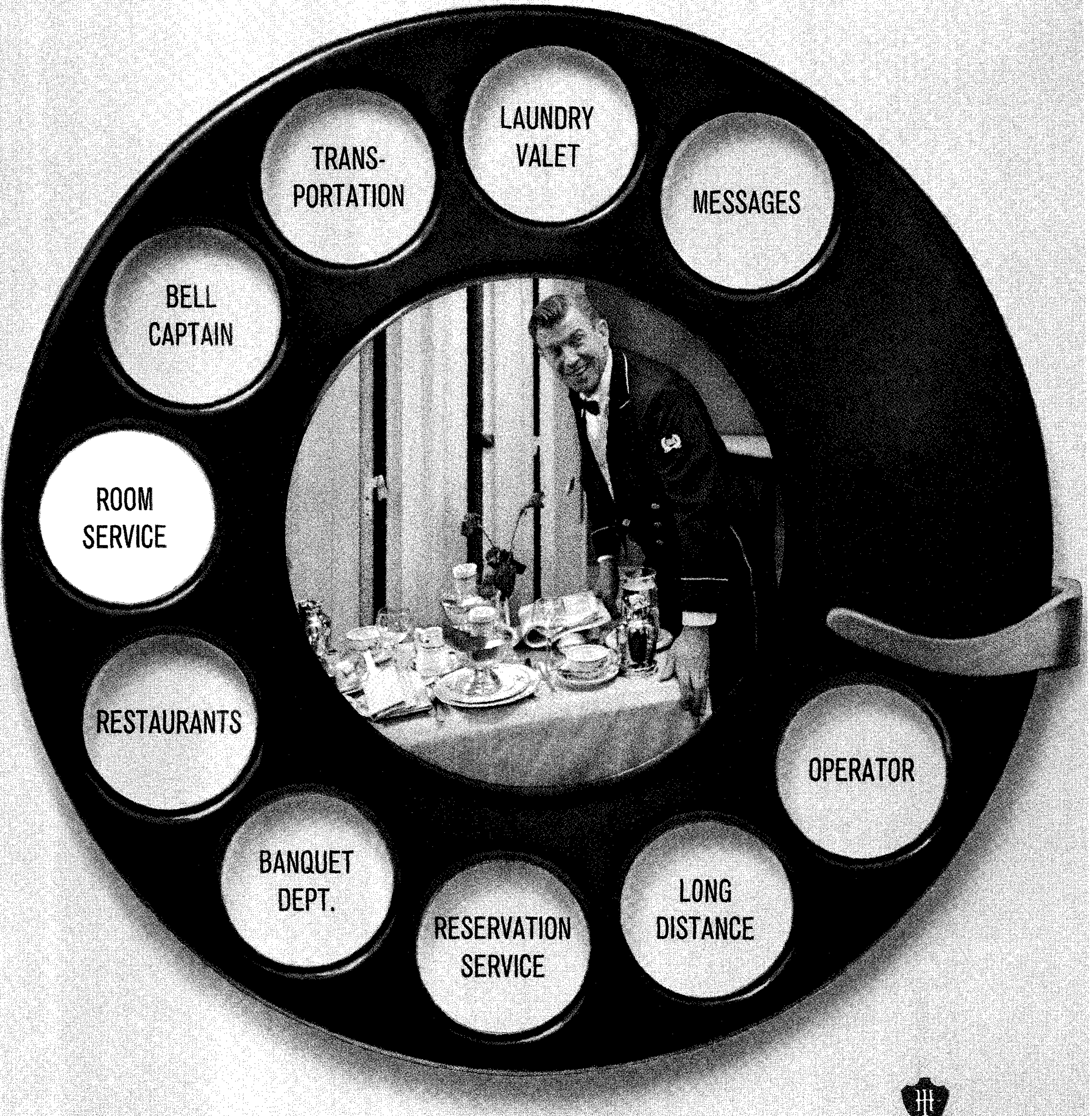
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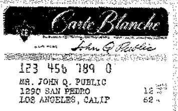
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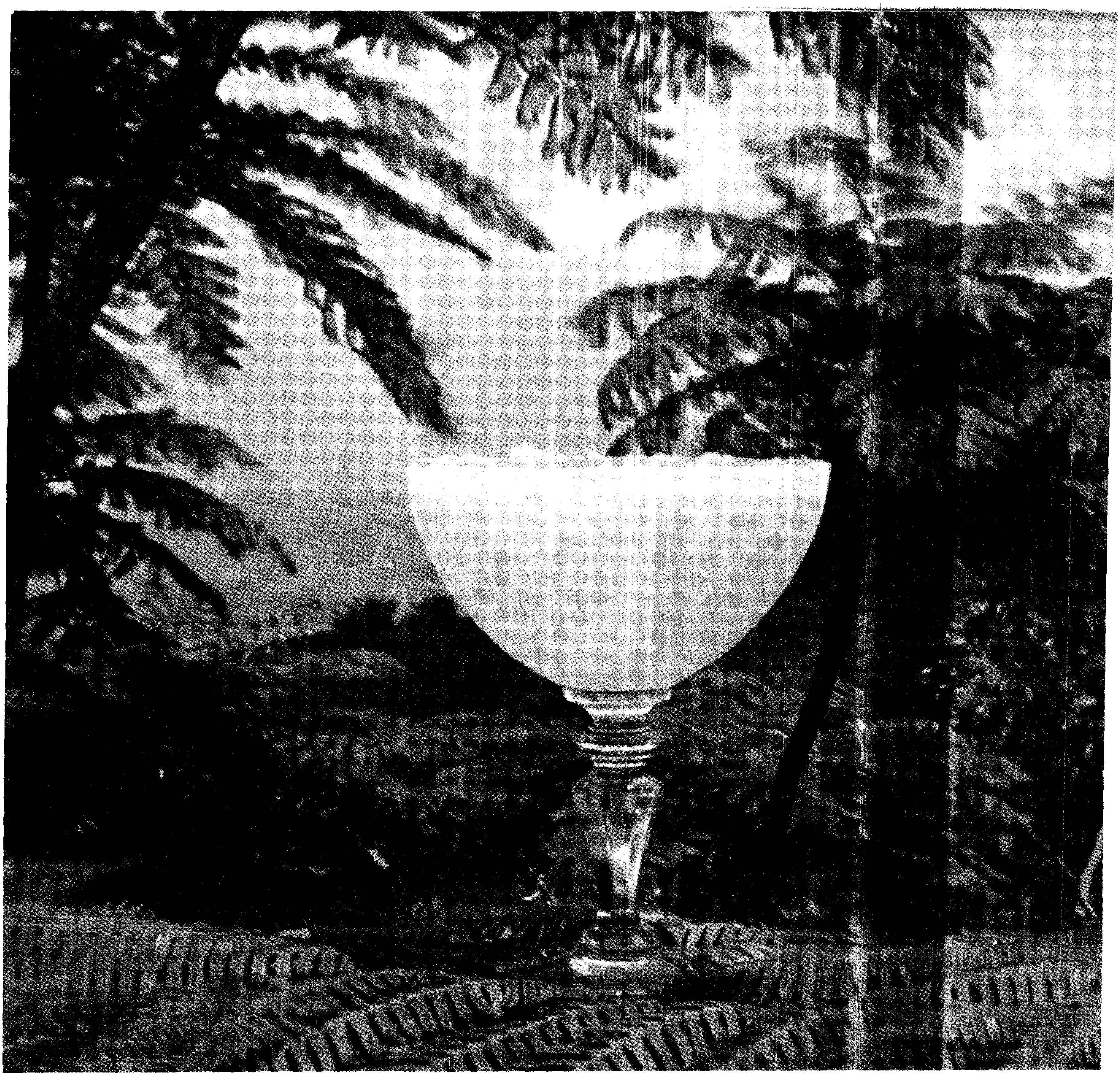

Puerto Rico's Rain Forest on El Yunque, a splendid place to sip a Derby Daiquiri. John Stewart photograph.

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and he offered each of the arrivals one, which they gratefully accepted, but then he made the mistake of lighting his own first. He was only a corporal, and the sergeant, incensed at this effrontery, threatened to chop his head off. "I dropped to my knees and bowed my head to the ground and apologized," Noda says. "But I suspected they wanted to kill me anyway, and I was right. That night, we overheard the lieutenant and the sergeant whispering; they were arguing about which of us to kill first. One of the men with me still had a gun, and we discussed the matter, and decided that if it was a matter of eat or be eaten with these two, we had better kill them first—as soon as they fell asleep. We agreed to chop off the sergeant's head with his own sword and to shoot the lieutenant. Because we thought he was a bad officer, we resolved to eat him quickly. We ate him, from head to toe, in three days."

After a while, they ran out of food once more, and the man with the gun came to Noda one night and asked who the next victim should be. Once they had made their choice, they agreed that they would toss a tent over the selectee while he was sleeping, and shoot him through the canvas. "When we threw the tent over him, he woke up," Noda recalls. "He sensed what we were up to and let out a muffled yell. 'You can't shoot me!' he cried. 'I have a mother waiting for me! I've got to get back to Japan!' He added that if we ate him, his soul would haunt us. The man with the gun pulled the trigger, and his weapon misfired. The second time, it worked. There was a shriek of 'Mother!' and our comrade was dead. Some of the others cooked him. Only four or five hours later, the man with the gun was felled with a terrible attack of malaria. The others at once killed *him*. I realized then how horrible a soul's revenge could be. I wondered what could save me. The Americans were pursuing us with all their weapons, some of the natives were after us with poisoned arrows, and meanwhile we Japanese were eating other Japanese. While I was wondering what would happen next, I had a vision. I saw my mother's face. She was a very religious woman, and she was praying for me. I told this to two men who were with me at the time, and we all realized we shouldn't have been living the way we had, and we dropped to our knees and prayed and cried. Then we went to a village where we'd heard the inhabitants were friendly, and we knelt there and prayed for thirty minutes with [illegible] closed. When we

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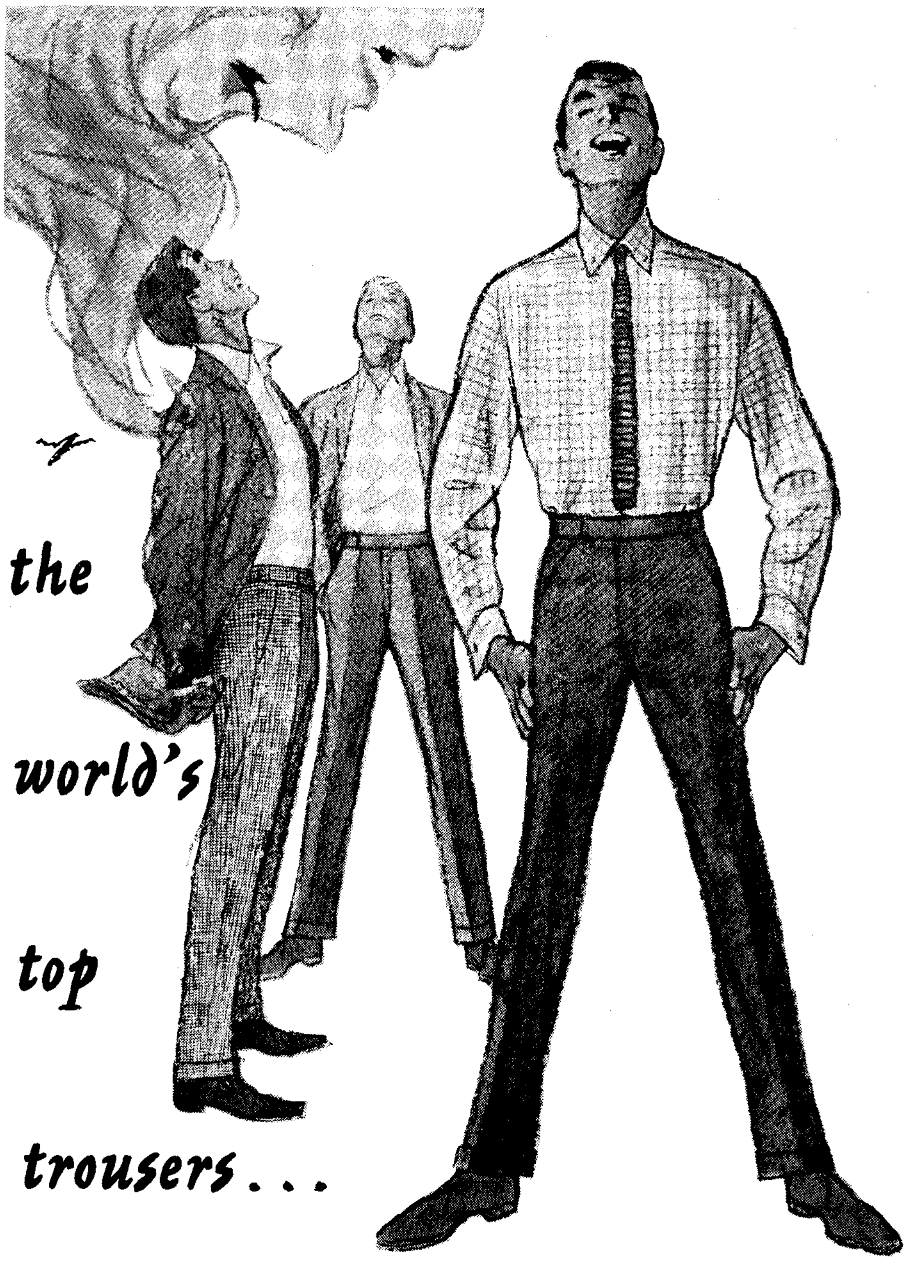

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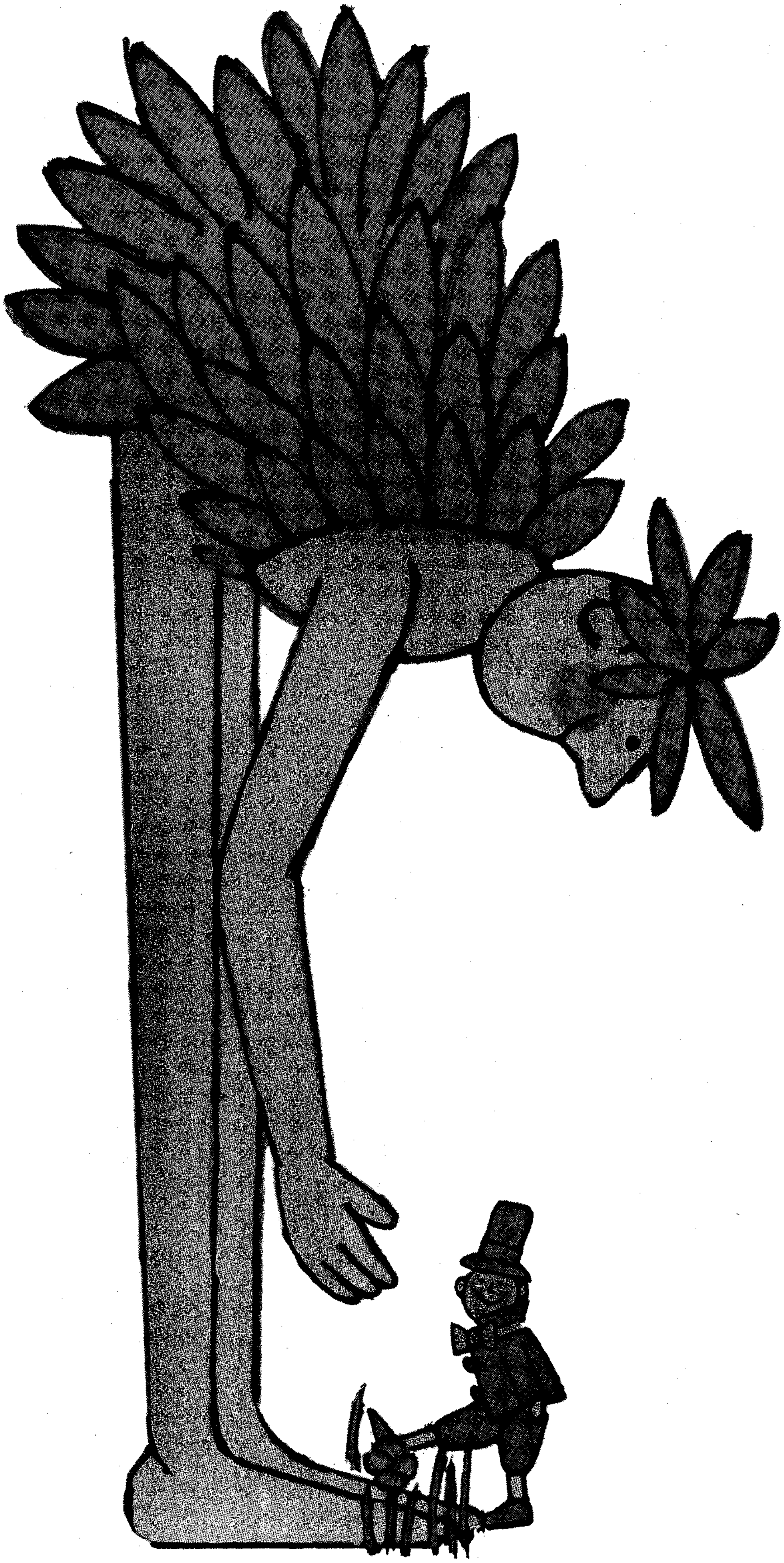

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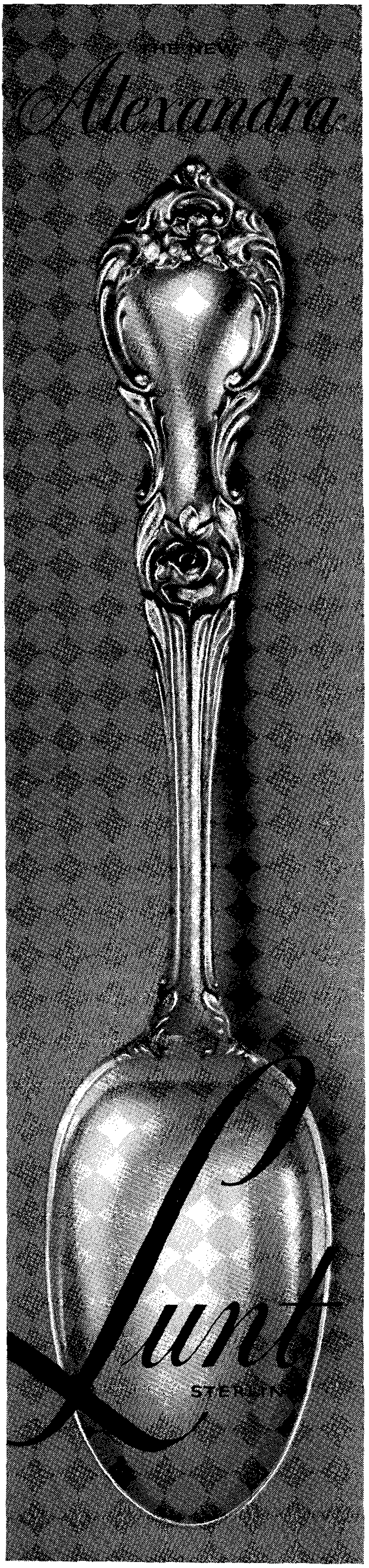
opened them, there were natives standing around us. They looked at the meat we were carrying and said, 'Put that away and eat the food Christ gave us.' They handed us bananas and papayas and yams. I never ate human meat again."

The natives next escorted the three Japanese to another village, called Gufu, whose residents, although they were Christians, believed that when they died they would be reincarnated with light skins. The elderly chief of Gufu and his wife had lost their only son, a young man named Lingali, not long before, and when Noda appeared, the bereaved mother pounced on him with cries of "Lingali! Lingali!" For the next five years or so, Noda lived as Lingali. Since by no means all the natives in that region were so kindly disposed toward Japanese, Noda's new relatives built him a hut in the jungle five miles from their village, and they regularly trooped out to the hut laden with food: a basic diet of yams, livened up with delicacies his adoptive mother would press upon him—plump lizards or rats, tasty bugs, occasionally a dog or a cat. Mostly he lived alone, but from time to time other stragglers, who had been hiding outside other villages, would stop by and join him for a few weeks or months. He made frequent visits to Gufu to attend religious services, and he became so conversant with the local dialect that he began to preach sermons in it. "One day, when I had been there about three years, some of the natives, who believed that Christ's treasures were buried where their dead were buried, asked me if I could disclose these riches to them," Noda says. "A couple of other Japanese were staying with me at the time, and they said I was crazy to get mixed up in it, but I said I'd try, and I led some of the native priests to their cemetery. I told them that if we prayed and fasted there for ten days we might have a revelation. As the tenth day dawned, we were sitting around a fire, and while I was talking to a priest a toad suddenly jumped onto my knee. Next, it hopped onto my head, and from there to the priest's head and *his* knee. Then it plopped into the fire. I told the priest that the toad was Christ, and that by leaping into the fire He was showing them that He was still suffering and they hadn't yet prayed hard enough to get any reward. From then on, they went to church almost daily, and for a while they treated me almost like a god."

The chief of Gufu hoped that his pale-faced adoptive son would live there



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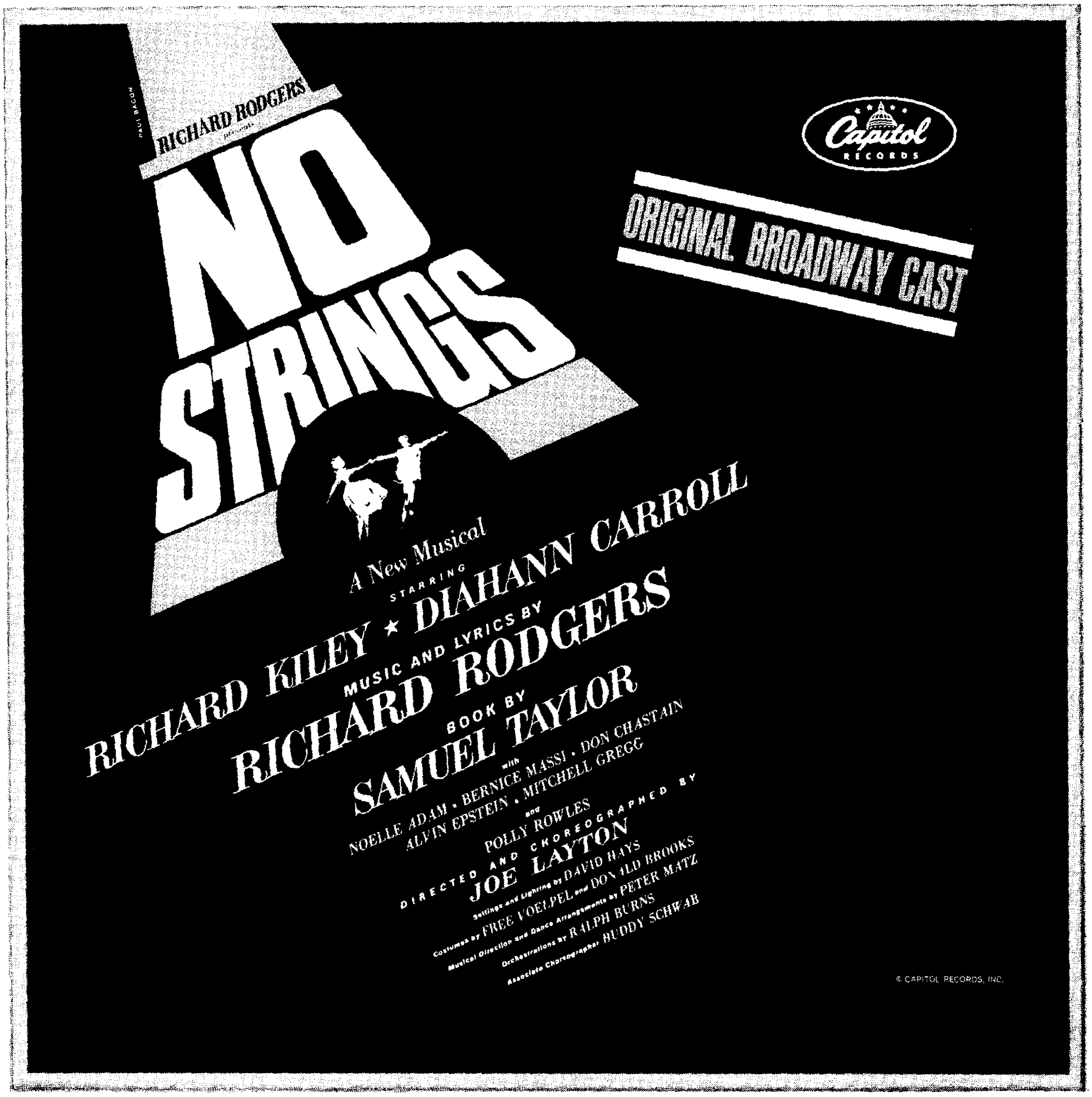
forever, would succeed him as the village headman, and, to perpetuate his line, would take a bride from the next village. Negotiations were initiated with the father of a girl deemed suitable for a chief presumptive, and for a time all proceeded in good order. Whiling away the days before his wedding, Noda raised yams, bananas, and sugar cane on a small farm. When his friends the natives came to call, he and they would all sit around congenially singing songs and eating frogs, which he caught at a nearby river when the moon was full. He also had a set of rattraps that he tended, to further vary his diet. He had given up all hope of ever leaving the environs of Gufu, which was twelve days' march from the coast, and he had lost all track of time. "I had even forgotten my own age," he says. "I was so intent on becoming a perfect native that if it hadn't been for the Japanese soldiers who occasionally visited me I'd probably have forgotten our language." Then, suddenly, the chief and his wife both took sick and died. After a night spent weeping over their bodies, Noda helped carry them to the graveyard, at dawn, and bury them. With their demise, the marriage negotiations abruptly stopped, and the orphaned Noda was left pretty much on his own.

A few weeks afterward, a pair of stragglers living in the next village, who had been hailed by *their* native neighbors as nothing more exciting than a pair of stragglers, got bored with their humdrum lot and made the twelve-day trek to the seashore, where they were grabbed by a roving Australian patrol. The Japanese confessed to their captors that there were other stragglers inland, and the Australians headed toward Gufu. As word of their arrival reached the village, a courier raced to Noda's hut with the upsetting news. Three other stragglers—Haruo Tominaga, Toru Yamamoto, and Yoshinobu Miura—were sharing his quarters at the moment. Tominaga, who was ill, was delighted to hear that deliverance was near, but the other men were afraid that the Australians would kill them, and they seriously considered suicide. They decided finally to take a chance, and walked to Gufu to surrender. "It wasn't easy for me to leave my little farm and my rattraps and the rivers and mountains," Noda says, "but, crying, I walked to the village. I stopped to pray at the graves of my parents. In the village, nearly five hundred natives gathered around me to say farewell. I couldn't say much in response; I was crying too hard."

Several months after that, Noda was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back in Nagasaki. By this time, he had developed such a severe case of malaria that he had to spend most of the next three years in a hospital. Following his release, in 1953, he married a local girl. Then, after a fling at selling insurance and working in a cannery, he moved to Kobe, where he now lives, with his wife and their two children—a girl of seven and a boy of five—in a one-room, unheated apartment, and works in a shipyard a short walk away. The apartment, measuring approximately eight feet by twelve, is furnished with an old-fashioned washing machine, an umbrella, and a television set. Some evenings, Noda's wife and a friend or two sit with him on the tatami-covered floor, sipping green tea, and listening as he reminisces tearfully about his strange cannibalistic days and his life as Lingali, while his two children, oblivious of his narrative, huddle before the TV set, watching an American Western with dubbed-in Japanese dialogue.

IN striking contrast to the behavior of Noda and the stragglers who returned with him in 1950 was that of four Japanese soldiers—the scrawny, sick survivors of a group of sixteen—who were taken off New Guinea in September of 1954. They, too, had entertained thoughts of cannibalism, but had reached a conclusion that one of them, Mamoru Ojima, recently summed up as "I'd starve to death before I'd eat human meat." Ojima, a former corporal from Tsuyama, a town outside Okayama, almost did starve in the jungle, more than once, and on his return to Japan he had to spend ten months in the hospital for malaria and malnutrition. In a report on this quartet of stragglers, the Repatriation Section, which does not normally go in for fancy prose, made the observation "The fact is that these four men were all great men. They didn't care about themselves selfishly. They were always concerned with group survival, and they comforted and consoled each other. They were almost like gods."

The first word anybody in Japan had that these near-immortals were still definitely among the mortals came in October, 1954. That month, a letter from Mamoru Ojima—who, according to official Japanese records, had died at Aitape, New Guinea, on April 25, 1944—was received by his older brother, a farmer in Okayama Prefecture. Ojima was writing from Hollandia, the capital of Netherlands New Guinea. He had also written to his father, but that letter went undelivered; his father had

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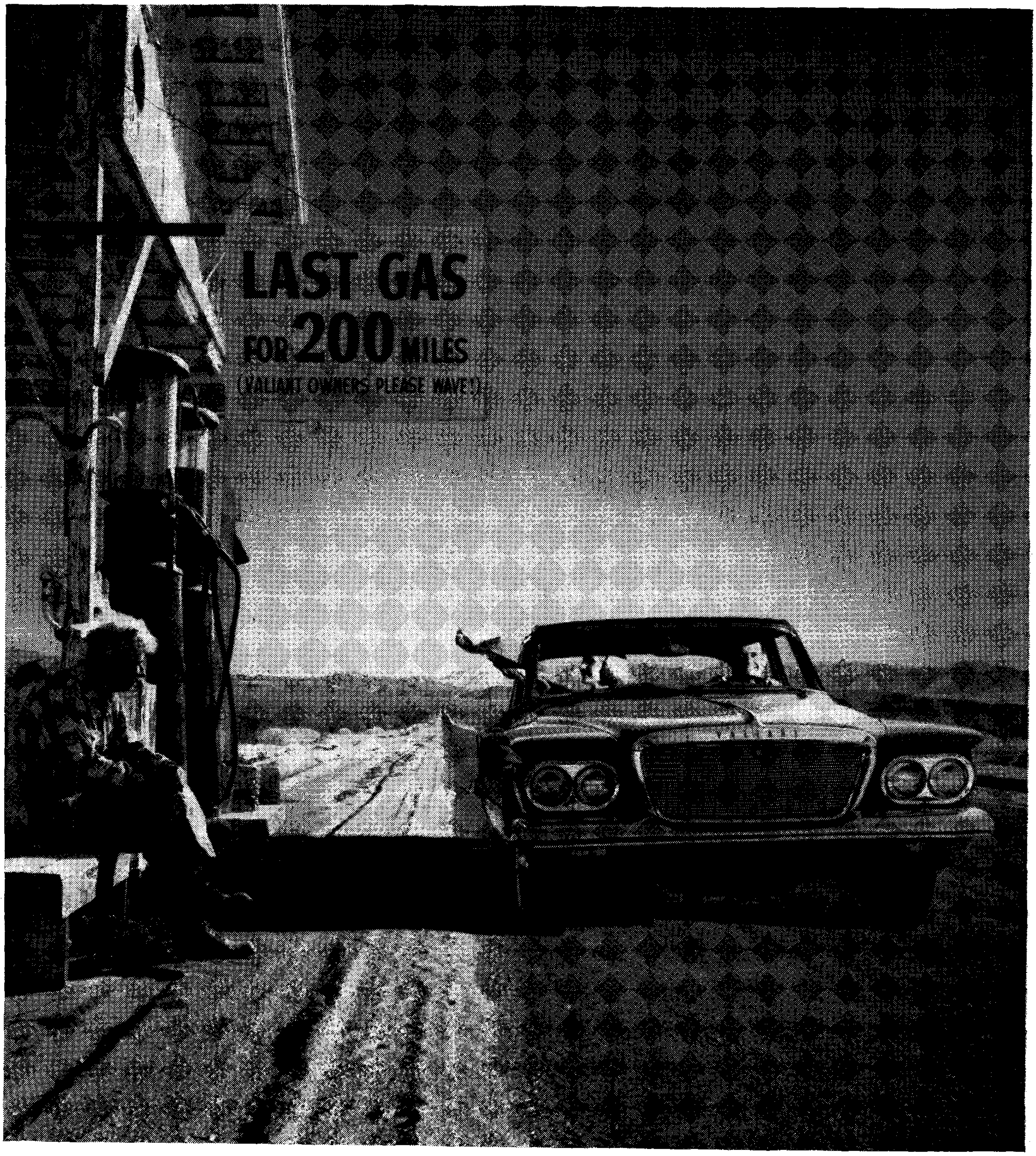

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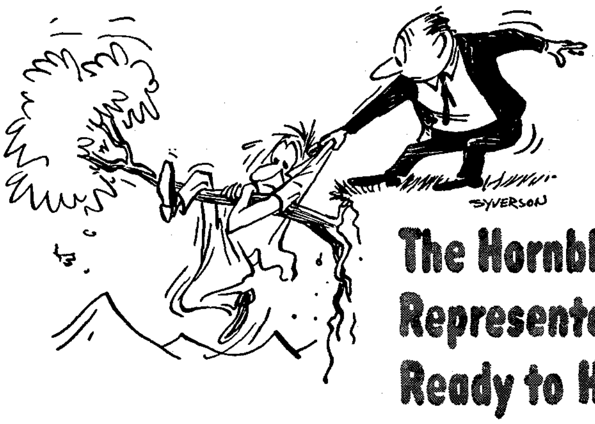

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been dead for seven years. His letter to his brother was laconic. "I left for Hollandia in April, 1944," he wrote, "but through landing operations of the U.S. Army could not proceed and stayed in the jungle for ten years, and was recently found by the Dutch authorities and taken care of. The man in charge has told me I'll be sent home by ship or air in two or three months. Four men have been taken care of, including me, and one is the son of Shimada."

The son of Shimada, a casual acquaintance of the Ojima family, was Kakuo Shimada, a master sergeant and the highest-ranking soldier in this new-found group. The two other men, whom Ojima did not identify in his terse letter, were Sanzo Yaegashi, of Iwate Prefecture, in northern Japan, and Kumao Shimokubo, of Miyazaki Prefecture, far to the south. A day or two after Ojima's family received their tidings, Shimokubo's father got a similar, though much more detailed, message. (Concurrently, the Dutch government was notifying the Japanese government about the four men, but news does not always flow as fast through diplomatic channels as by airmail.) Shimokubo went on at some length about the date and place of his enlistment in the Army—which could hardly have been news to his father—and added:

> There is something I can't express in words when I think of my father and mother, who must be reading this letter about a son who has supposedly been dead for ten years, and when I think about myself. I just can't write, and the only thing I can do is look at the desk and do nothing. I can't set down all my troubles and agonies, so I think I'd better keep them inside me until I meet you, in several months. . . . My feelings are so complicated I can't make up my mind right now whether to come home or to stay here until I die. The Dutch have been urging us to go back to Japan, but after spending so long a time on this island, it might be hard for me to find a way to live in Japan, arriving there empty-handed. Although there is so much I'd like to write, my mixed-up feelings keep me from writing. I will put my pen on the desk now, and I'll be looking forward to seeing you, sir.

Shimada, Ojima, Shimokubo, and Yaegashi were members of the 209th Airfield Squadron, which did ground maintenance for a light-bomber unit in Manchuria early in the war and then was shipped southeast, arriving at Wewak, on the north coast of New Guinea, in November, 1943. It had been scheduled to train recruits in maintenance work there, but by the time it arrived the Japanese military position had become so shaky and Allied air raids so effective that there were scarcely any planes to maintain. Soon there were none at all,

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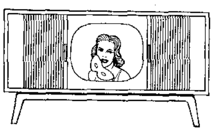

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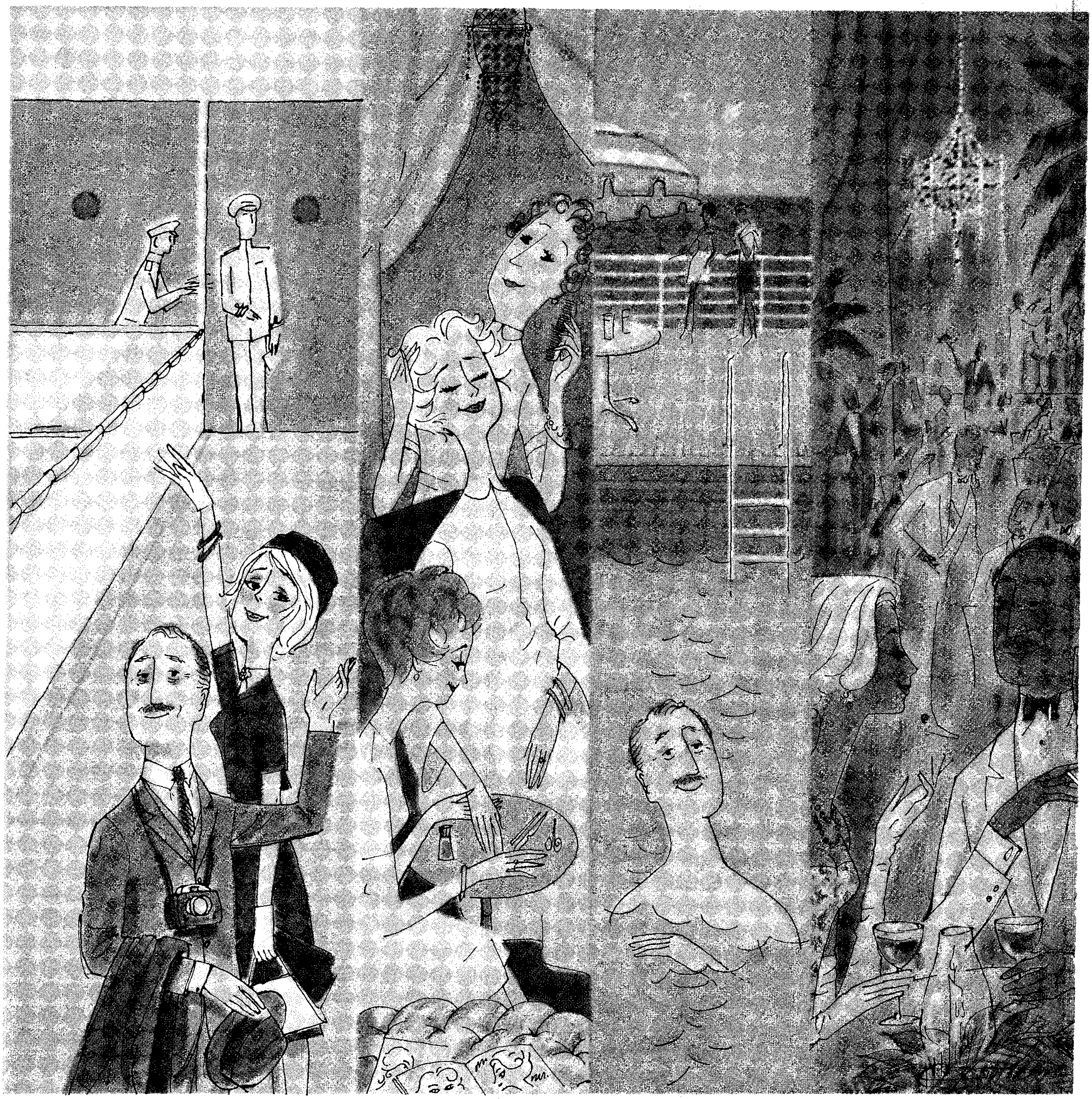

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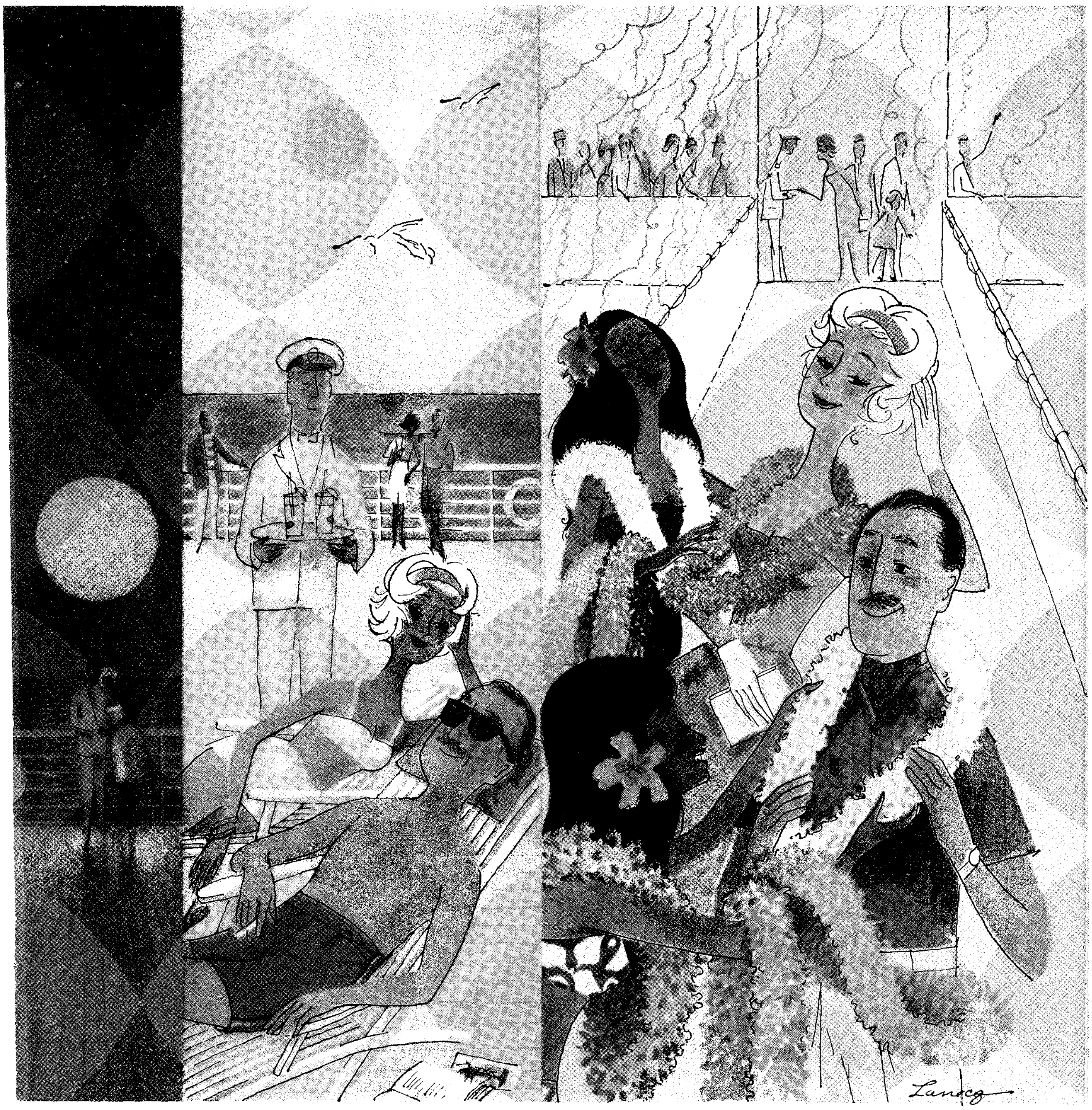

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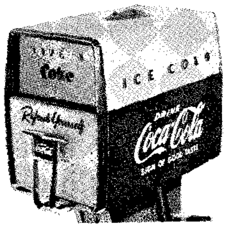
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and early in April of 1944, for want of anything more constructive to do, ninety officers and men in the outfit decided to hike northwest along the coast toward Hollandia, more than three hundred miles away. There the Japanese Army had a big and well-fortified supply base, and the maintenance men believed it to be an oasis of power and plenty—a belief that was shared by other Japanese in the region, who were also moving northwest under the mounting Allied pressure. The men from the 209th figured it would take them about thirty days to march to Hollandia, and each carried a month's rations—mostly rice, dried vegetables, and bean paste. They did not know that just as they were starting off for Hollandia, so was a large Allied amphibious assault force. The American I Corps hit Hollandia on April 22nd, and other Allied troops were already pushing up the coast behind the Japanese. "We were rats in a sack," Shimada has since said. "But, of course, we weren't aware of that back then, so we kept on moving. We figured we were bound to find *something* in Hollandia when we got there." Few of them ever got close. Enemy bullets and bombs, malaria, and general debilitation thinned their ranks swiftly. Seven or eight men were lost when the troops tried to cross a turbulent coastal river on improvised rafts. Others simply disappeared. In less than a month, only Shimada and eight companions remained of the ninety men who had set forth. Since he was the highest-ranking of the bunch, he took charge.

The quality of leadership is hard to define, in or out of battle. Some men simply have it, and Shimada, like Corporal Kishi on Morotai, was one of them. Shimada does not look or act especially masterful. He is physically unprepossessing—pale and square-faced—and he speaks in a soft voice. In 1944, he was twenty-four, a farm boy from Kamiukan, a rural settlement in central Japan, fifteen miles north of the village of Takahashi, where he lives today. Civilian life had afforded him scant opportunity to give commands or assume responsibilities. He had joined the Army at twenty-one, but had not been much tempered in the fire of battle. Yet in New Guinea he demonstrated exceptional fitness for transforming potentially thorny situations into reasonably smooth ones. An instance of this occurred in 1946, when his group, reduced to five half-starved and ailing men, retrieved a cache of salt they had hidden a year or so before. It amounted to only a couple of pounds, but this represented a real treasure. To-

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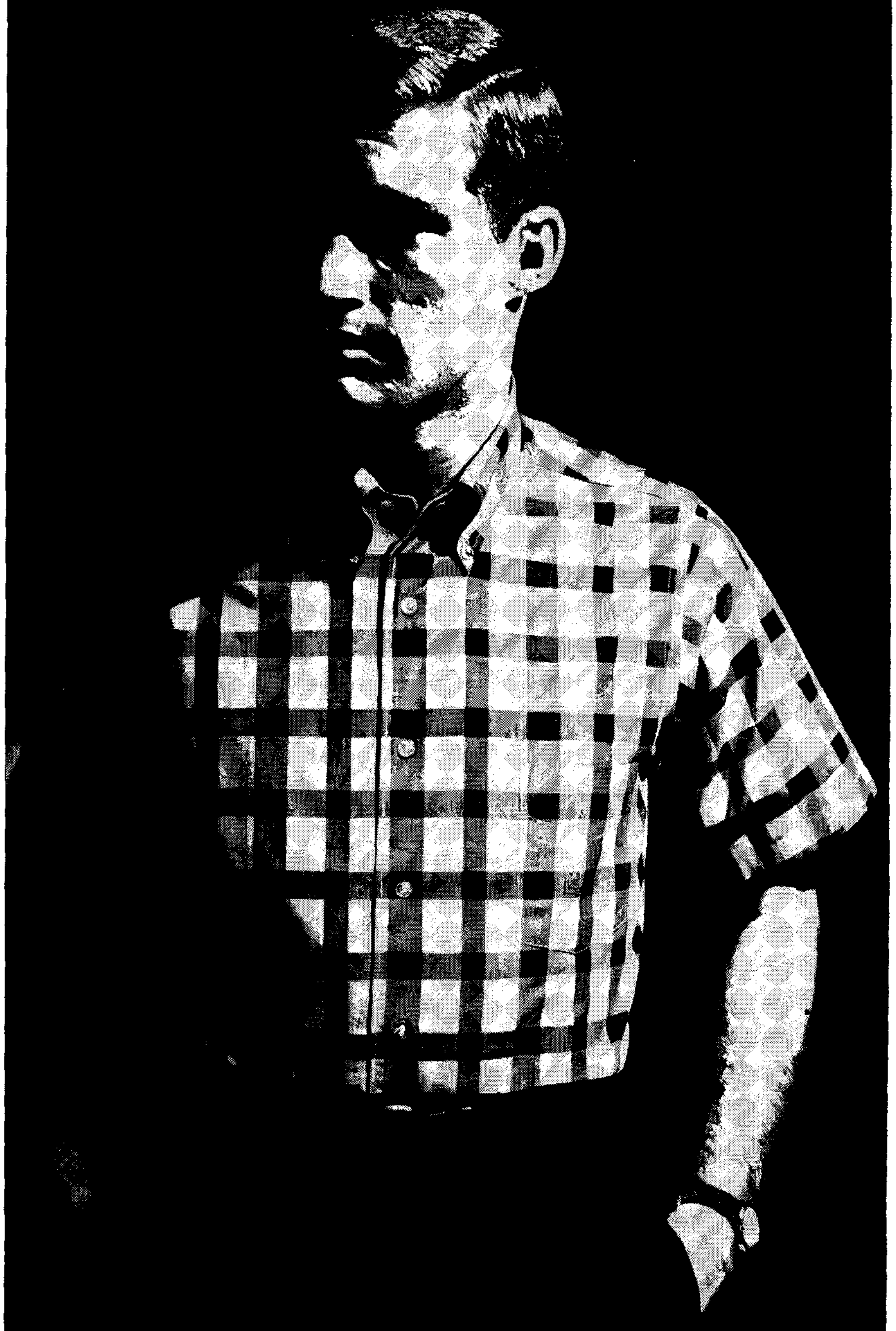

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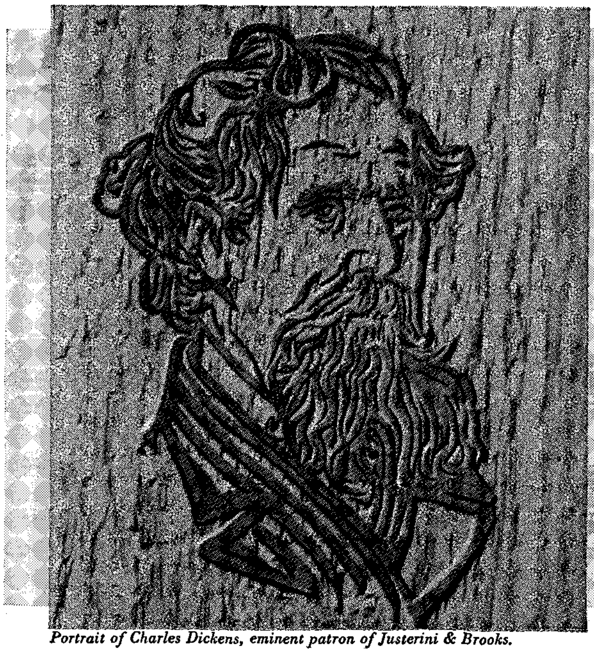

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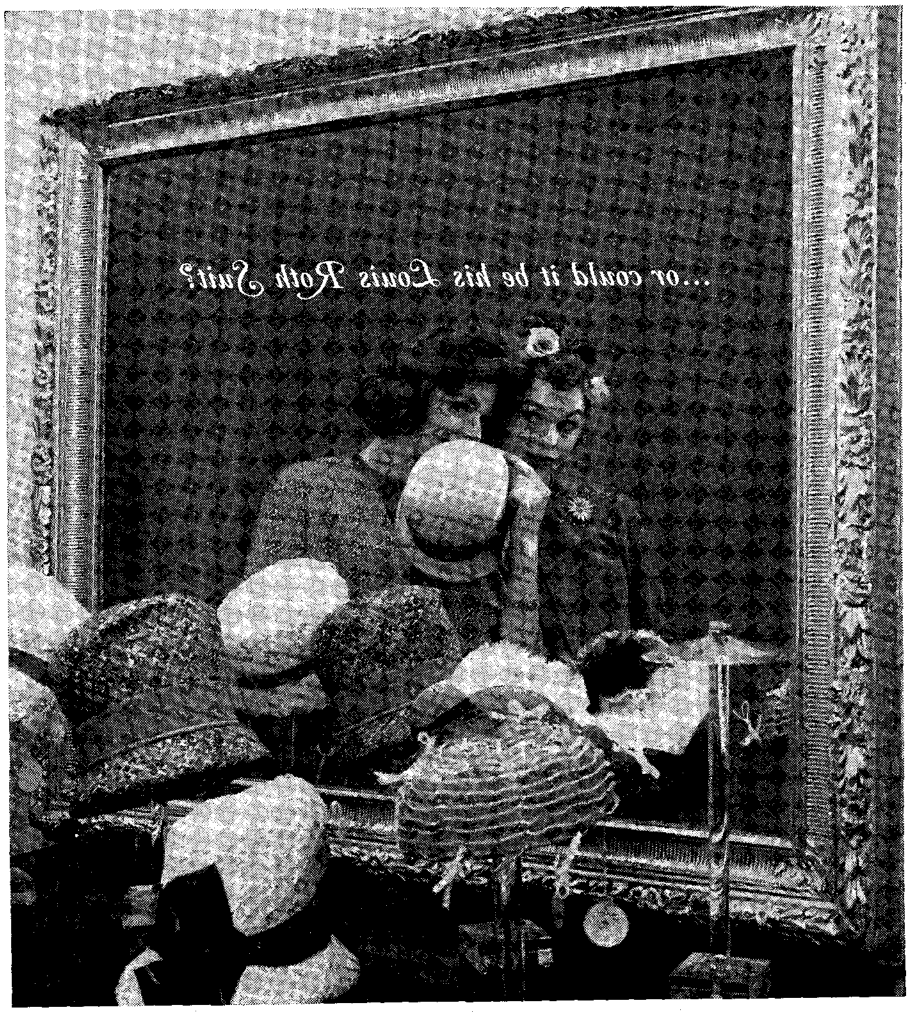
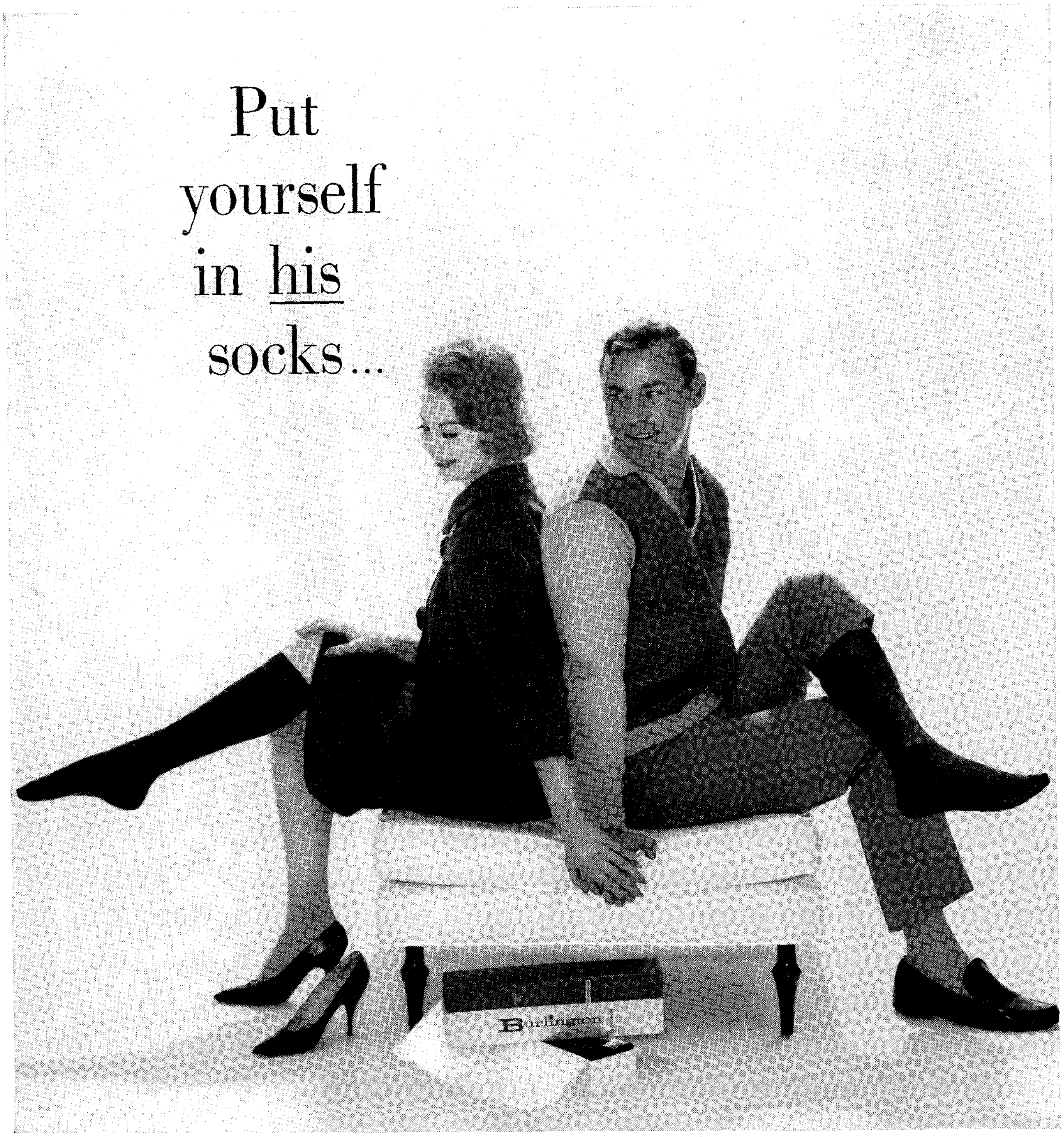

...or could it be his Louis Roth Suit?

day, most of the stragglers recall their yearning for salt as more overwhelming and passionate than any sexual cravings they had. While skulking in the inland hills, Shimada's men had risked capture time and again by making trips to the shore, hauling back sea water, and boiling it or letting it evaporate until it yielded a cherished residue of salt. (Ito and Minagawa, who performed a similar operation on Guam, have estimated that in a year they were able to refine about half a peck of salt from half a ton of sea water.) When the group found its precious two pounds of salt, Shimada gathered his men around him and announced that he expected the salt to last them at least ten years. He poured a trickle into each man's hand, to illustrate what a year's individual ration would amount to, and then consigned the precious stuff to a communal box, decreeing that it was to be opened and its contents doled out only on New Year's Day, the Emperor's Birthday, and other festive occasions. Shimada is not the kind of Japanese who, invested with the authority of superior rank, would have chopped off a subordinate's head, or even cuffed him, for arguing against such a rigid program, but nobody disputed his decision. "I wanted to make that salt last as long as I could," he says. "The lack of it makes men impatient, and, much as we needed salt, we needed patience more."

Back in 1944, Shimada's original eight men were joined in their march toward Hollandia by seven others, who had become separated from their units. Allied patrols, trying to wipe out all the rats in the sack, were scouring the coastal trails with increasing diligence, and Shimada's men were too weak to move fast or far; for one harrowing forty-eight-hour stretch they slogged through a swamp so deep that there was no place a man could even sit down. To avoid the American patrols and find a place for his men to rest, Shimada decided to strike inland and to hide out temporarily in the jungle a couple of miles from a Japanese supply dump that the Allies had overrun. At night, he thought, his men might be able to sneak past the sentries at the dump and steal some provisions. "I had concluded that for every day we kept on marching one of my soldiers would probably collapse and die," Shimada says. "Anyway, we had heard by then that the Americans were in Hollandia, and it seemed foolish to get there before the Japanese had retaken the place, which none of us had the slightest doubt they would do within a month or two." For nearly a year, the stragglers lived in a crude shelter near



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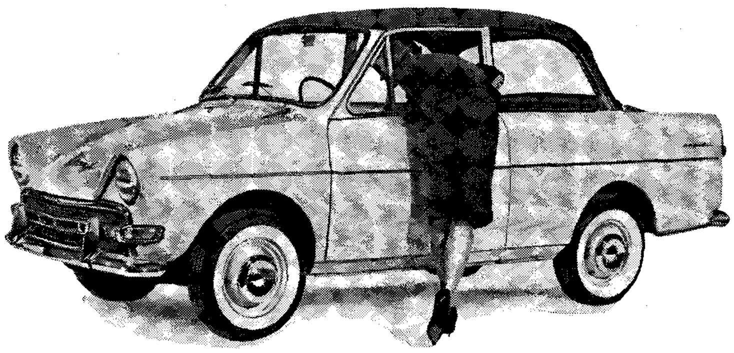

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the supply dump. From the latter they managed to obtain some clothes and enough food to get by on, but as the months passed, malaria and a few well-aimed bullets from American sentries killed off five of the sixteen.

The fifth of May is celebrated as Children's Day in Japan, and the survivors observed the holiday in 1945 by playing games most of the night, by the light of a small, flickering, and, they hoped, well-screened fire. With pieces they had carved, they engaged zestfully in round after round of Go, mah-jongg, and shogi, the Japanese version of chess. The next morning, they were tired and off their guard. When one of them announced that he had heard a twig snap, another suggested that it was probably just a wild boar or some other animal. Ojima was not so sure. He went out to look around, and from a knoll above their hideout he saw enemy soldiers advancing. He yelled a warning, and his companions tumbled out and took to the woods, with bullets singing past them. Three were killed. Yaegashi got a flesh wound in his thigh, but was still able to move. All this was bad enough, but it was horrifying when the attacking patrol, having chased the Japanese away, set fire to their shelter. When the patrol was gone and the eight surviving stragglers reassembled, they discovered that just about everything they had possessed was in ashes. The next day, they discovered that the Allies had also put the torch to the supply depot on which they'd been so dependent. The only food that hadn't been ruined was some dried biscuit packed in cans. For the following year, that was to be their chief sustenance. During this austere period, three more men died.

Early in 1946, Shimada concluded that whenever the Japanese Army might be coming back, it seemed unlikely that it would be very soon, and that if he and his four companions wanted to stay alive, they had better start producing their own food. For weeks they searched for a promising piece of land to till, and they finally found one about thirty miles from the scorched dump. The spot they picked was near a village called Koya, which is a couple of days' walk inland from Hollandia. Ojima had gone to an agricultural school as a boy, had passed a national examination in farming techniques, and before entering the Army had worked for his home prefecture as an agricultural adviser. Now he was a theoretician become practitioner. He found some sweet-potato vines, and these the men planted on an acre or so that they had laboriously

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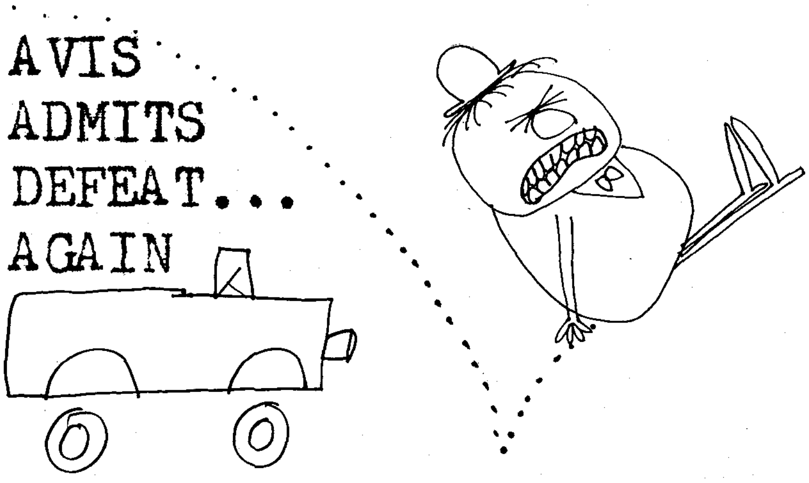

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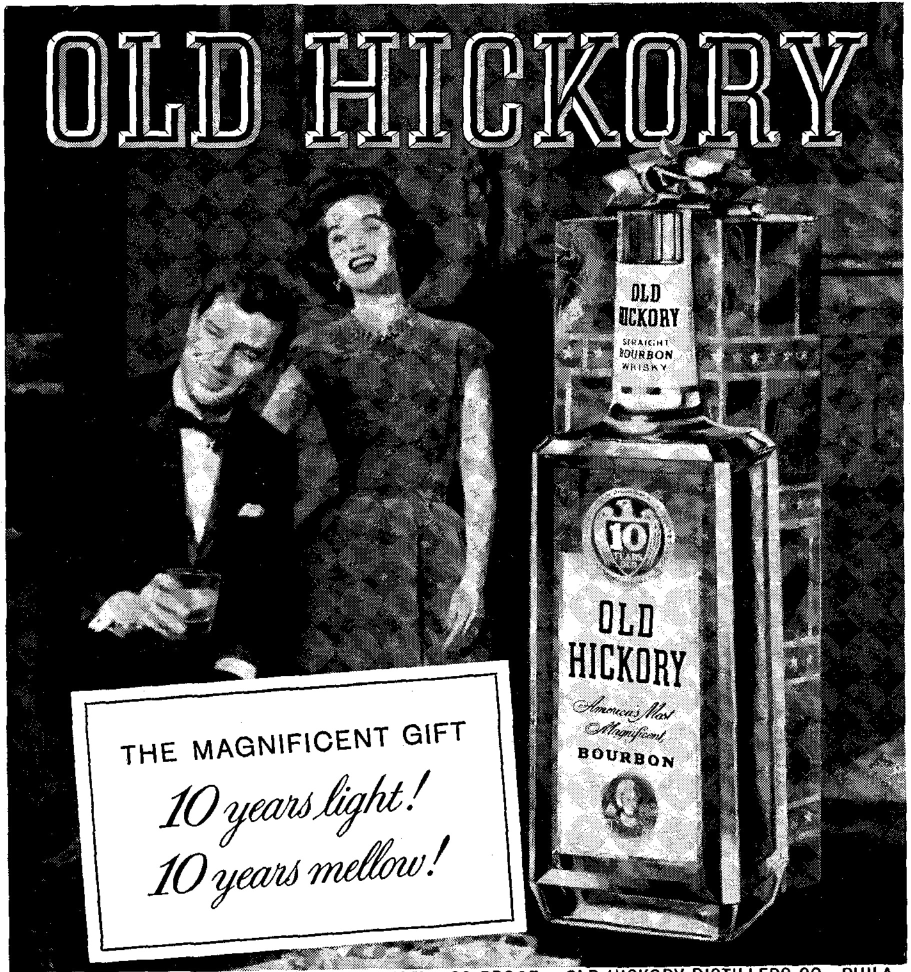

10 YEARS OLD • STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY • 86 PROOF • OLD HICKORY DISTILLERS CO., PHILA.

cleared with their sabres and a few tools they had picked up in their wanderings—a hatchet, a scythe, and a saw. But what were they to eat until harvest time? They went back to the burned-out supply dump, picked up all the tinned hardtack they could find, and, in several burdensome trips, carted it to their new home. One can was supposed to provide one man with one meal. They figured that they had enough tins to last them for six months—on the basis of one can per man per day. The cache proved useful in another way. The biscuits were wrapped in a gauzelike material, and after a few months the stragglers accumulated enough of this to make some clothing, and also a mosquito net big enough to cover them all as they slept. After four months, their potato plants were lushly leafy, and the eager gardeners dug up their crop. To their dismay, the entire yield turned out to be about ten pounds of puny, thumb-sized potatoes. The biscuits by then were all but gone. Gamely, the Japanese at once planted a second potato crop, and also put in some banana sprouts they had found. While waiting apprehensively for these plants to grow, they ate whatever they could find—wild fruits, frogs and lizards, worms and grasshoppers, the pulp of certain trees, and the broad leaves of their potato crop. The leaves gave them dysentery. But their second crop was a good one, and around the time it came in, their periodic forays into the surrounding forest netted them six rusty rifles—five of which they managed to coddle into working shape—and three hundred rounds of ammunition. But not until early 1948 did they dare go hunting; up to then, they were fearful of betraying their location with shots. After that, they occasionally bagged a cassowary or a wild boar. Once, after killing a wild sow, they captured her piglets, which they put into a crude sty with the idea of breeding them. But the shoats kept breaking out and rooting up the vegetable garden, so they had to be slaughtered. In 1948, another man died of malaria. And then there were four—Shimada, Ojima, Shimokubo, and Yaegashi.

As their diet gradually improved and their strength increased, the four men began improving their living conditions. In the early days at their farm, they had tried to build a log cabin, but the effort of cutting a single log had drained their energy, so they had merely sheltered themselves as best they could with slim boughs and tenting. Now they were able to erect a fairly cozy cabin, about

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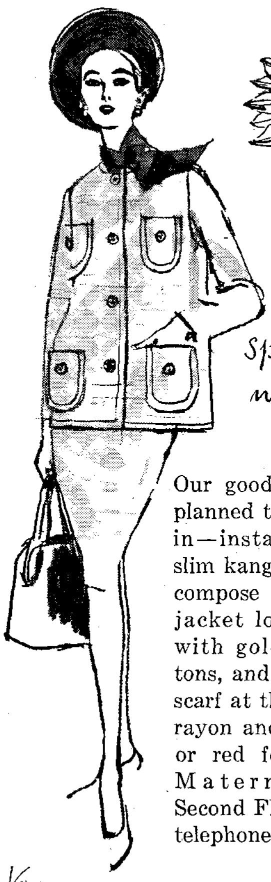
thirty feet long and ten feet wide, which they roofed and floored with broad palm fronds. They dammed a nearby stream and used the resulting pool for washing their clothes and bathing; downstream, they set up a latrine. They made new clothes from tree fibres, though they didn't require much in the way of garments; mostly, they just wore loincloths. Their feet had long since become so calloused that they had no need of shoes.

But as their life became more tolerable, and they had time to think about something besides mere survival, boredom set in. There were few conversational topics they had not exhausted. They had talked incessantly about the food they would eat when, or if, they ever got out of the jungle, and they had talked about their families, and they had talked about their plight. "After a while, we had nothing to talk about," Ojima recalls. "We sometimes felt that the soldiers who had died were luckier than we were. Once or twice, after we found the rifles, we discussed the idea of going out and finding some enemy soldiers and attacking them, so they would kill us and end our misery. But that was really just talk; we never seriously wanted to bring about our own deaths. Nobody would kill himself unless he was crazy. Besides, we had been taught to commit suicide only if we were on the point of capture, and we seemed to be in no danger of *that*. And we were all determined that if the Japanese Army did come back to our part of New Guinea, we would rejoin it and fight again for our country."

Once, hoping to learn something of outside affairs, they walked to the seashore. They saw a flotilla of Allied ships off the coast, and concluded that the war was probably still going on somewhere beyond their limited earshot. They all agreed upon this conclusion; they hardly ever argued about anything. Now and then, one of them briefly became peeved at the others; in such instances it was their policy to ignore the dissenter until he cooled off. None of them, no matter how put out he might momentarily be, ever contemplated abandoning his comrades and striking off on his own, for they were all conscious of their interdependence. They had no particular religious convictions; coöperation was their binding faith. "What kind of a god would have condemned men to the kind of life we led?" one of the survivors has asked.

Master Sergeant Kakuo Shimada was unarguably in command, but although most Japanese military leaders insisted that in all circumstances their subordi-



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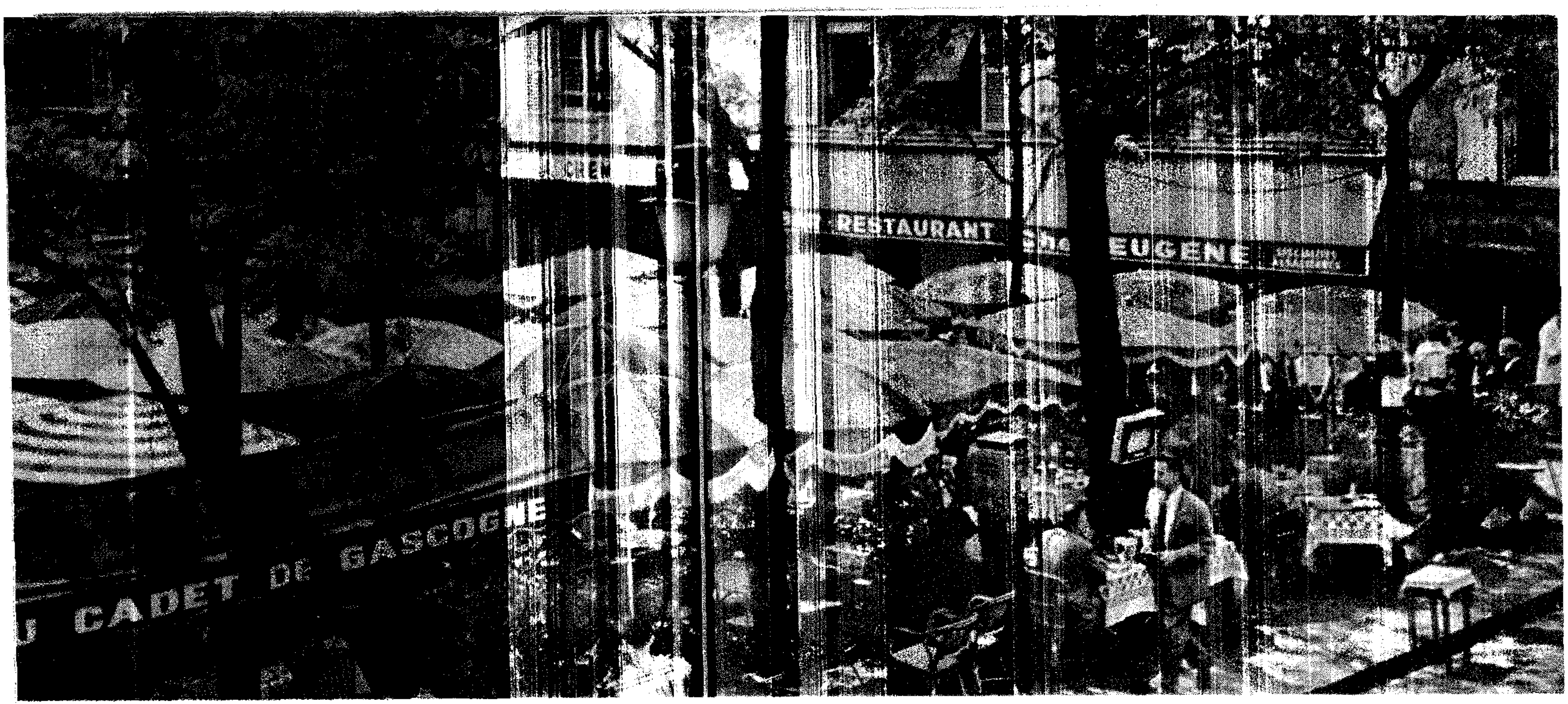

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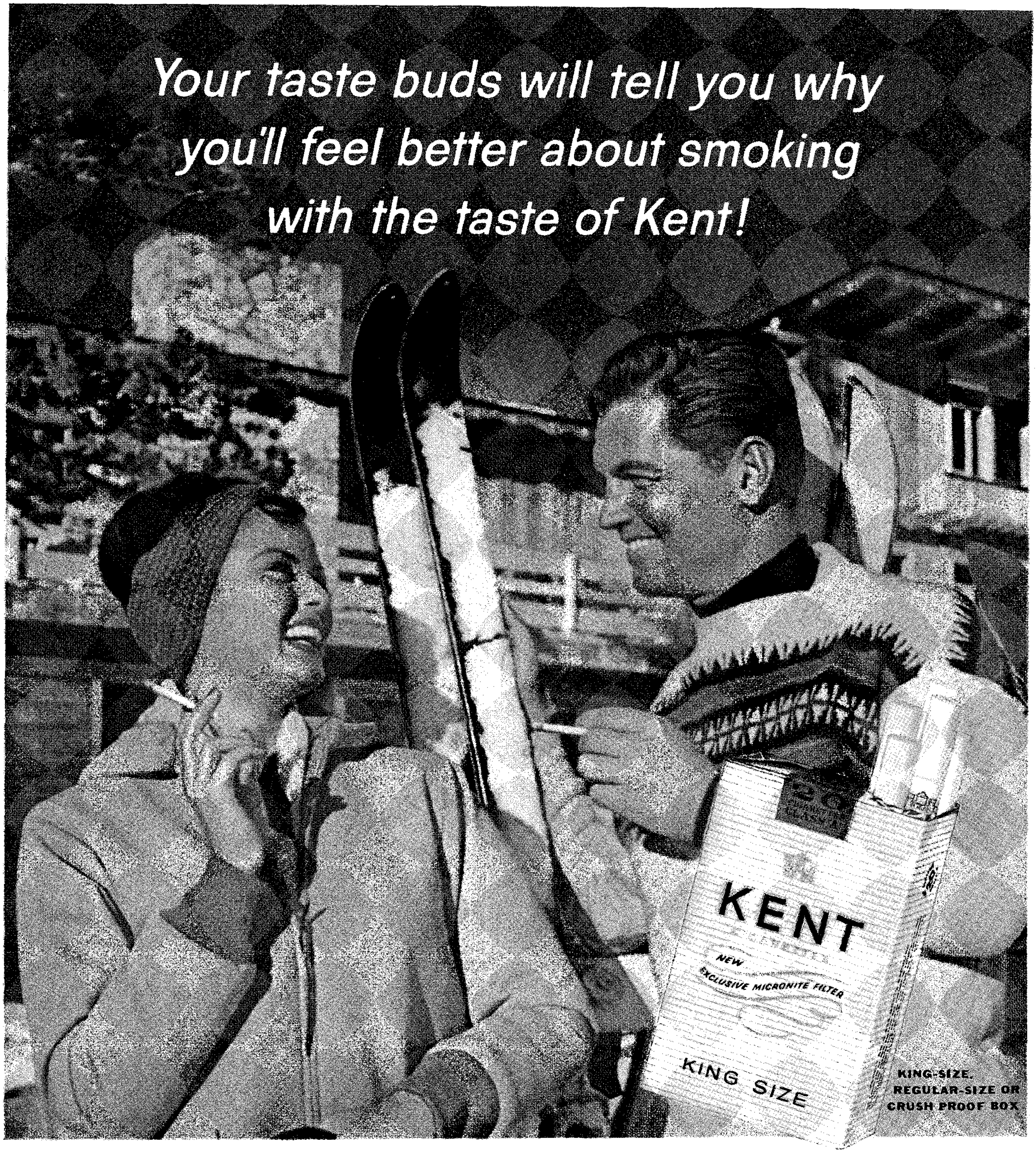
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nates address them in respectful terms, he asked the others to stop calling him Sergeant and to call him Kak-san. Ojima, whose name is sometimes pronounced "Kojima," became Kojiko. Sanzo Yaegashi was San-chan, and Kumao Shimokubo was Kuma-san. Kak-san had acquired some skill at working metals during his hitch as a maintenance man in Manchuria. Now he made a forge and an anvil, and from metal objects that he collected in the jungle he fashioned a chisel and a plane, a razor and a pair of shears, and some eating utensils. Ojima, who in his prewar agricultural stint had watched Japanese farmers make charcoal, proceeded to dig a charcoal pit. At best, however, the four men were still leading a marginal existence. They knew now that they would not starve, but in nearly five years at their farm they had not laid eyes on another human being; indeed, they were completely in the dark as to whether the natives in the area were cordial or hostile.

In the summer of 1951, they found out. Yaegashi, who was setting out on a hunting expedition, saw some footprints that were too large to have been made by Japanese feet. He summoned his comrades, and they followed the tracks as far as they could. The next week, a dog came sniffing around their hut. Since they had never seen a wild dog in that region, they figured it must be a pet. Shimada, Ojima, and Shimokubo followed it, leaving Yaegashi, who had been laid low with malaria, at home with a loaded rifle. The three men pursued the dog for five hundred yards or so, in jungle so dense they couldn't see five feet ahead. Just as they were about to turn back, they heard a shout of "Japan, *ka*?" The "Japan" was in English; "*ka*" in Japanese is an articulated question mark. They conferred hastily, and then Shimada called out, "*Hai*, Japan!" "*Hai*" is Japanese for "yes." The voice thereupon said, "*Mari, mari*." "*Mari*" means "come" in Malay; the Japanese had learned the word years before, from Indonesian prisoners conscripted to work for their Army.

As Shimada, Ojima, and Shimokubo sought out the owner of the voice, they had a fleeting glimpse of some natives running off. As the natives ran, they kept calling "*Mari, mari*," and the Japanese kept following them. At last, one native stopped behind a tree. The stragglers couldn't see whether or not he was armed. If this was an ambush, they wanted to make sure they wouldn't all be trapped by it, especially with Yaegashi alone and sick in the hut. So Ojima, a

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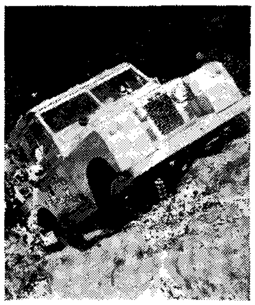

...over rock

...mud

...snow

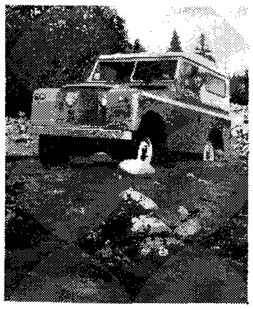
...underbrush

...sand

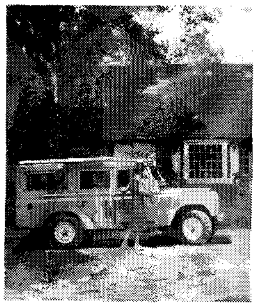
...highways

Does Anything...

...for hunting


...fishing

...skiing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crack marksman, hung back, covering the others with a rifle. When Shimada and Shimokubo had come within ten yards of the native, he gestured to them to drop their rifles and ammunition sacks. They complied. Then the native stepped out and shook hands with them. Shimada yelled to Ojima to lay down his weapon and join them. By the time Ojima reached the group, two other natives had materialized.

The Japanese thought it would be tactful to give their new acquaintances some presents. Shimokubo ran back to the cabin and returned with three knives Shimada had made, and also a bunch of bananas, which the natives ate with every appearance of relish, though these could hardly have constituted much of a treat. They fingered the knives with awe, admiring the keenness of the blades. Meanwhile, all concerned tried to converse. Shimada and Ojima, seeking military information, pantomimed rifle fire and said, in Japanese, "Japan? America? Hollandia?" The natives looked blank. After a few more abortive attempts to exchange intelligence, two of the natives, whose names the stragglers later learned were Laniel and Kamen, pointed to the sky and made gestures, which the Japanese interpreted to mean that the pair would come to call at their hut when the sun had slept ten times.

For the next ten days, the Japanese forwent hunting and stuck close to home. They were still not certain of the natives' intentions, and when the ten days had passed and there was no sign of their new acquaintances, they grew nervous. But on the twelfth day Laniel and Kamen showed up. They inspected the stragglers' quarters minutely, and were particularly taken with Shimada's smithy. The Sergeant noticed that the tips of some arrows the guests were carrying were worn and blunt, and on the spot he fashioned a sharp new arrowhead for one of them. The natives were enchanted with it. They also had some dull-edged sabres with them, and Shimada offered to sharpen these. Laniel and Kamen left the swords with him, promising to come back and fetch them after three more sunsets. This time, they arrived on schedule, and brought along a delegation of eight other tribesmen from their village—it was named Koya—including their chief, a man named Faloan. They also brought a bundle of arrows and sabres that needed repairs. Koya was a whole day's walk from the stragglers' retreat, but after that some of the natives came to see the Japanese frequently. At the start, com-

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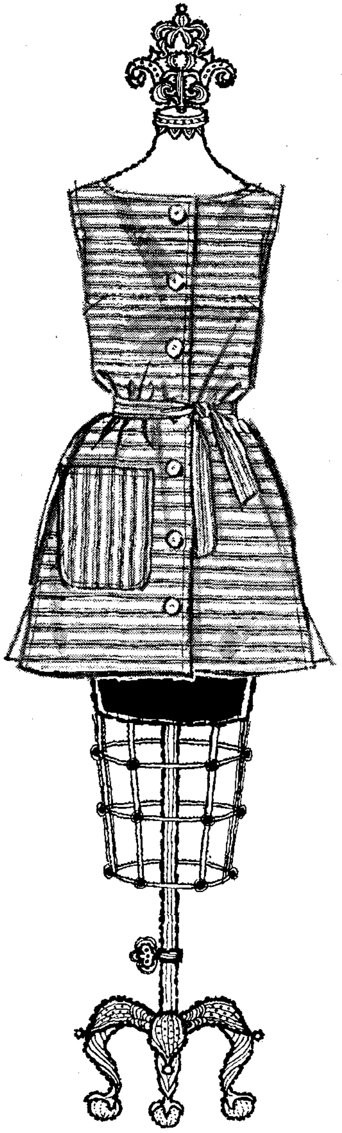

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munication wasn't easy. The stragglers learned, however, that the natives had known of their whereabouts for two years or so, having heard them shooting game. It had taken the Koya men seven hundred suns to muster up enough nerve to approach within hailing distance. Now that they were all friends, the natives brought seeds that the Japanese could plant to vary their diet—peanuts and pumpkins, eggplant and sugar cane, and, best of all, cayenne pepper, to add some piquancy to their bland fare. The natives also brought tobacco, which the stragglers wrapped in banana leaves, to make the first cigarettes they'd had for ages; at night, when the visitors had left, they played mah-jongg, using the roll-your-owns as prizes. There were no coconut trees within walking distance of the Japanese farm, so the natives brought coconuts. They also brought a ragged copy of *Life*, four or five years old. None of the Japanese knew any English, but the issue carried a picture of an American walking jauntily past the grounds of the Imperial Palace, in Tokyo. This was the most persuasive evidence the stragglers had yet come upon that maybe the war wasn't progressing according to Imperial plan. (At just about the time they saw the magazine, the six-year American Occupation of Japan was drawing to a close.) The natives themselves professed to be utterly ignorant of international affairs, and the Japanese agreed that the only safe thing to do was to stay where they were—especially since the natives were now making their existence a good deal more bearable. Faloan and his tribesmen taught them how to hunt with bows and arrows, and showed them jungle grasses from which medicines could be brewed. All four of the Japanese had been chronically sick, but Yaegashi was the frailest among them, and he found this pharmacological guidance especially welcome. He had been flat on his back with malaria or some other illness as often as he'd been up and about; every now and then his companions had tugged him to his feet and forced him to walk around, lest his muscles atrophy from disuse. The Koya men taught the Japanese their words for many objects, and the stragglers carefully wrote these down, phonetically, on strips of bark with pieces of Ojima's charcoal. Hunting had become a fairly sedentary pursuit for the Japanese, who, because of their diminished strength, would usually rig up a blind and sit in it until some game came their way. Now, as they waited, they practiced the native words they'd learned. One day, when their friends

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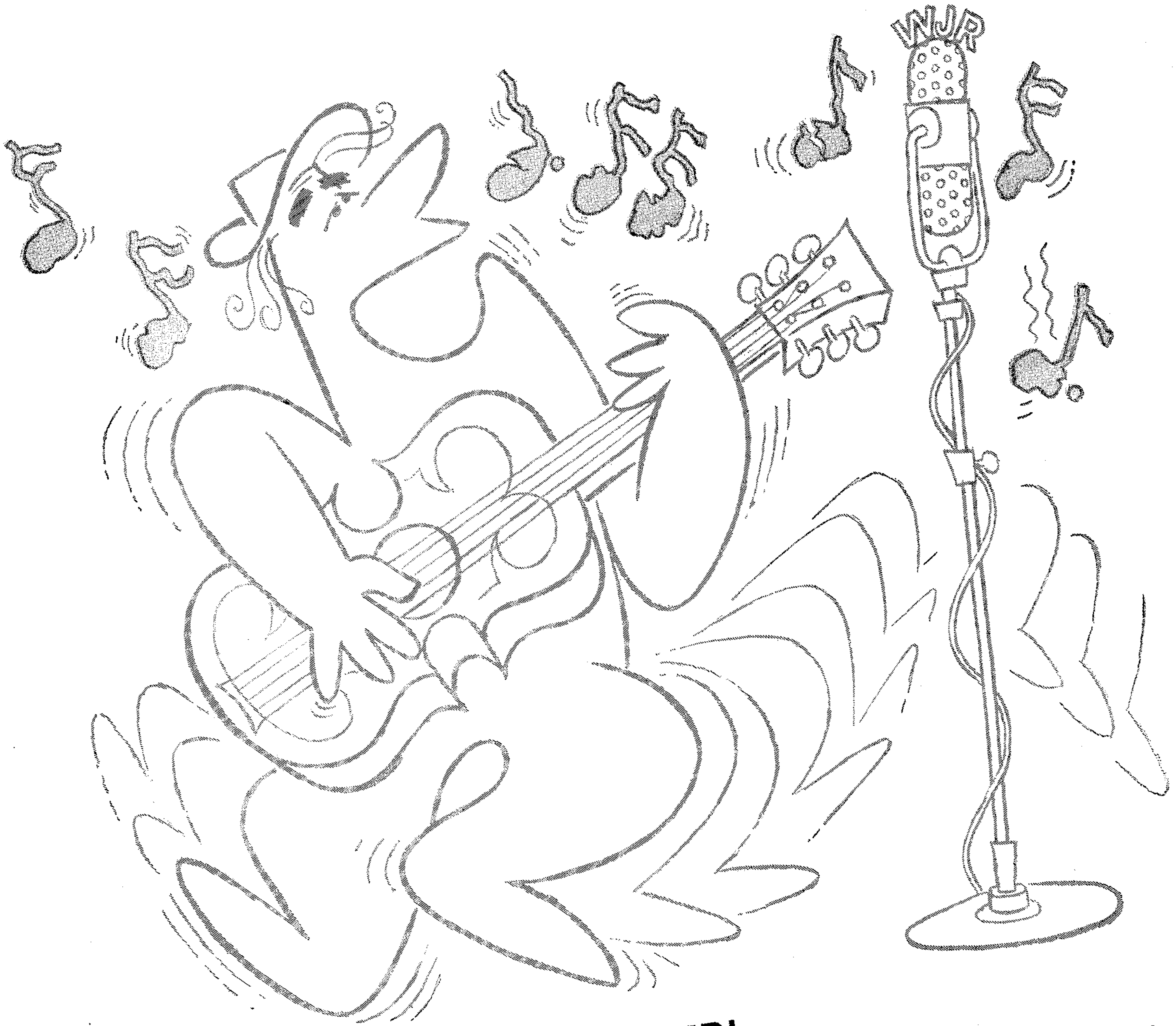

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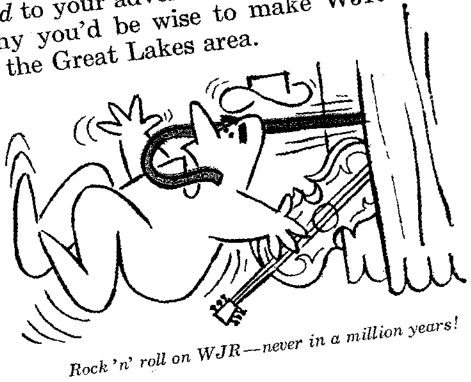

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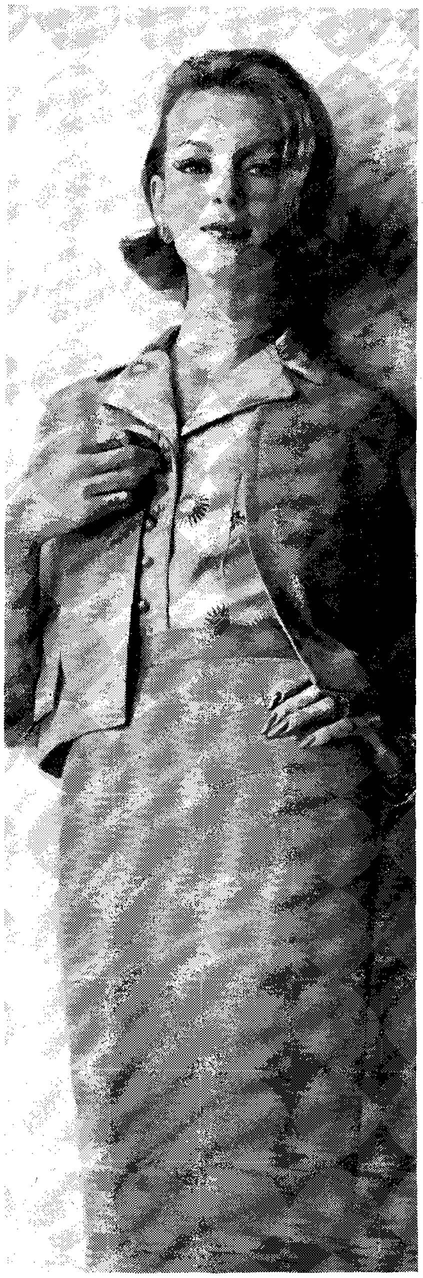

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from Koya took them fishing, they met some people from another village, whom the Koya men addressed in a tongue unfamiliar to the Japanese. This was a language that was more widespread in New Guinea than the local dialect, and the name of it, as they recall, was Toan. Soon the Japanese were boning up on Toan, and in the years since they've been home Shimada and Ojima have amused themselves by occasionally corresponding in a phonetic version of that language.

It was thanks to the natives that the stragglers were ultimately repatriated. The Japanese never learned exactly how this came about, but by this time they have pieced together a fairly complete explanation. Faloan, the chief, had a bad leg, so he turned over his post to a son. The son's wife was the daughter of a native policeman with connections in Hollandia, and she confided to her father that the Koya villagers were succoring a group of Japanese. Presently she died, and her father suspected that she'd been poisoned by the Koya tribesmen. Vengefully hoping to get them in trouble—or so the Japanese were led to believe—he tipped off the local Dutch authorities to the presence of the stragglers. It is difficult to understand how the natives could, on the one hand, have had such relatively easy access to government authorities and, on the other, have been so uninformed about outside events. However this may have been, the Dutch did find out about the Japanese, and sent an armed patrol to round them up. The stragglers surrendered without resistance on being told that the war was over, that the Emperor was in good health, and that Japan and the United States were at peace. "Also we came out for the reason that we couldn't have continued our accustomed way of life much longer," Shimada said on reaching Japan. "White ants were destroying our house."

All four men were ill for quite a while after arriving home, in the fall of 1954. Shimokubo—who was married early in 1959, now has a son, and works in a machine foundry near Nagasaki—had a spot on one lung. "Because of all the jungle diseases, my strength isn't as good as that of ordinary men," he said not long ago. It is hardly surprising that he should regard himself as extraordinary. Yaegashi is dead. His home was in one of the most frigid sections of Japan, and his wasted body couldn't adjust to an environment so frostily different from that of the tropics. He got married in 1956, and had two children, but his health gradually declined, and

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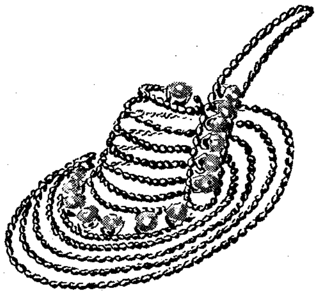

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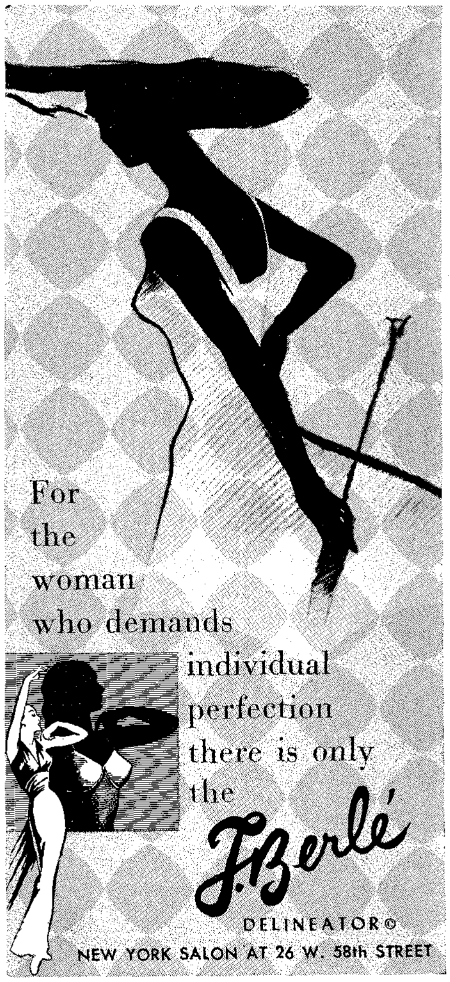

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he died on November 24, 1960, at the age of forty-one. His death was a blow to Shimada and Ojima; they had planned to visit him the following month. The three of them had had one reunion earlier that year (Shimokubo hadn't been able to make it), and had had a merry time exchanging reminiscences, some of them in Toan. Shimada and Ojima feel that Yaegashi's death came about in part because, though physically he was no match for his three companions, he had always insisted on doing his full quarter share of their joint chores whenever he was able to move under his own power.

Shimada currently works as a supervisor in a Takahashi factory that makes picture frames, decorative boxes, and other objects of carved wood. He got married the year after his homecoming, to a woman who runs a beauty parlor, and they have a four-year-old daughter. Ojima got married at just about the same time, and has a daughter a month younger than Shimada's. Ojima is a clerk in the head office of a company that operates an inn, a children's-wear store, and a *pachinko*—pinball—parlor. "I guess maybe I am a more understanding man than I might have been if I hadn't stayed in New Guinea all that time," he says, "but I sometimes think that it was a terrible disadvantage for me to have spent the best years of my life in the jungle. The world changed too fast for me. I think I was sort of left behind." —E. J. KAHN, JR.

(This is the first of a series of three articles.)

•

Purporting to heed the cultural prodding of Newton N. Minow, chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, Twentieth Century-Fox Television announced plans yesterday for a vidpix series based on Homer's "The Odyssey" and "The Iliad."

A spokesman for Fox said the company believed the Greek poems had the "kind of classic and universal appeal" that would meet with enthusiastic response through a half-hour weekly television film series. . . .

Ulysses will be the leading character in the series, according to a company spokesman. He said he did not know which other characters in Homer's works would be depicted. The series will be produced for release in the 1962-63 season, the spokesman declared.

Story lines for the programs will be developed by Kimon Friar, poet and translator of Greek poetry. The Fox spokesman said it was probable that dramatic license would be invoked in transferring Homer's works to television.—*The Times.*

For instance, dawn could have *purple* fingers. And one of Penelope's suitors could be crazy about Janice Rule.

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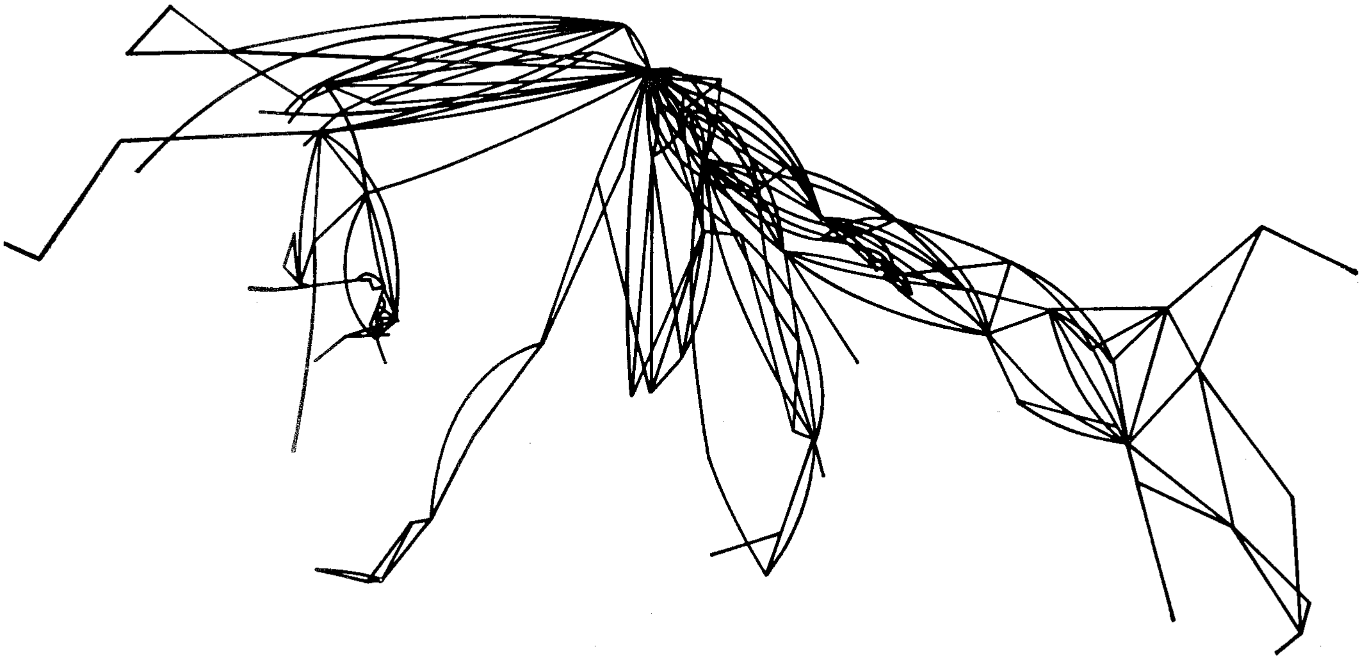

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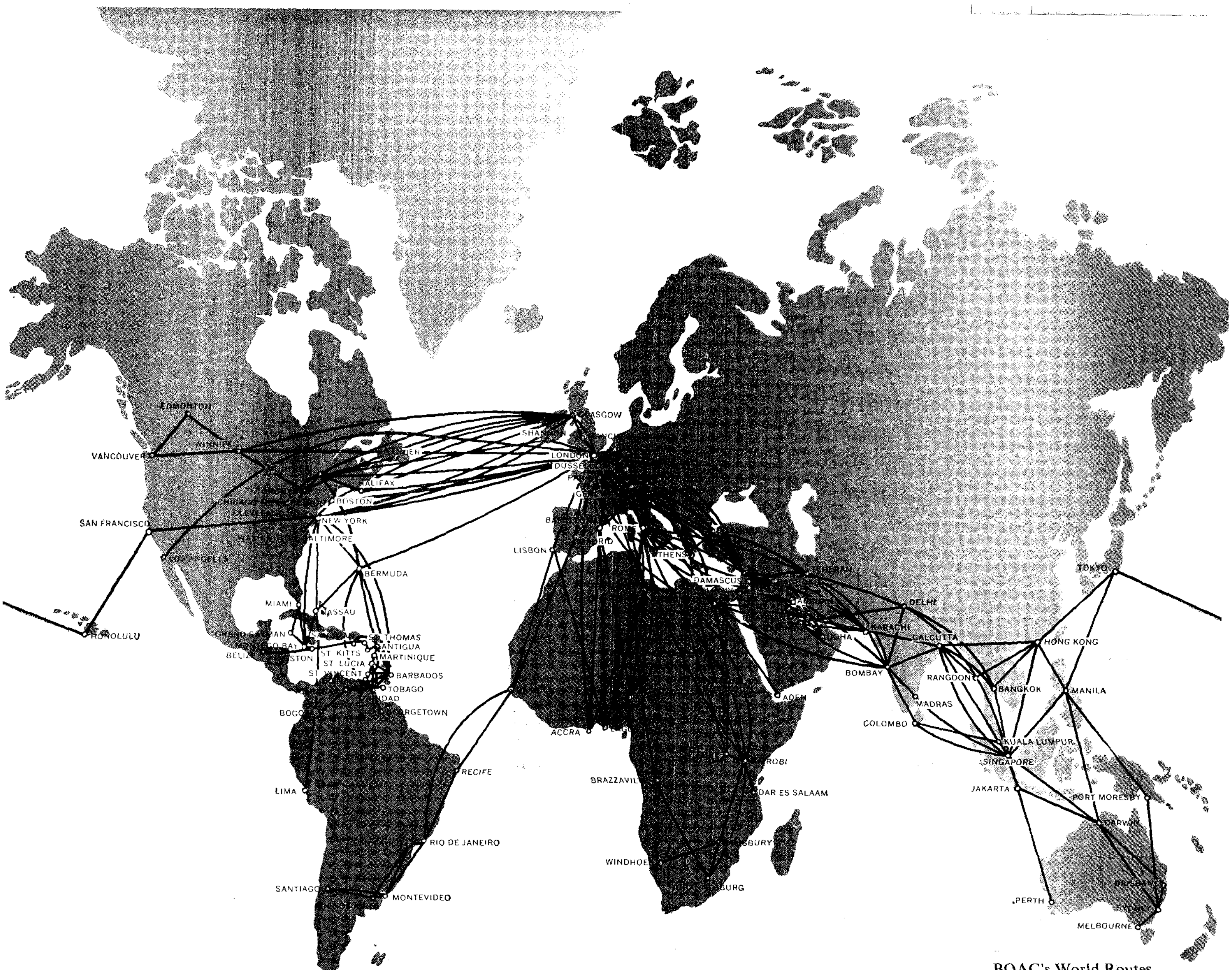
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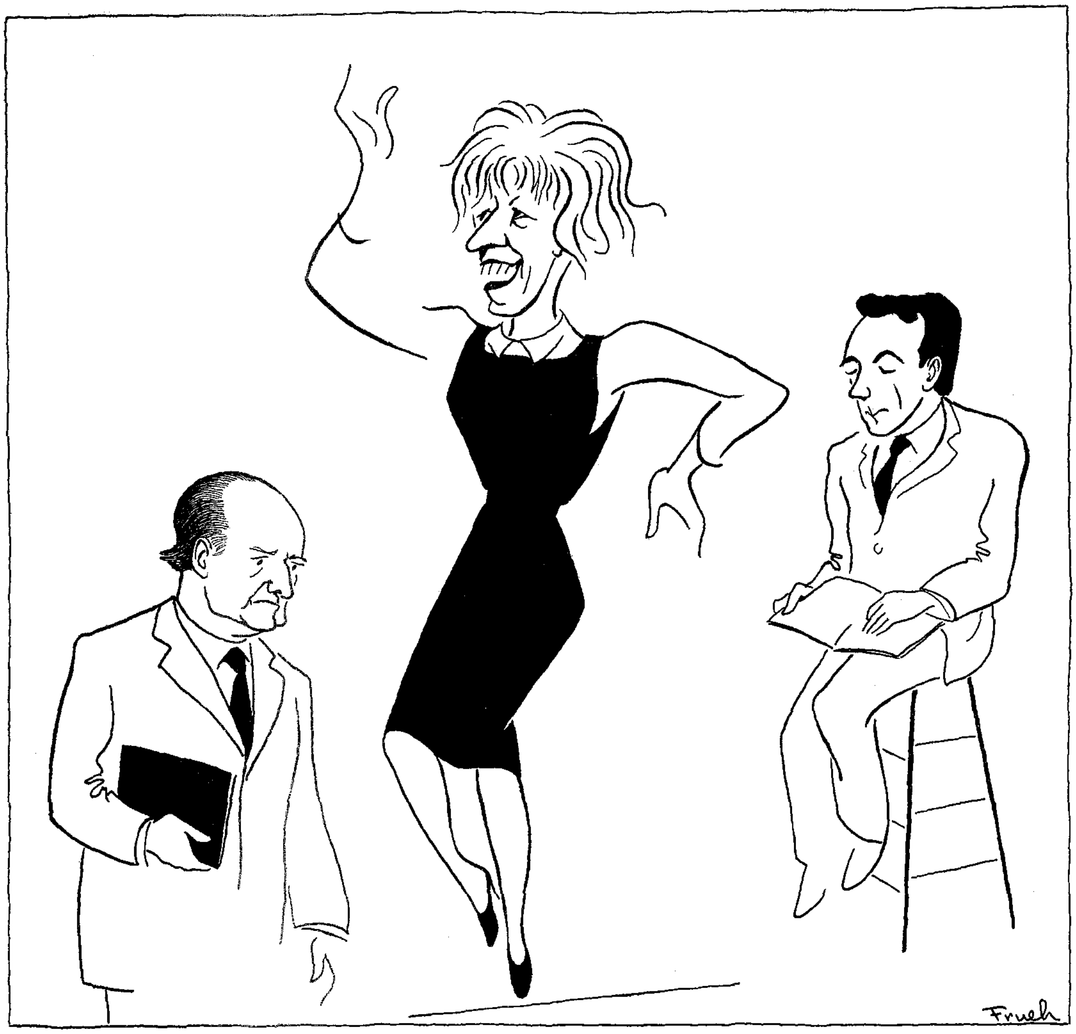
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

"THIS WAS BURLESQUE," at the Casino East, is billed as a musical satire, but actually it's a good-humored, in-and-out burlesque of Burlesque. And only occasionally in. The chorus girls, called the Casino Cuties, use fake voices when they sing, but they seem sincere when they get down to the real business they were hired for. The show is based (to play along with the notion that there is any abstract idea behind it at all) on the recollections of Ann Corio, its star, director, and mistress of ceremonies. I am perhaps not the ideal reporter for this particular enterprise; what must have been a nostalgic occasion for a large part of the audience was an initiation for me, and the comments that follow can be set down as haphazard first impressions.

Miss Corio, herself a stripper and headliner back in the thirties, has now become a very pretty matron. When, right before the finale, she moves from the side of the stage to the center to reënact her strip, she is as graceful and—well, charming as can be imagined while, to the tune of "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody," she removes a large picture hat, long gloves, and a long chiffon-and-lace dress, and then, making a cape of her petticoat, peels down to a flesh-colored leotard. For most of the evening, she stands in a corner, wrapped in an ermine coat or dressed in a succession of glittering costumes, and brings on the acts with well-rehearsed spontaneity. She certainly has learned her lines and every inflection that goes with them. After many allusions to famous comedians who rose from burlesque to greater glories on Broadway and in Hollywood, she introduces, one at a time, a number of droll veterans who have stayed put. Steve Mills is a skinny, expressive, and surprisingly agile little fellow who knows what he is doing every moment he is onstage. His partner and straight man, Conny Ryan, has a pleasant voice, a professional manner, and the air of someone who has not been exposed to the noonday sun for at least a generation and a half. Charley Robinson, who looks something like Jimmy Savo, has black hair combed into bangs, eyes that gleam with wicked innocence, and baggy, insecure pants. (A great many pants droop and drop in the course of the evening.) Mac Dennison, a chunky man, has a rubber face that collapses into alarming grimaces. From the other side of the tracks, chronologically and theatrically, comes Mara Lynn. She is young, for one thing, and, according to a program note, her experience has been in night clubs and musical comedy. For another, Miss Lynn, tall and refreshing, is a good acrobatic dancer and a comedienne of unshakable composure. Doing an imitation of Fanny Brice singing "My Man" is a mistake, although nothing else she does is.



"BRECHT ON BRECHT"

The demonstrator of feminine vitality above is Lotte Lenya, who is accompanied, on the left, by a thoughtful George Voskovec, and, on the right, by a literate Dane Clark. These three people are appearing at the Theatre de Lys in an anthology of scenes from Brecht plays, songs with Brecht lyrics, and fragments from other Brecht writings.

But how dirty it all is, and how funny bawdiness can be, and how awful it can get after a while! That one joke about the lustful old man and the overavailable young woman, in

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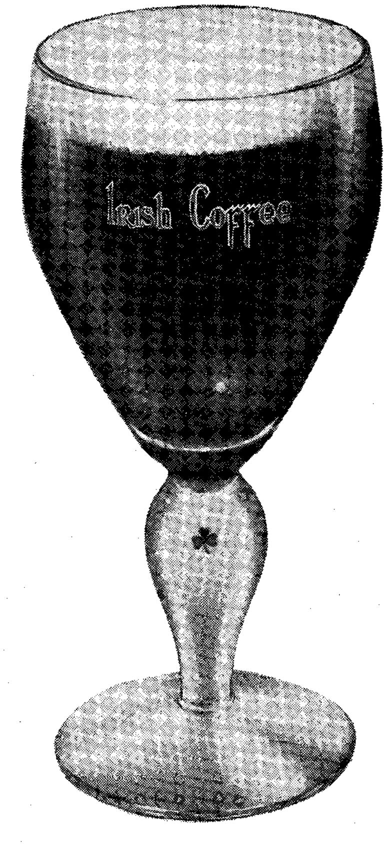

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its innumerable variations, comes to have an anesthetic effect, and those bosomy, bemused girls are bumping and stripping and grinding forever and ever and ever. The traditional clowns, though, are of another world, a breed apart. They switch their stage lasciviousness on and off with an almost audible click, and underneath their "takes" and cracks and sooty routines they are as dead-eyed and impervious to the girls as they would be to a canary act. Miss Corio's plea, at the end, for a return of burlesque makes the whole project seem delightfully worthy. I enjoyed more of the show than I didn't, but I guess once is enough.

REGINALD ROSE'S "Black Monday," at the Vandam, is a discouraging, tricked-up, and—considering its subject—impertinent melodrama whose contempt for its audience is manifest at every turn. The subject is the bigotry and violence in a Southern town after a public high school has been desegregated, and the effects of it all on three families, each of them representing (if you don't care what you say) a layer of the town's society. I see no reason to bore you with a synopsis of the action, which takes place on the first day of school. The dialogue is a composite of high-flown bromides. The characters are synthetics. The principal victim of the play is Diana Sands, whose spirited and mocking style no stereotyped role can entirely dim, but Billie Allen, Robert Blackburn, and Ted Butler can also be counted among the unlucky.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

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Two officials of the Transport Workers Union posed for pictures in front of a clock at the Fifth Av. Coach Lines garage, 54th St. and Ninth Av.

Wedged between them was Armand Catti, one of the 29 men whose layoffs were to trigger a strike. A. Phalanx of photographers shouted directions and took pictures.—*The Post.*

Phalanx is too pushy.

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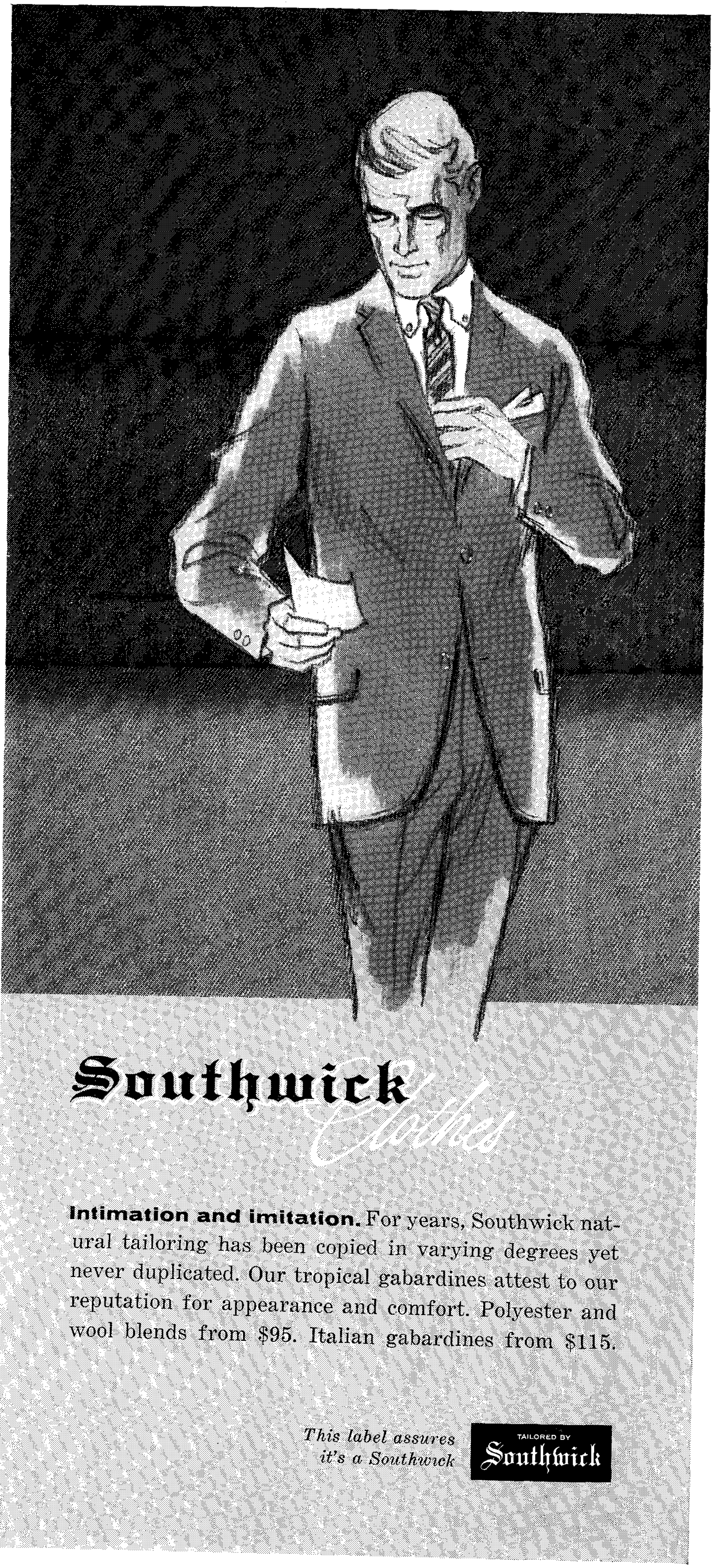
IN these days of jet propulsion, a good horse may do almost as much travelling as a Cabinet member; it is a common occurrence for a runner to fly a thousand miles or more to take part in a stake race. In fact, a couple of horses did so just last weekend. Hillsborough, who had been second in the New Orleans Handicap at the Fair Grounds the previous Saturday, and fifth in the Widener at Hialeah the Saturday before that, flew up to Maryland and romped off with the Bowie Handicap. Admiral's Voyage, who had been second in the Santa Anita Derby the week before, took a longer trip, flying from California to New Orleans, where he obliged his stable by winning the Louisiana Derby. Most horses, accustomed as they are to being shipped in motor vans and Railway Express cars while they are still yearlings, take riding in planes as part of their routine. Some positively enjoy it. Certainly Round Table, who put in a tremendous amount of flying time when he was campaigning four years ago, gave every indication of doing so. Although many trainers believe that travelling takes a little from the speed of a racer, another school of thought holds that it keeps a horse fit. If memory serves, the Christmas boys, as sound a group of horsemen as you'll find in Maryland, once brought off a coup at Narragansett Park, or perhaps it was Suffolk Downs, with a colt that they had put into a van and driven over the roughest pavement in Boston every day for a week. The rides shook him into condition, they said.

It was generally agreed that the Bowie Handicap would be a two-horse affair between Rare Rice, a front runner, who won the Southern Maryland Handicap a few weeks ago, and Hillsborough, a stout finisher. Well, Hillsborough ran past the leaders in the last quarter to win by four lengths; Trojan Jewel was second, and Rare Rice was third. Hillsborough's next outing will be in the John B. Campbell Handicap at Bowie a week from Saturday, and I fancy he'll be the favorite. By the way, one of the starters in the Bowie was called Yeuxdoux. That's one for my Radio Announcers' Handicap.

It was far from smooth sailing for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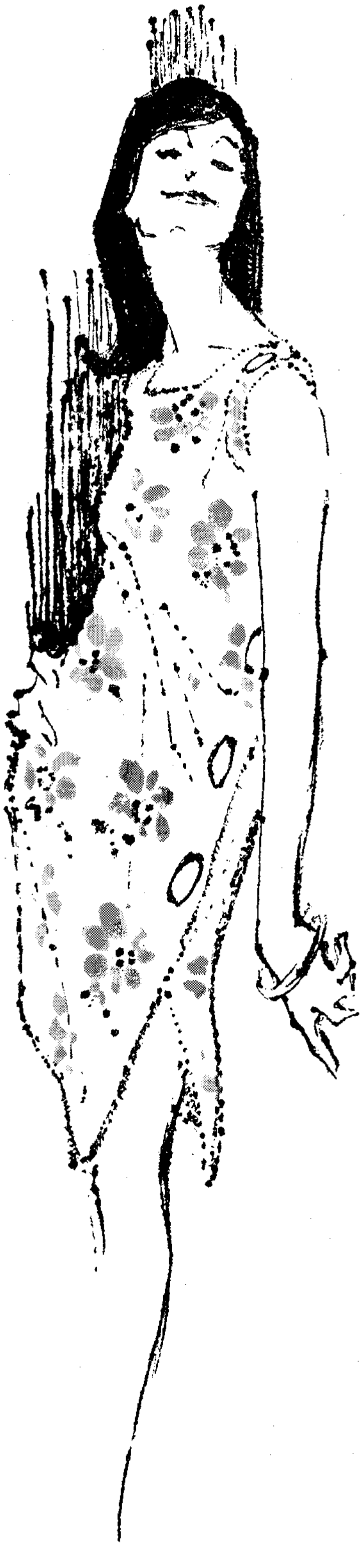

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JOSEPH MAGNIN
california nevada

Admiral's Voyage in the Louisiana Derby; actually, he won by no more than a nose from Roman Line, with Green Hornet third and Good Fight fourth. A couple of riders charged that their horses had been bumped and bothered, but the stewards, after looking at the movies of the race (fourteen ran, and from all accounts it was a merry scramble), dismissed the claims. Endymion, who I thought would win, was boxed in all the way, finishing fifth.

REX ELLSWORTH, who has very definite ideas about training his horses (and does all right, too, if I may say so), has never been enthusiastic about racing on the grass. In fact, he hadn't had a single starter in any of the stakes run over Santa Anita's turf course until last weekend. Then he dropped Olden Times into the San Juan Capistrano Handicap, and—lo and behold—Olden Times led from beginning to end of the mile and six furlongs, winning by a neck from Juanro, with The Axe II third. It was rather a surprise, for Olden Times had tired badly in the Santa Anita Handicap after leading for more than a mile. Incidentally, he picked up $73,000 in the San Juan Capistrano.

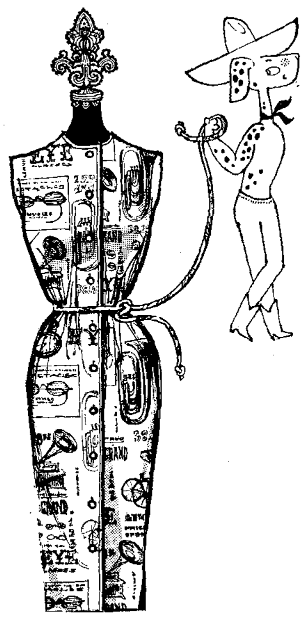
Four-and-Twenty was the top horse at the Santa Anita meeting, which came to an end on Saturday. After finishing third to Olden Times and Spy Flight in the Malibu Stakes last December, he won the San Carlos Handicap, the San Fernando Stakes, and the Maturity, and started at odds-on in the Santa Anita Handicap, in which he finished third to Physician and Olden Times. Last week, he galloped off with the San Bernardino Handicap. Now he has flown to Florida for the Gulfstream Park Handicap on Saturday. The best of luck to him.

IT was with deep regret that this department learned of the death of Mrs. Isabel Dodge Sloane last weekend. In the thirty-six years that she raced the Brookmeade Stable, many good horses carried her colors—among them Cavalcade, Sunglow, Sailor, Sword Dancer, and Bowl of Flowers. Her delight, I think, was to breed her own horses, to give them good names, and to watch them prove themselves on the racecourse. —AUDAX MINOR

•

Mrs. Irene Bolduc, who has been living at York Beach for several months, left Tuesday to be away until spring. Mrs. Bolduc is going on a European trip—Egypt her objective.—*York (Maine) Weekly.*

You're getting warm, Mrs. Bolduc.



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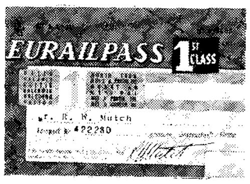

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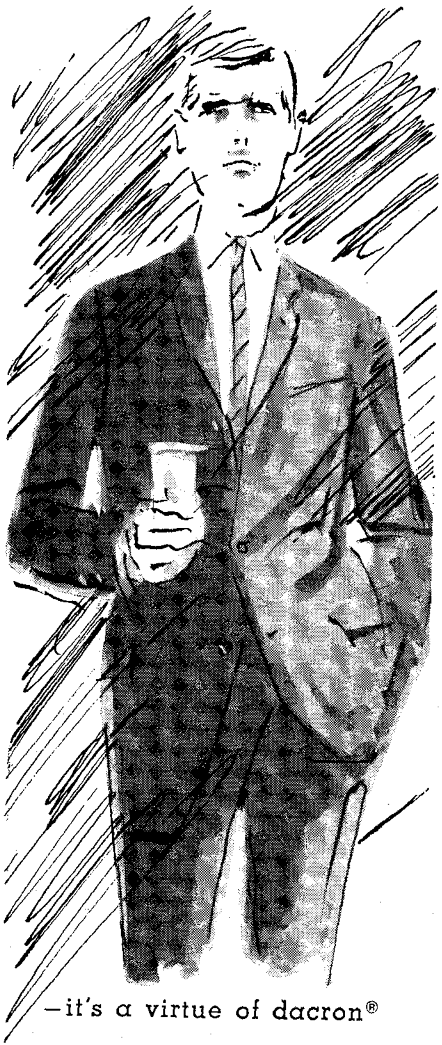

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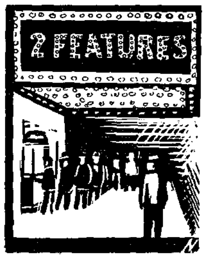
THE CURRENT CINEMA

True and False



THE superbly prolific and various Ingmar Bergman—he has made twenty-four films in sixteen years, all but two of them from his own screenplays, and their subjects have ranged through half a dozen centuries and modes, from medieval tragedy to contemporary comedy—brings us, in "Through a Glass Darkly," a picture that is sufficiently remarkable in itself as a melodrama of domestic catastrophe and is scarcely less remarkable as its maker's personal statement about man and God. In theory it's aesthetically offensive to use the camera for didactic purposes, but Mr. Bergman, far from concealing his gaffe, has boldly called attention to both the personal and the religious nature of the picture. For one thing, he has dedicated it "To Kabi, my wife." (I hope this doesn't launch a vogue, because once directors start paying public tributes to their wives, producers' wives will see to it that producers follow suit, and soon the wives of sound-effects men will be claiming a right to credits.) For another thing, having taken his title from a famous phrase in St. Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, Mr. Bergman gives us, as an introductory gloss on the film, the entire verse from which it comes: "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known." What Mr. Bergman has come to know in part he sets down here, in a testament that consists of many beautiful and bitter images and a handful of heartbreaking words.

The drama is narrowly circumscribed in time, place, and number of characters. The period is our own, and we observe, in a single night and day, a family of four gathered for a summer holiday in a ramshackle house on a remote island in the Baltic. The sea about them is cold, the strand rocky, the sky lowering with rain; the only living things besides themselves are birds. The father of the family is evidently a person of some importance. A novelist, he has just returned from a trip abroad and will soon be rushing off again. The son, Minus, is seventeen and about equally lacerated by sexual ardor and literary talent, neither of which has yet found an

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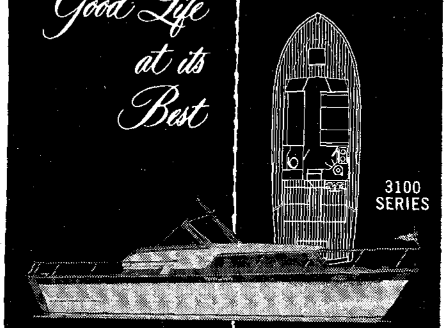

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appropriate means of expression. The daughter, Karin, is married to a doctor who practices in Stockholm. Karin is schizophrenic, as her mother had been before her; she has recently come back from a hospital, but her husband has been warned that her case is practically hopeless and that a relapse may occur at any moment. As the family settles down to a picnic supper celebrating the father's arrival, we learn that his children and son-in-law have long ago lost faith in him. They feel that he has abandoned them for a career and that his selfishness is the more contemptible because, in achieving a conventional success, he has failed his art as well as them. What the children don't know is that the father is aware of their contempt and sees that it is justified.

All this Mr. Bergman brilliantly conveys in a scant five or ten minutes; from there on, the family pitches headlong toward ruin. Like heavy stones in surf, the four lives grind helplessly, miserably on one another, and if, since the girl's case is incurable, we have no prospect of a happy ending, the ending is at least infinitesimally happier than you might expect, Mr. Bergman's religious convictions providing him with a number of threads on which to clamber up out of despair to hope. The threads are old and no stronger than they've ever been—*if* there is a God and *if* God is love and *if* we can all be taught to feel love, and if, and if—but Mr. Bergman has given them a most vivid setting, and for anyone who finds them unsatisfactory he has provided the small, wholly earthbound consolation of an implied rapprochement between father and son.

As Karin, Harriet Andersson gives a well-nigh perfect performance. Her mad scenes have a terrifying plausibility; she is doomed, and we know she is doomed, but, as in real life, we long for her to pull back from the brink in time. Gunnar Björnstrand is equally good in the by no means easy role of unfeeling father. Max von Sydow, another regular in the Bergman repertory company, is Karin's gentle husband, and as her brother Lars Passgård does his best against what is surely the fiercest competition on earth. Round all four, like summer lightning, plays the fire of Mr. Bergman's intelligence and artistry. What his camera sees in an unfurnished room, in a lamp being carried across a lawn at dusk, in the hollow of a girl's cheek!

A THOROUGHLY embarrassing movie has been made out of Lillian Hellman's "The Children's Hour." Part

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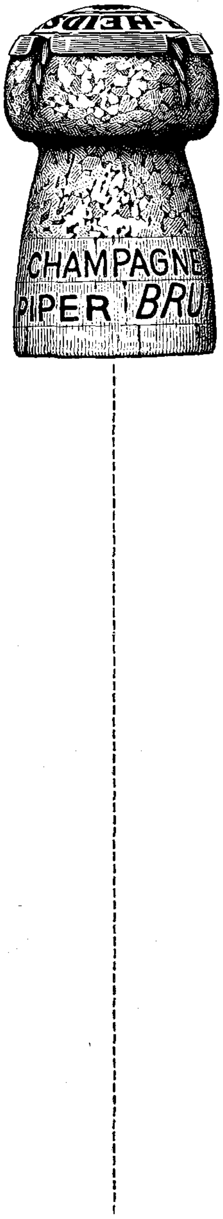

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of the blame for this must go to Miss Hellman, who did the adaptation, and to John Michael Hayes, who wrote the screenplay, but most of the blame goes to William Wyler, who produced and directed it with as heavy a hand, or foot, as I've encountered in years. The creaky hinge on which the plot of "The Children's Hour" turns is, as you doubtless recall, a false accusation of Lesbianism made against a couple of nice girls who run a private school. From the way Mr. Wyler carries on, you might suppose that he had only just learned about the existence of such relationships and was feeling distinctly let down by human nature. Grown men and women whisper fearful home truths that we in the audience aren't allowed to hear, eyes roll, bodies totter, and I wound up every bit as angry at Mr. Wyler as I was at the nasty little brat who started all the trouble. Among the valiant, helpless eye-rollers are Audrey Hepburn, Shirley MacLaine, James Garner, Miriam Hopkins, and Fay Bainter. The poor child who plays the brat appears to have learned acting by sitting through thirty-five consecutive screenings of "Psycho."

—BRENDAN GILL

•

Technically, those persons who come to Harvard Law School as Fellows under grants from the Carnegie Foundation are *not* Carnegie Fellows—the name having been previously applied to (and, therefore, confined to) a different group of Fellows under grants from the Carnegie Foundation. Technically, the Carnegie Fellows at Harvard Law School are designated Fellows under a grant from the Carnegie Foundation. Since, however, this description fits all the other Fellows under grants from the Carnegie Foundation as well, in order to avoid possible confusion the Fellows under grants from the Carnegie Foundation at Harvard Law School are known as Carnegie Fellows.

—*Harvard Law Record.*

And don't you forget it, either!

•

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[*From the World-Telegram & Sun*]

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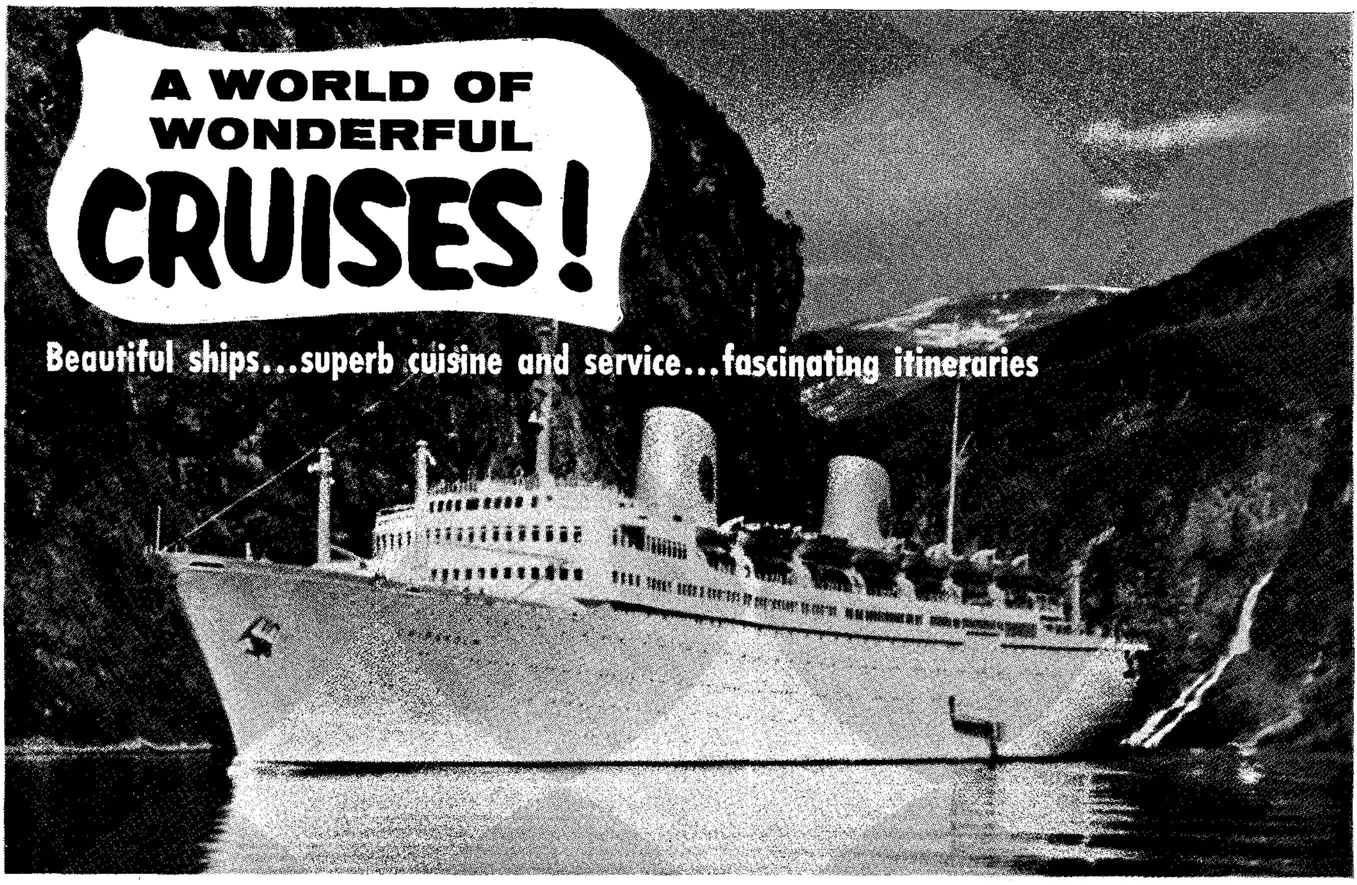
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THE HEDGEROWS IN ENGLAND

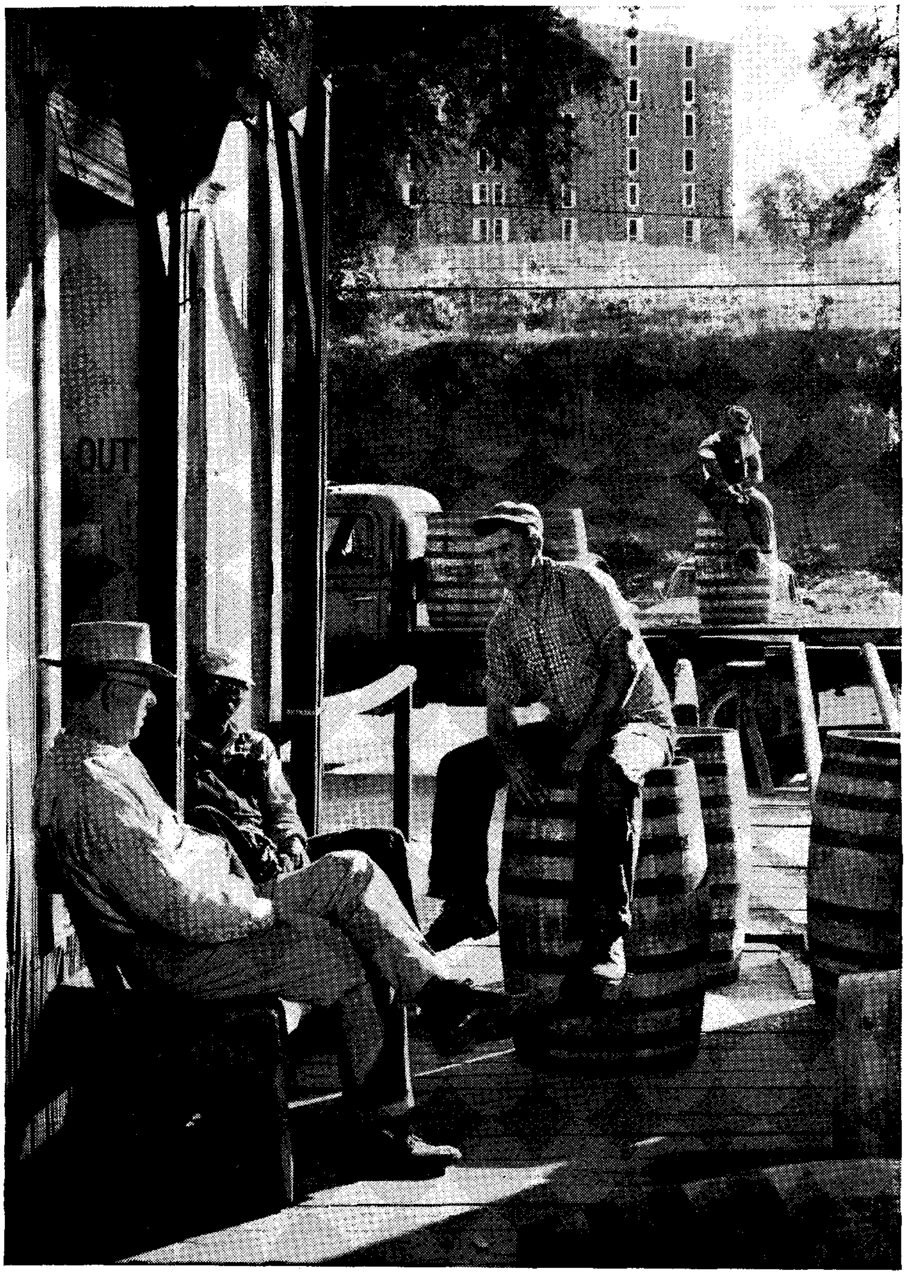
Mrs. Stanley put the coal scuttle back beside the living-room fireplace and went to wash her hands before going out to do the marketing. During the morning, she had drunk three cups of tea trying to get rid of her longing for a good cup of coffee. In the six months they had been in England, the Stanleys had breakfasted as the English did. Nostalgia for breakfast coffee made Mrs. Stanley feel faintly disloyal to her husband, whose unbounded enthusiasm for England—as a scholar, as an assistant professor of English literature, and as a tourist—strongly influenced his family. Mrs. Stanley looked at the boiler in the scullery and hoped the fire would hold until her three daughters got home from school. She sometimes comforted herself by remembering that back at their home at Eastern College, in New York State, there was an automatic furnace in the basement. Feeling that she had done all she could to preserve the fires, she put on a heavy coat, wrapped her head in a wool scarf, and, taking her market bag, firmly closed the door of their bleak row house behind her.

The February air in Cambridge was bitter, and laced with coal soot. Beyond the shadowed street of row houses, the four-spired chapel of St. John's College was silhouetted by the sun falling on its outlines, picking up the prisms of frost. Mrs. Stanley turned left on Bridge Street and went toward Marks & Spencer's and the Market Square. How different from Eastern's small campus the lands of the colleges seemed behind their gilded ornamental gates, she thought; how remote and unfamiliar. By walking briskly, she could almost keep up with the traffic of the street, where, their black gowns floating out behind them like wings, students bicycled with casual skill among the double-decker buses and the lorries. The cold was penetrating. Mrs. Stanley's fingers inside her leather gloves were numb. She rubbed her coat sleeve across her face to wipe her nose, which dripped surreptitiously.

"There, now," said a conversational voice at her elbow. "Did you see 'ow he let me cross? I calls that lovely. I always likes 'em when they's kind enough to let you cross."

Mrs. Stanley found herself walking along with an extremely short old woman trotting beside her.

The old woman put her hand on Mrs. Stanley's arm and looked up at her with confidence. "Mind you, I've been let across before," she said, "and many's the time they've been buses held for me



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when I was late—I've been coming, and they's waited. Did you see that car wait for me? He waved me on. He said, 'Go on,' and he stopped."

"Yes," Mrs. Stanley said. "That was nice." They navigated a wide crossing safely.

"Now, my aunt, she wasn't so lucky," the old woman said. "She was getting off and the young man was in a hurry. She broke her hip and lay in her bed till she died."

"The poor thing!" Mrs. Stanley said.

"Yes, wasn't she?" The old woman still clung to Mrs. Stanley. "And she thought I was going to come there and stay night and day, but I fooled her. I was going to be married, I was. I says, 'I won't come, and you can get that bus company to take care of you,' I says. And I didn't. And she lay there till she died!"

"How awful!" Mrs. Stanley said, and she moved as if to separate herself from the old woman.

But the old woman clasped her more tightly. "My granny raised me," she said. "I hadn't got a mother and father, and Granny sent me once a week to me aunt's. We had chicken once a week, on a Sunday. I'd sit there with them, and me aunt would say, 'She et all her chicken just as lovely.' Every Sunday."

"That's nice," Mrs. Stanley said. "Well, here's where I turn." She smiled a farewell.

The old woman blocked her way. "You wouldn't have seen Sam Wiggers on the telly, would you?" she asked. "I had dinner with him. He invited me to dinner. He's that little man so high." She held out her arm, indicating what could only have been a midget. "He's got a big head," she said, waiting with her own head cocked to one side for Mrs. Stanley's response. "I've got me health," she said.

Suddenly the coils of the relationship parted. The old woman's expression receded into herself, and she resigned her hold on Mrs. Stanley. "Watch for Sam Wiggers," she said, and walked on.

When the constable held up his hand, Mrs. Stanley crossed toward the open market. In crude plank stalls, the fresh-air merchants stood behind tempting wares of vegetables and fruits, moldy books, second-hand clothing, broken lots of toys, and blooming spring flowers. A weathered woman behind the corner stall called out, "Buy a kettle for forty bob, Mum! That's not dear, now, is it?" She gave Mrs. Stanley a calculating stare.

Mrs. Stanley shook her head, smiling, and endured in return the cold look of a crocodile. She continued along the

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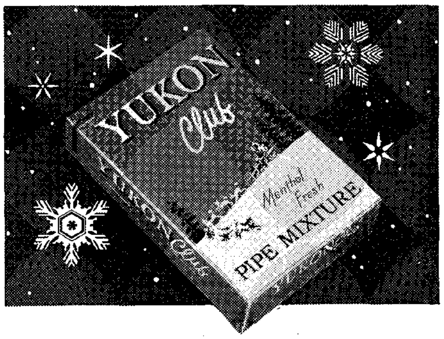

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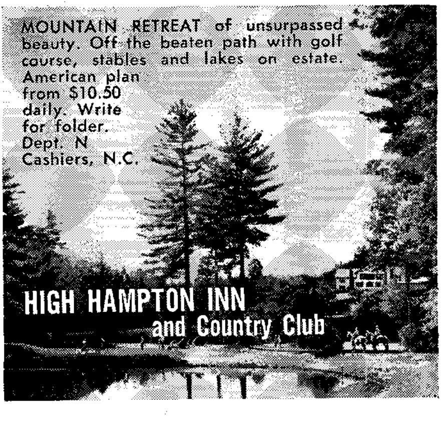

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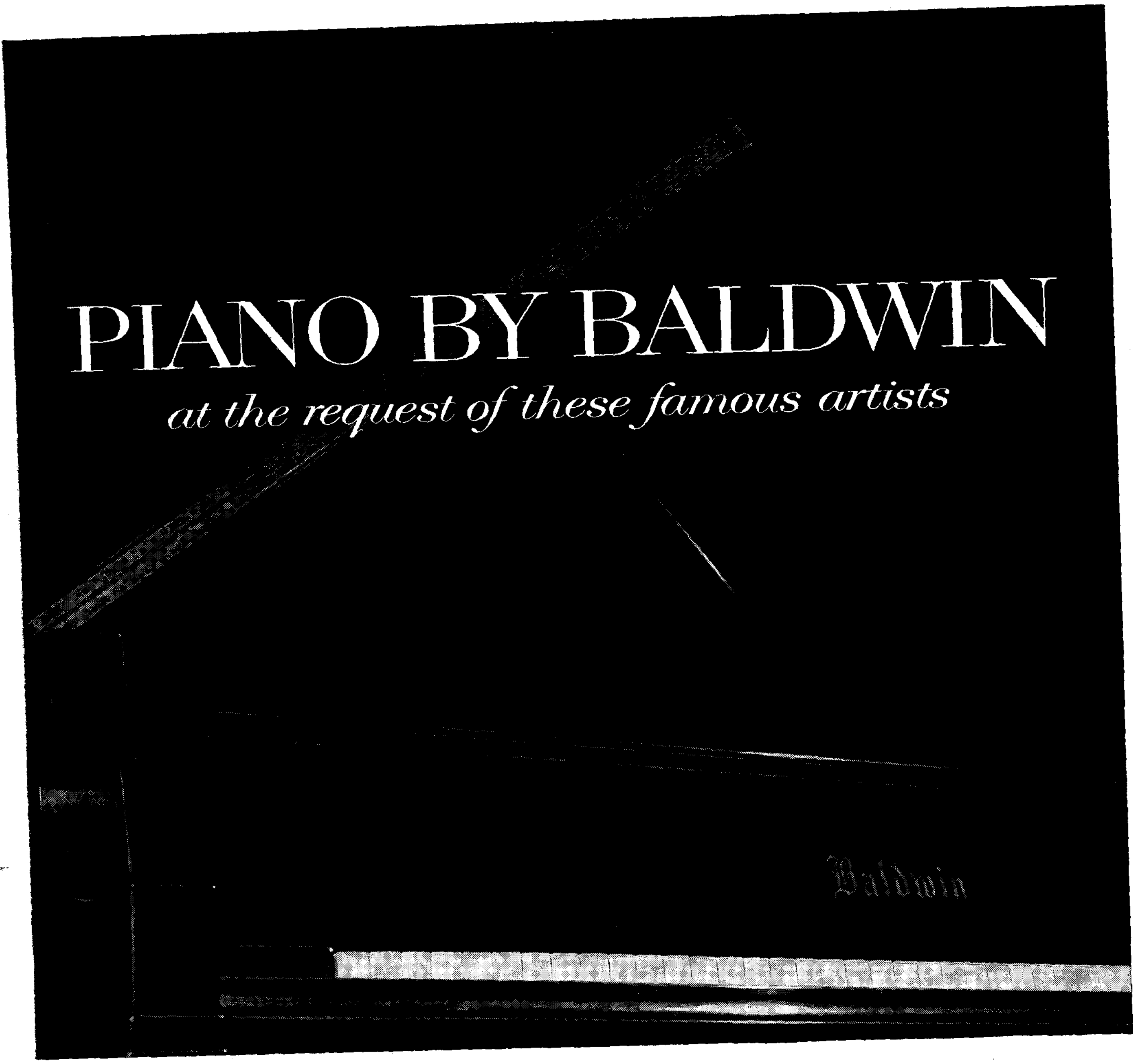
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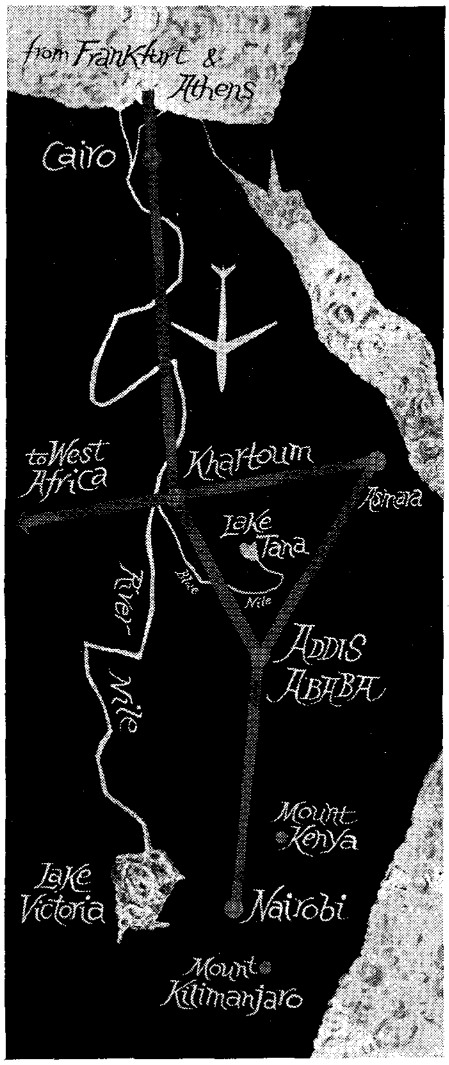

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market toward a silver stall. The silver in the stall was arranged in tiers. On the top tier, a monstrous dented coffee urn, inscribed to an unnamed class of '89, was flanked by a pair of ugly candlesticks and a teapot that leaned heavily to one side. Behind the display, a young woman shivering in a brown cloth coat was addressing two ladies, one of whom had picked up a small metal stand. "That's bell metal, Madam," she said. "Thirty-two shillings, and cheap at the price."

The customer put the stand back in its place among the lopsided sugar bowls and trays of assorted spoons. "I thought it was brass," she said, taking her friend's arm. "It looks like brass." The young clerk looked around for someone to whom she might convey her disgust. "My uncle will help you," she said to Mrs. Stanley.

A swarthy-skinned man had entered the stall through a curtain at the back. The niece stepped aside, and the uncle, huge and affable, became a warm friend as he walked up to Mrs. Stanley. He took up a spoon from the tray before her. "Georgian silver spoon; George III, Missus. Bit unusual mark here. Provincial. Three quid. Let you 'ave it for two 'n' arf." His smile was a benediction. "Not much profit," he said, shrugging his shoulders. "One shilling. But we 'ave to keep the customer 'appy, don't we, now? You tike this spoon. No datemark, but don't mind that, Missus. It's a proper antique."

The words "bell metal" still rang in Mrs. Stanley's inner ear. She picked up the dull-metal stand. "How much?" she asked. She felt it was like taking a slice of history to possess old English things, but, she reminded herself, it must be bread history, not cake; a family in England on a faculty grant could hardly afford cake. Before they had left Eastern College, the more travelled among her husband's colleagues had warned them, "Some people double their prices when they see Americans." Mrs. Stanley tried to crisp her voice and disguise it.

It was no use. "I expect yer on vacation," the man said. "Yer 'aving a good time. Yer buying nice things."

The niece spoke up. "We have American customers," she said. "They sell our stuff for fifteen times what they pay us for it."

"Tike this spoon back and yer'll be the better by three pounds," the uncle said.

The niece went on relentlessly, "Our friends in America—"

"Did you say this metal stand is two shillings?" Mrs. Stanley asked.

"Two shillings!" The girl sneered

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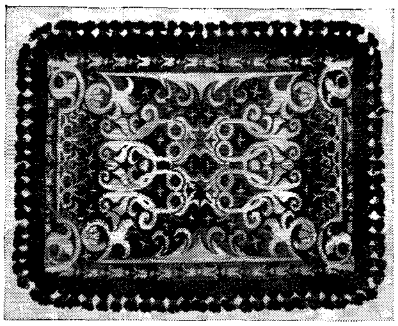

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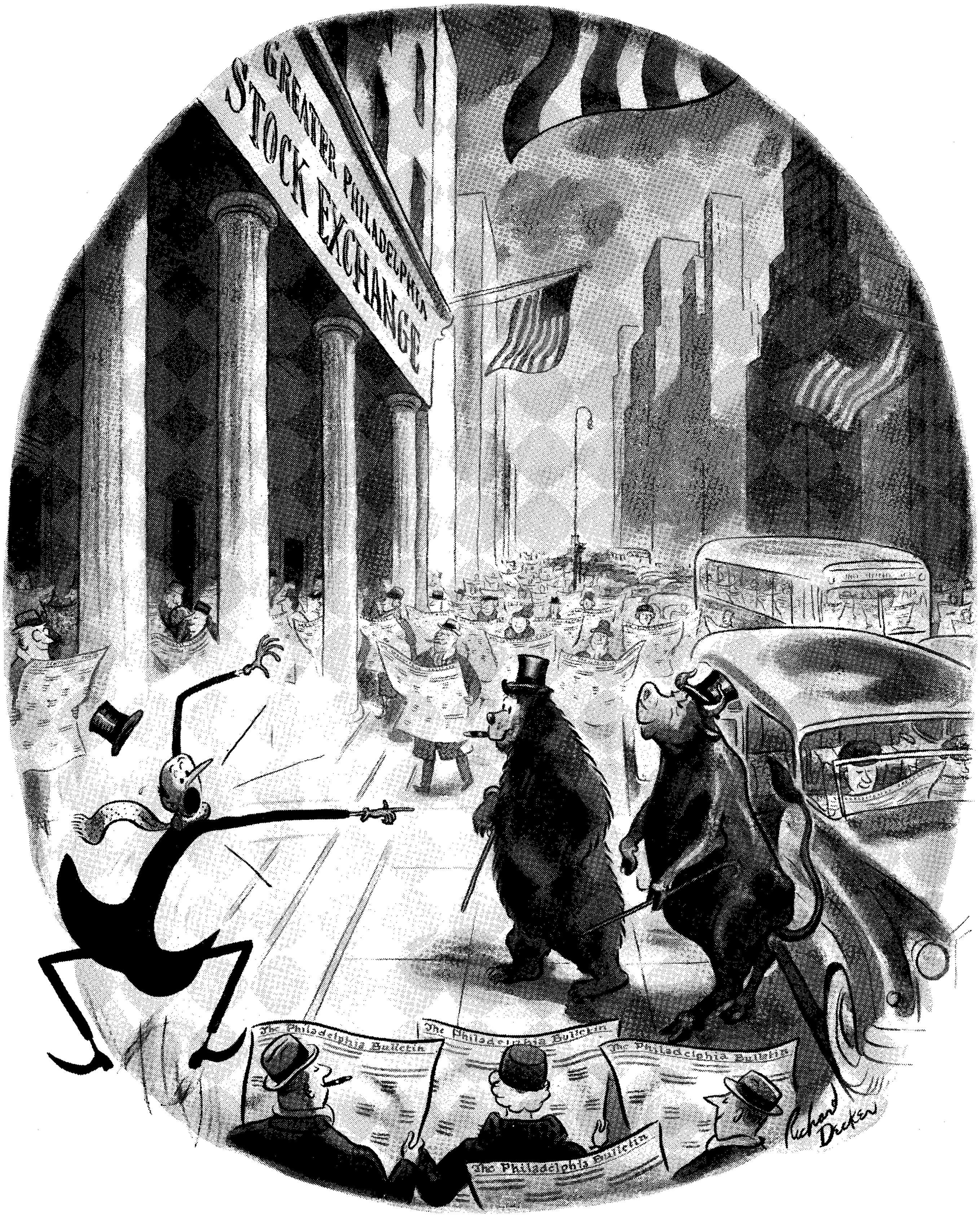
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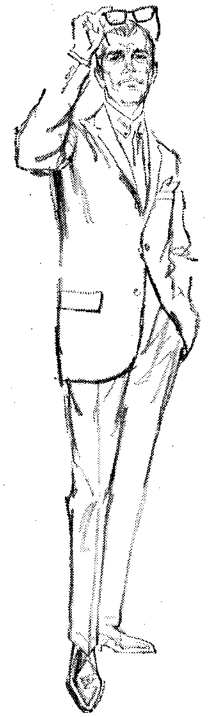

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and then laughed. "Madam, you can't draw a breath for two shillings any more. That is genuine bell metal. It's made out of old melted-down bells. I said thirty-two shillings. It's a kettle warmer, Madam. You sit it before the fire and keep your teapot warm."

"I'll take it," Mrs. Stanley said, and removed a stiff leather glove to fish in her bag for the two pounds she knew were there. It would mean having just eight shillings left for meat and whatever they needed that night. Her husband would be puzzled at her extravagance, but it was impossible to turn back from the purchase. She felt her heart speeding up, and she handed over the two pounds and picked up the teapot warmer. The girl gave her back eight shillings in silver coins.

The uncle lifted another spoon from the tray. "Now, you tike this spoon, Missus. In America, this would get yer a 'andsome sum; 'ere it's two quid. That's two pounds." He tapped the end of the handle, which was cut into three scallops. "Queen Anne," he said. "Britannia metal."

"Are you sure?" Mrs. Stanley asked. It seemed too good to be true—a seventeenth-century spoon.

"I'll show yer." He drew out of his pocket an eyeglass for magnifying. It was so battered it no longer fitted the eye, but, holding it between the back of the spoon and her eye, Mrs. Stanley thought she could make out the figure of Britannia.

"It's Queen Anne metal, all right," he said. "A genuine Queen Anne spoon for only two pounds, Missus."

The spoon was large-bowled and cut very like the old spoons Mrs. Stanley had seen illustrated in her guide to English silver. The bowl was marred and dull. She turned the spoon over. On the back under the tarnish there was an unmistakable letter, which would be the date, but without her book she couldn't tell what date. Two pounds seemed very little to pay for a seventeenth-century spoon. (It was difficult not to think of pounds as dollars.) "If you'll hold it a few minutes, I'll get some money at the bank," she said.

"No 'urry, Missus," the man said. "I trust yer."

As she walked away, her desire for the spoon faded, but she continued to the bank, cashed a check for three pounds, and returned. Everything at the silver stall was just as she had left it. The niece was warming her hands over a gas lamp behind the counter. "He's got the spoon wrapped up for you," she said.

"All wrapped," her uncle said. "If

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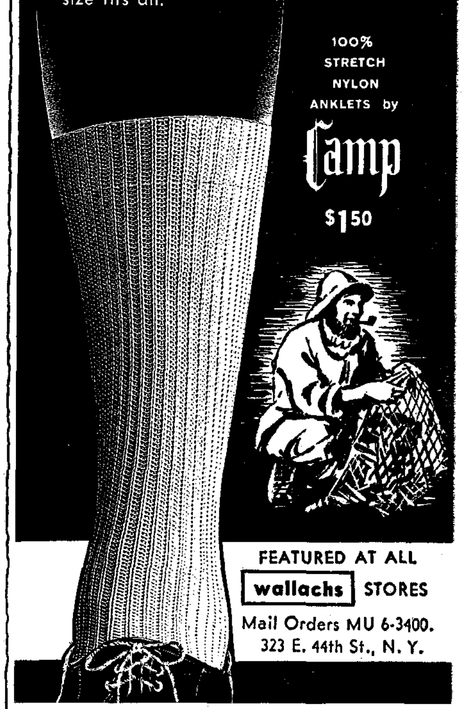

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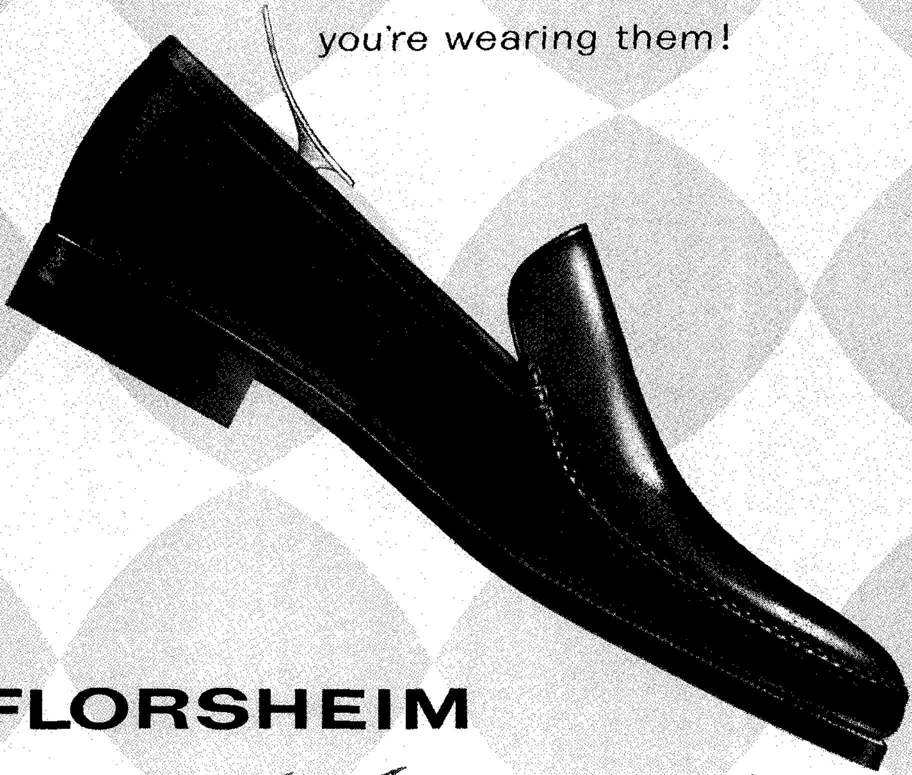

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yer want to return it any time, I'll be glad to tike it back."

Mrs. Stanley gave him two pound notes and took the light package.

The niece smiled, still warming her hands. "Here." She held out a square of paper. "My card." Her face was wonderfully hard and determined-looking. "I know all about antiques," she said.

AT three o'clock, Mrs. Stanley walked to the bookshop across from St. Mary the Great, where she was to meet her husband. The massive bell tower of the church rose quietly gray, beautifully square, into the winter sky. The bookshop, warm and cheerfully lighted, drew her into a more familiar world again. There in the back, her husband leaned against the wall of books; an open book in his hand, he stood reading, a faint smile on his face. He started as she came up to him, and smiled at her. "Let's go look at the gardens behind Christ's College," he said.

"It's so cold," she said. "I'm frozen."

"Oh, come on, it's only a brief walk. The sun's nice." He put the book he had been reading back on the shelf, and they went out.

The Christ's College entrance was only a few blocks from the bookshop. The low, golden-toned buildings parted in thick arches, through which the Stanleys passed over deeply worn stone to succeeding arches, crossing several courts to reach the gardens where Milton had walked when he was a student. Two gardeners were turning over black earth under spreading broad-leaved evergreens, spading and turning together without speaking. The wide, green lawn had a walk around the periphery that was edged with scrolled stone, pitted and scarred. Mrs. Stanley tried to feel the history of the place, the passage of time, but she found herself instead responding to a robin that was singing. She repeated what her husband had told her: "Milton walked here."

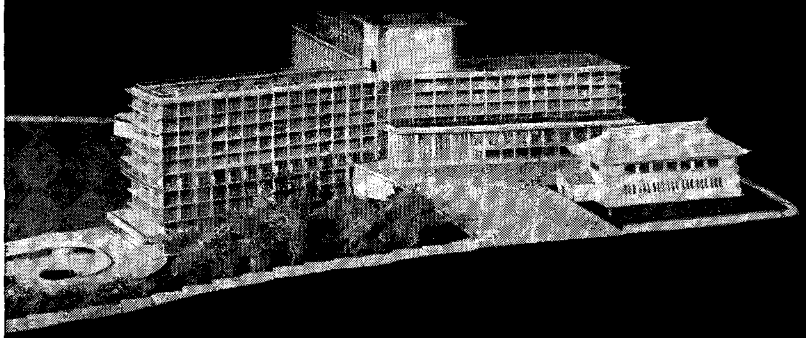
"I think it's probably pretty much unchanged from that time," he said. "Look at those trees. They're really old."

She looked up through the leafless branches stretching out from great muscular trunks. "They must have been here when Milton was here," she said automatically.

They went around the walk that led to an oblong formal pool, over which a thin sheet of ice had formed. "And where is the mulberry tree?" she asked.

"Around this way." They skirted the pool and went along a narrow path. "There it is." He pointed to a twisted

ようこそいらつしやいました✡



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Tullamore,
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13 March, 1962

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Dad

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derelict of a tree propped up with many sticks, its gnarled trunk supported with a mound of earth, its crazy arthritic arms twisting out for support, clinging to life like a withered, senile, cross old person. "Milton walked under that tree," her husband said. "It's over three hundred and fifty years old. And here's Milton himself." He took a few steps back, parted some bushes, and showed her the bust on a pedestal half hidden among the bushes. "He didn't approve of Cambridge. He thought it was a den of iniquity." Milton's large, severe face with something wild about it looked out blindly across the garden.

Her husband took her picture by the mulberry tree, and they retraced their steps to get back to the gate. "I'll stop by the library for an hour and then come on home," he said.

"I'll have tea ready for you," she said. "I just have to stop at the butcher's."

Nothing else in England made Mrs. Stanley feel quite the discomfort she felt in the unheated butcher shop. Pig carcasses hung in the window, and the natural lard glowed pearly white. The butcher, when he wasn't serving a customer, held his hands over a small electric heater—one coil—which he kept on his chopping block. He wore his wool muffler high up around his thin neck, and his sweater sleeves showed under the sleeves of his white smock. He had a very red nose and sagging red cheeks.

"I'll have a pound and a half of beef liver," she said.

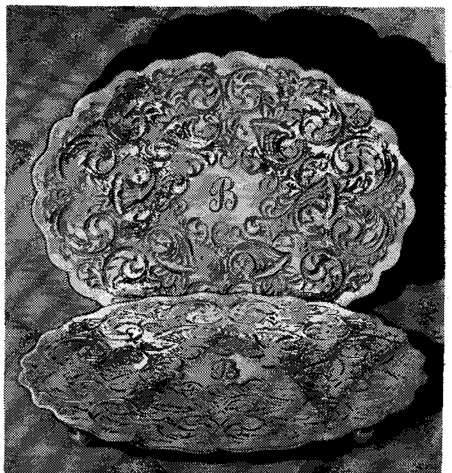
"Ox liver, Madam?" he said. "Here we are. And how about a bit of fat, Madam?"

"No, thank you," she said. "We don't seem to use it."

"It's fat keeps you warm, Madam. Nothing better for you in the winter. I eat it every day of my life," he said out of his wizened face. "Best thing in the world for you. Fat's the best part of the animal. That will be four shillings, Madam." He wrapped the meat carefully in several sheets of paper and handed it to her. "Good afternoon, Madam," he said. "Thank you very much, Madam."

"Good afternoon," she said. Their breaths steamed toward one another.

THE little house of the Spiritualist Church had its lights turned on when Mrs. Stanley hurried by. The rest of the street was dark save for one bicycle, which came wavering toward her like a firefly up the narrow cut between the buildings. As she turned into her own street, the gas street lights flared



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up in the old-fashioned hanging lamps, and she walked the rest of the way to her door with her shadow stretching before her, the street palely lit in the pulsing gaslight.

Her daughters had got home from school and were in the kitchen making toast when she came in. The fire in the living-room fireplace had gone out, and the only heat came from the kitchen boiler; the hall was hardly warmer than the air outside. Mrs. Stanley set the bell-metal stand for keeping the teapot warm beside a cold fireplace. Putting the meat in a cupboard, she drew a kettle of water and set it on the electric plate to boil. The girls gathered around the new stand at the fireplace and demanded to know what it was.

"You're always getting yourself something," said Annabel. "What is it?"

Mrs. Stanley was used to Annabel's resenting all that was not given to her. "It's a teapot warmer, dear," she said. "It will keep Mama's tea hot."

"It's not very hot now," Annabel observed.

"I think it's pretty," Edith said. "I'm going to have one, too, when I have a home of my own."

Mrs. Stanley knew that Edith looked toward the future. It was natural; she was the oldest child.

"It's all right if you like that sort of thing," Fanny said. "Personally, I don't especially care for it."

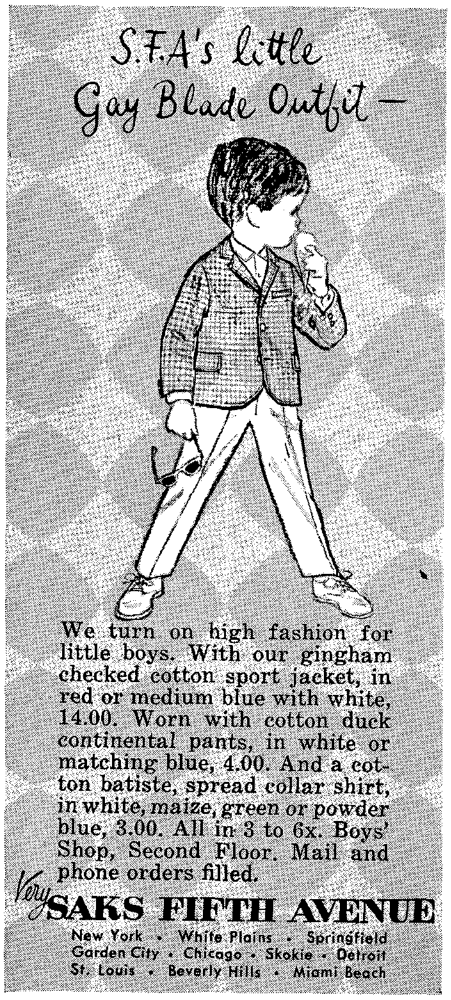
"Fanny, you haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about," Edith said. "Why don't you stick to your artwork?"

Mrs. Stanley was back in the scullery. "Who'd like some tea?" she called out. She was saving the Queen Anne spoon for later. In the meantime, she got out the metal polish and made the dull bell metal shine. It was quite a nice stand. It needed only a hot fire and a teapot to complete itself. She went to the kitchen to get firelighters and matches. The fireplace had a great bed of ashes, and the dust from the ashes lifted and scattered as she took them out with the hand shovel and put them on yesterday's *Times*. Cold ashes for cold news, she thought. As soon as the fire had caught, she put the little stand on the hearth. It winked and glittered in the light of the fire.

She had just made the tea when her husband came in the door. "I smell tea," he said.

"Daddy!" Annabel called. "Mama's got a teapot warmer."

"I hope you made it strong," her husband said. "I hate weak tea. What else are we having?" He sighed as they



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settled around the fire. "Peanut-butter sandwiches! How delightful." This was, of course, irony, but he carried it no further.

Mrs. Stanley had drawn the mud-colored drapes across the drafty window, the one window in the room. It looked out upon the cheerless aspect of dustbins and a straggling, halfhearted bed of wallflowers that by turns stood up stiff with frost or wilted under the moisture of fog. Matted outsize cats could be seen by day from this window, sitting on the coal-shed roof or sniffing the dustbins. Even at night, across the glass of the kitchen door a cat's shadow sometimes flickered, cast there by a neighbor's light catching the cat as it walked along the fence.

"It works!" Mrs. Stanley said happily. "It's keeping the teapot warm." The handle of the teapot had grown uncomfortably hot.

"Here," her husband suggested, "turn the spout toward the fire and the handle away. That way, you can keep the handle cool," he added, in a kindly, helpful voice.

"Mrs. Roman shouts at us in the lunchroom," Annabel announced. "She says, 'Eat it all up or I'll have to tell your mum.' "

"Don't you eat your lunch?" Mrs. Stanley asked Annabel.

"She doesn't shout at me," Annabel said.

"No," Fanny explained. "When Mrs. Roman says, 'Don't you like your pudding?,' Annabel just looks at her."

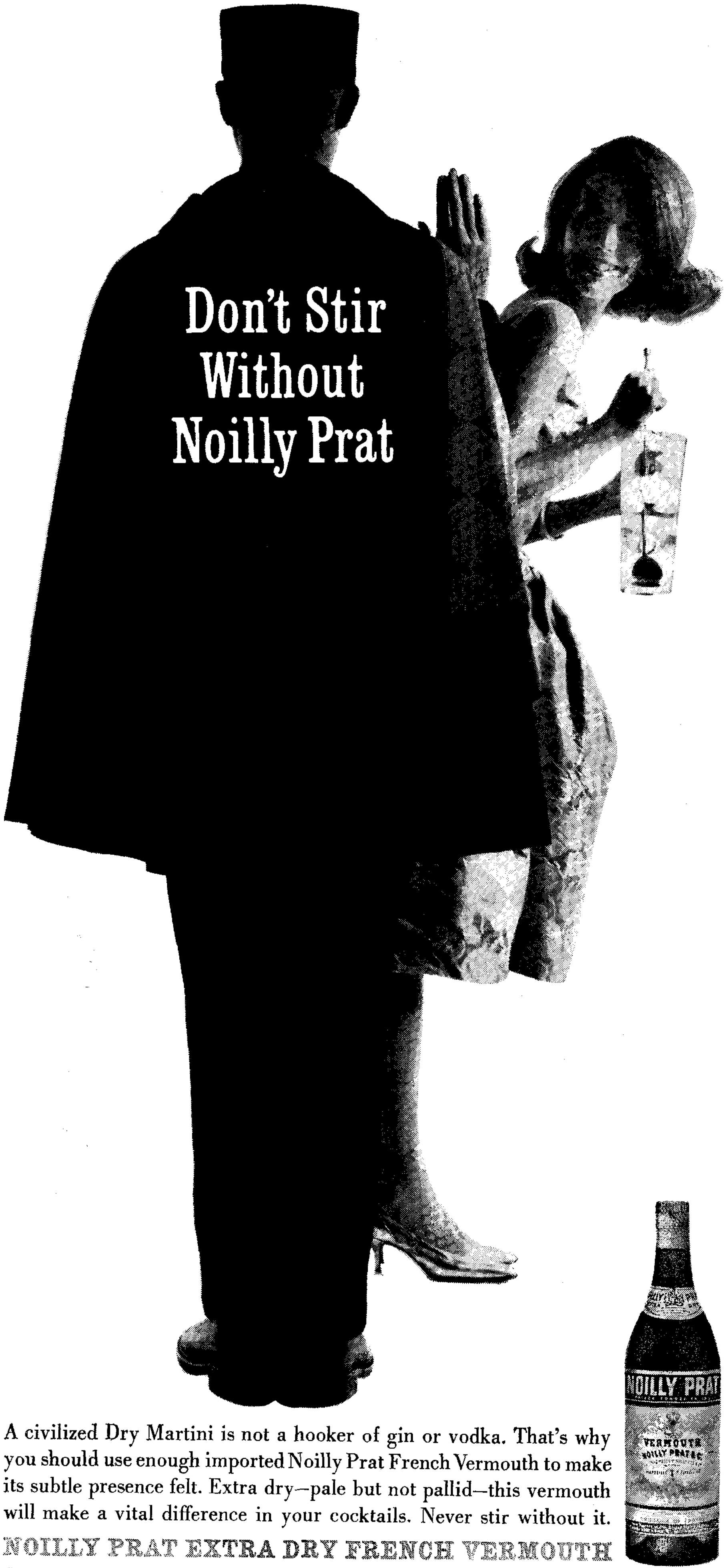
"Daddy," Annabel went on, "Mrs. Roman tells stories after lunch. She told a story, and a little boy whispered, 'I know that story,' and Mrs. Roman said, 'Come here,' and she said, 'You tell the story,' and he said, 'I can't,' and then she shouted, 'Rude little boy!' "

"I don't have any friends," Fanny said flatly, putting her thumb in her mouth.

"Take your thumb out," Edith said. "I don't have any friends either, Daddy. I know I didn't make the hockey team. I played the worst I've ever played today, when they were letting me try out with them. And if I don't make the team, I won't ever get to know those girls, and those are the girls I want to know."

"You've certainly set your sights high," he said. "You've come all the way to England to play hockey in a girls' grammar school. That's real ambition. Here we are in one of the most fascinating places in the world and you want to play hockey. Doesn't the history of the place interest you?"

"I have something wonderful to



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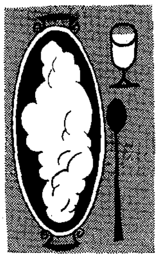

Then cover with powdered sugar. Over this, pour 1 oz. of Cointreau Liqueur and flame it. When extinguished, add another oz. of Cointreau Liqueur and serve. As a variation, Cointreau Kummel may be used in place of Cointreau Liqueur. Cointreau Liqueur and its 19 companion cordials are partners in the kitchen—for preparing *different* main dishes and desserts. For interesting, delightful food and drink recipes, write for your free copy of "Gourmet's Guide" to Dept. 26.

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show all of you," Mrs. Stanley said. "Something really old. A real seventeenth-century spoon," and she brought out the package and unwrapped it and held it toward her husband.

"Mother!" Edith said breathlessly. "Jonathan Swift could have used that spoon."

Mrs. Stanley felt a rush of gratitude toward her daughter. "That's exactly what I thought," she said. "I'm going to put it up on the wall, where we can see it."

Edith's voice took on a shocked tone. "No, Mother! We must use it. Every day."

"It's really lovely," her husband said.

"I think if I polish the back we can see the markings more clearly and I can get the exact date from the assay mark." Mrs. Stanley got up and brought the silver polish and cloth and her copy of "Guide to the Origin of Marks on British Silver Plate" back to her seat by the fire.

"Fanny, give the spoon back to Mother," Edith commanded. "Mother, who gets your silver when you die?"

"When I die?" Mrs. Stanley echoed. "Am I going to die?"

"You know what I mean," Edith said.

"I'll leave each of you some," she said generously. "And you can leave it to your children, and they can leave it to their children. There, the letter is clear," she said, holding the spoon up to the light. "This seems to be an 'h.' Yes," she said, after looking under the London date letters in her little book of silver marks. "Here it is, I think—1783. No, that's George III. It's supposed to be Queen Anne."

"That isn't the seventeenth century," her husband said.

"It's difficult to read these marks," she said. She held the spoon up to the light again, trying to force the assay-date letter to become what it was supposed to have been, one in a series of letters styled in court hand—strange Oriental-looking marks set in sharp pointed shields and listed under the reigns of William III, Anne, and George I. The letter on the back of the spoon stubbornly remained roman small "h." "There's another roman small 'h' in 1743," she said, "and another one in 1823. The trouble is the shield isn't clear. It depends on the style of the letter and the shape of the shield," she explained to her husband.

She continued polishing the mark and finally brought out the escutcheon surrounding the letter. The upper corners of it were cut off, the base was trilobed. The longer she looked at it, the more it

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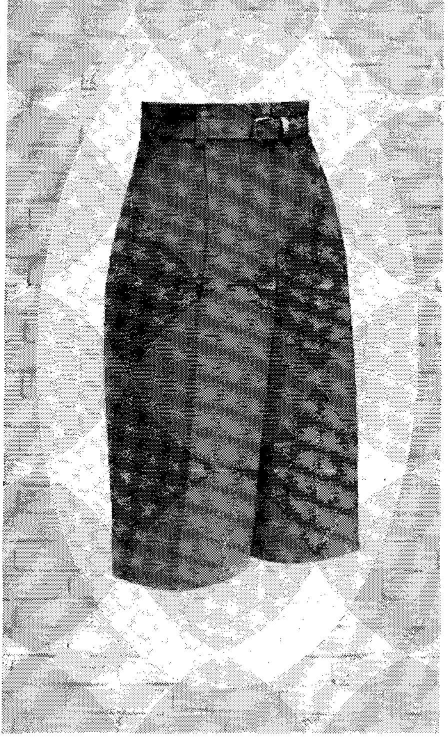

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appeared to be the assay shield of the Edwardian period. With a cold premonition, she picked up the book again, scanning the lists of roman small letters until she found the matching shield. It was indeed that of the year 1903. She hunted through the book and discovered that the Britannia stamp, which had been used in Queen Anne's reign, was still used on request for silver of a certain high standard.

Thoughtfully, she rubbed the cloth on the bowl of the spoon and brought up a little shine, but the spoon did not glow with a high sheen. It was too scratched.

"You know," her husband said, lighting his pipe, stretching his legs, and putting his feet on the tile guard around the fireplace, "that library has all the books I've been wanting for my research. Sometimes it seems as though my whole life has been a preparation for coming to England."

Mrs. Stanley put the silver spoon down on the table and picked up the morning paper, leafing through it restlessly. Then her eyes, like beacons cutting through murky weather, guided her mind to a restful haven: in the garden column she read the listing of new spring seed catalogues to be had for the mailing of a postal card. Quietly, she summoned up her garden beds at home. She walked in memory around her yard, recalling what she had been planting even their last week there, when packing had reached an almost hysterical state. The new iris pips she had planted on the bank that led down to the rock wall beside the brook would bloom for the first time this spring. She closed her eyes and saw their green spears on the bank she had so lovingly spaded, fertilized, weeded, and watched over. Suddenly some lines from a poem she had read in school when she was eleven came back to her. They were lines spoken by a Pilgrim woman named Priscilla in "The Courtship of Miles Standish":

I have been thinking all day, dreaming all
 night and thinking all day, of the hedge-
 rows in England,—
They are in blossom now, and the country
 is all like a garden.

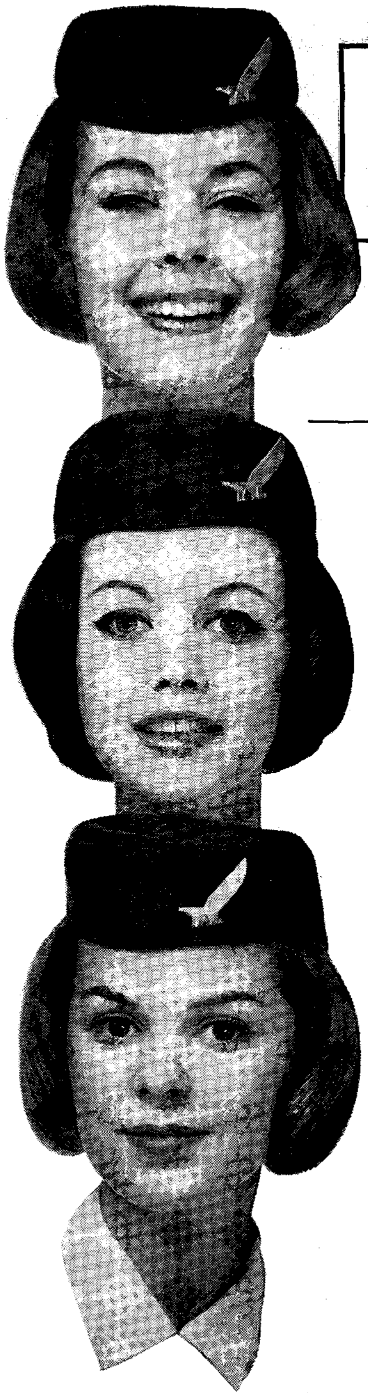
She smiled at her husband. "Yes, I know," she said. "And I'm glad we came."

—Ruth Stone

•

Ruskin Art Club members will mark the birthday anniversary of John Ruskin with a cake-cutting at their luncheon today at 800 S Plymouth Blvd. At the morning meeting Miss Olive Gwinn will discuss Sigmund Freud.—*Los Angeles Times.*

C'mon, Olive, get in line!



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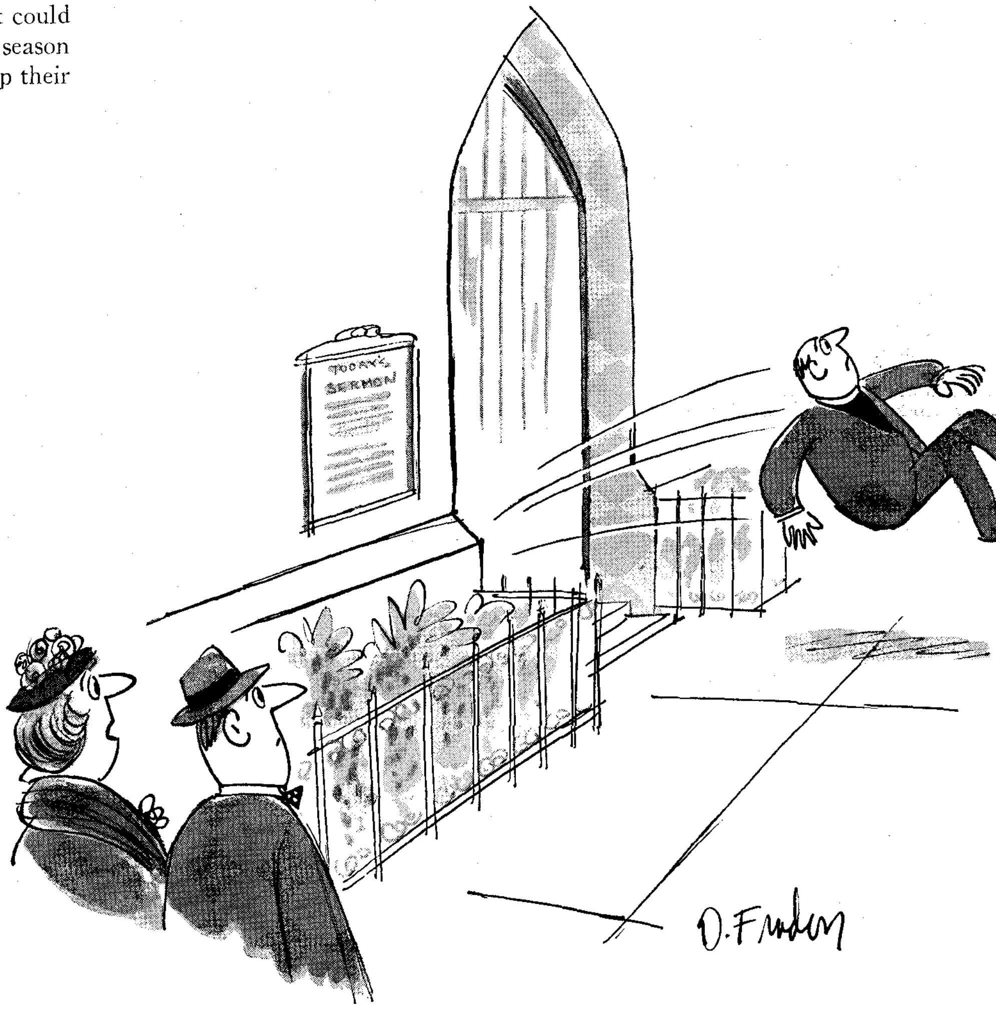
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

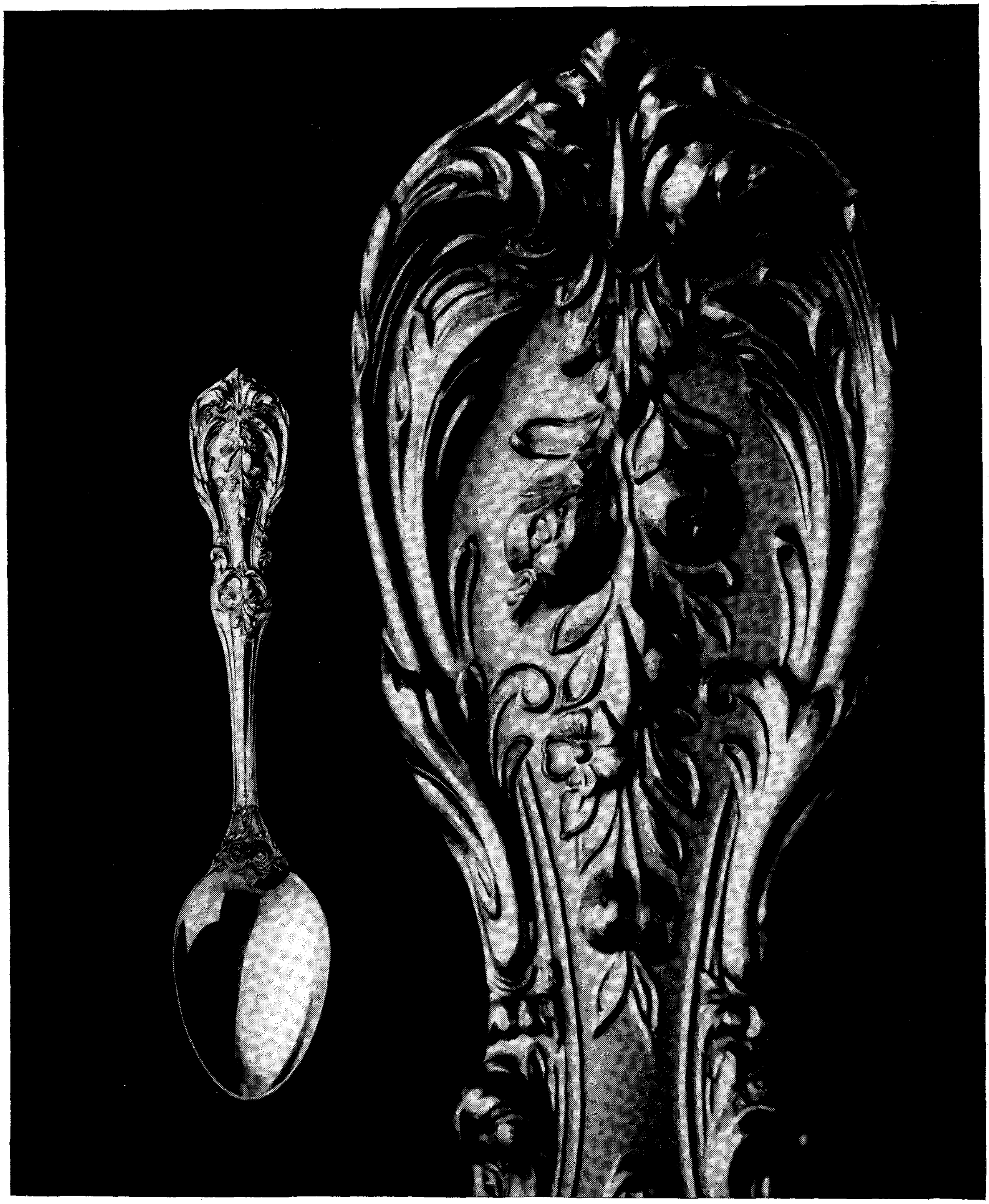
FEMININE FASHIONS

AFTER a glimpse of the spring and summer fashions in clothes from both New York and Paris, I am more than ever convinced that they're all hell-bent on being all things to all women, veering madly from cool austerity to prettiness that, be it said, is anything but unruffled. (In between, you can be sure, there are plenty that make a straightforward approach to sanity on cats' paws.) The custom milliners' belief—and what else could be expected of them?—is that the hat must rule the head, must (indeed) rule the whole costume. If the silhouette is sparse, it must be counterbalanced by a hat that bulges; if the silhouette is full, the hat must be so much fuller that it will overwhelm all else. Space-helmet bulk might be the phrase for it, though lots of the hats—ones that are designed to offset undue severity of dress—are of airy transparencies of fabric that can *also* complement frivolity of dress. It could be that we are in for a very droll season unless—so to speak—women keep their heads when they get around to covering them and their frameworks.

Mr. John, who believes in striking dominant chords, likes the tallest crowns and the deepest brims, even those that drop in back past the nape, like sou'westers. He likes, too, to see his hats—whether tailored or floppy and filmy—worn well down on the brows, because he feels that this emphasizes the eyes beneath. Those eyes had better be hungry and cavernous, as I was suggesting a week back, because the vamp eye makeup in those old, old television movies is on the up again. Mr. John's lofty cloches are, as they always have been, topnotch. One beautiful thing is of white linen; glacé kid faces the sharply turned-back brim in front, and in back the brim is down on the shoulders. Another of the sort, again of white linen, gets a brass-studded band, four inches high and made of black kid, around it. This belt-around-the-crown idea is a Mr. John pet, and many of his hats sport them, just as many women this year are wearing those wide crushed-leather belts around their waistlines or, less appropriately, their diaphragms—which is to say right under the bosom, which had, under the circumstances, better be teen-age. The vastness and the loftiness of such hats require artful proportion, and they get it. An oversized cloche, of a soft, thick flax straw in Mr. John's pet mauve-crocus hue, has a crown, ten inches tall, that slants backward, and a curled-up brim surrounds it all the way. There's breadth, too, in his collection. Summer straws in yellows and tans make hats with crowns that are much wider than you can possibly be ear to ear, but a safe-and-sane mounting, which is head size, all right, is concealed within, so there's little danger. To coöperate with the cowboy suits that St. Laurent has done in Paris and shipped over here, Mr. John has done a sombrero, far better than the ones St. Laurent devised, brim rolled up at the sides and all, of a pebbly beige straw, with a matching band of soft leather. Then there's his Sweater hat—more bulk is involved here—which is a series of vertical bands, half an inch wide, of gray straw over a base of matching jersey. It *looks* like a cable-stitch knit, and it makes a round, deep cap with a very broad cuff. Mr. John does the same sort of hat in chiffon that's been hand-tied and dyed with pin dots in a contrasting color—apricot dots on green, yellow, purple, or cerise, say. Even Mr. John's berets are outsize. My great love is of ottoman with three-and-a-half-inch gingham checks. It rises stiffly, like a tilted Cleopatra toque, or it can be pulled down to one side, as you wish. Mr. John's dream world, on the other hand, is concerned with hats of crinkled chiffon that can be wadded into a suitcase. Folds and folds of the stuff go around a cloche toque; a deep-crowned bonnet is swathed from top to brim with it, and the brim, rising to a sharp peak in front, descends vehemently forward to the shoulders, so you have to wait for a Boy



"He really must have stepped on some toes today!"



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Scout to lead you across the street. Black chiffon makes another cloche, this one with great poufs forward at one side. All of these are winsome, but not as much as a head-hugging cap on which black or white silk that could pass for romaine leaves, crinkly edges and everything, is squandered to produce a curly surface over the net base.

ADOLFO's final collection of custom hats for Emme (Mr. A. has folded his tent and silently withdrawn from the premises) starts off with a glance at Lawrence of Arabia, which brings to pass things that combine white silk linen and bands of natural milan. Some of the results are for the beach—straw-edged squares clamped on the head by a double ring of milan and falling around the shoulders and the back like a burnoose. Some (I see them with Donald Brooks' clothes) could appear on city streets, among them a Foreign Legion type with a white, squared-off crown, a small straw visor, and a scarf going far down in back. And there are pith helmets of silk linen, the brims dipping in front, and desert hats, of brown rough straw, with broad, round crowns and brims, two and a half inches wide, ending in a fat edge. Vivid imagination is also at work in Adolfo's application of the plastic-rain-hat principle to deeply pleated hats that can expand or be pulled flat. Accordion-pleated red felt is spread to make a wide, boxy hat, from ear to ear, or else ducked down over one eye like a child's Scotch cap. Another intricate technique was embezzled from Japanese lanterns—all narrow, up-and-down diamond pleats of shantung. These make, for one, caps with loose, rolled edges. There are quantities of big, soft berets; a puffy gem is of matte piqué in broad stripes—larkspur blue and white—with fine black lines between. For saucy small heads (and *they're* a relief; the bouffant hairdo is supposed to make everyone ready for nothing but big globules), Emme shows Adolfo's black tissue patent leather, sometimes in strips interwoven with white leather. This makes all manner of concise shapes, such as draped pillboxes with a little beret tab sticking up at the center top, and caps with a bow at the side or across the front. For complete femininity, which shies away from fussiness, there are Adolfo's reversible hats, of finely tucked cocoa tulle on the one side and fluffy cocoa-and-white flowers on the other. The brim of a cloche done in tulle may be faced with flowers; turned inside out, the hat is all flowers with a tulle under-brim. Other shapes that get this two-in-

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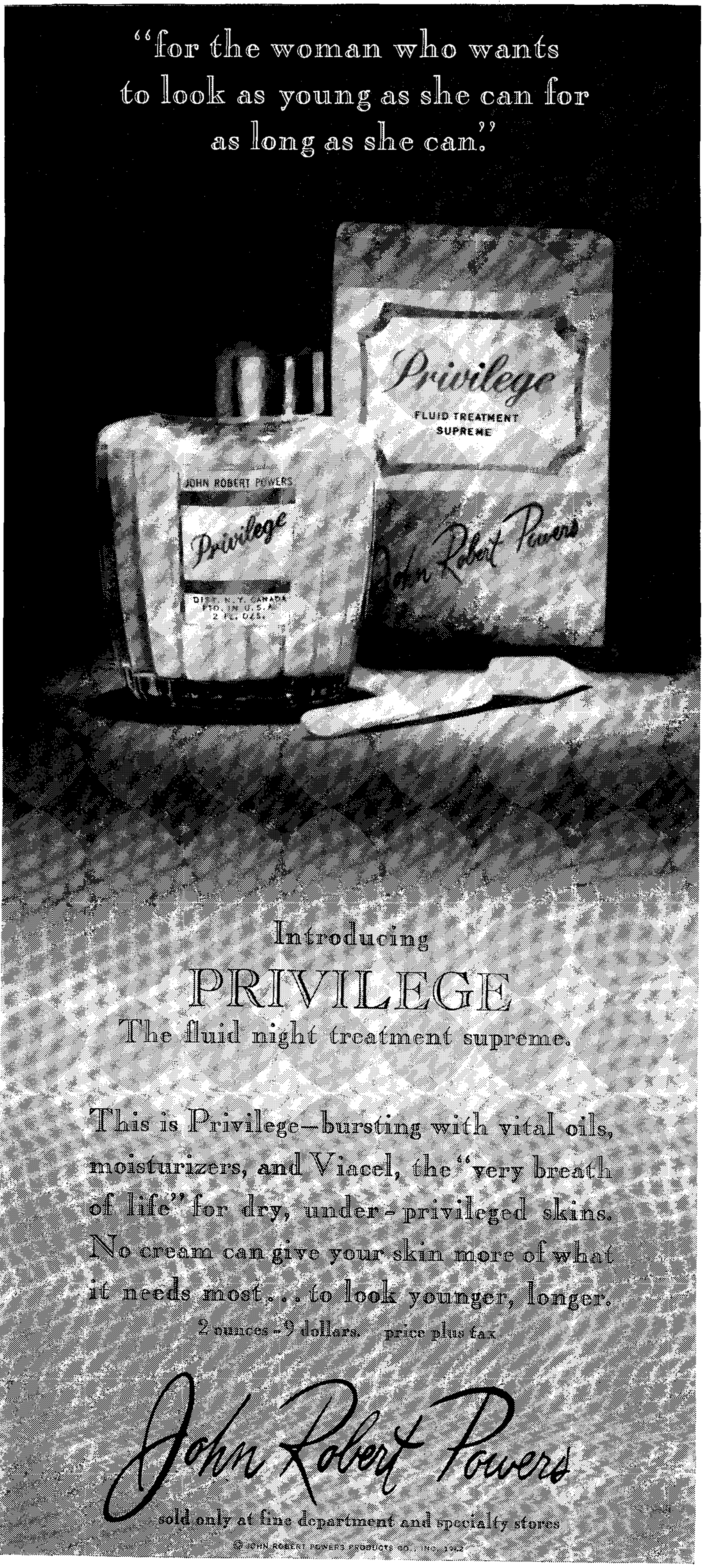
THE hatless woman is always a challenge to Don Marshall, and he has deftly maneuvered more than one into a type of headgear that is built on veiling and is sometimes designed to fit into a hairdo with just a few strategic bobby pins and sometimes is curving outward and stiffened, so that her bouffant coiffure will be undisturbed. In the second group, these stiffened net cages arch over "teased" tresses (they used to be called "ruffed" or "ratted") for bulk. One climbs to an inverted V at the center front but covers the hair everywhere; scattered flowers decorate the cage, and massed ones decorate the crown. Another is of yellow veiling; clusters of black and yellow daisies swarm on top of it. And another sports white jasmine at the top and layers and layers of black veiling below, diminishing to a double layer over the eyes. The veiling hats that snuggle into the coiffure have a wisp of a lift somewhere; this year the Space Needle of the Seattle World's Fair is the "inspiration," because the height-of-fashion people always need a cultural excuse for whatever they do. My favorite in the category is a thistle spray—a green-yellow flower and black silk fronds like thistle leaves shooting a bit upward—and some fronds on the veil. Leghorn strips, half an inch wide, are interwoven into an infinitesimal cap, but one strip emerges to soar a trifle. Flowers are always deftly used by Marshall; a little nothing of green grosgrain ribbon on green veiling is surmounted by a red poppy, a bluet, a daisy, and two cowslips. A new and manic notion of his is black or white fake grass that looks a bit like ostrich. The black makes a plaque on top of the head with a cage veil beneath; the white is interspersed with white bouvardia to give a giant, puffy beret effect with white stems sticking up from it.

IRENE OF NEW YORK is forever coming up with new textures that give a boast to familiar shapes, thereby managing a spang-new look in her Bretons, berets, sailors, and whatever. This year, many of her hats are all beads. A cloche of Paisley print is covered with flat beige sequins, green beads, and tiny white ones; others remind you of Indian beadwork, solid and many-colored. Next, Tuscan straw is worked into fan shapes, with spiky fine white feathers at frequent intervals in the apertures. Irene also has a new vagary that has to do with roses. The stems go round and round various net hats in the old,



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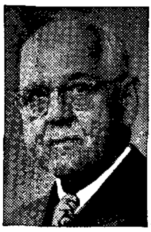

Tale of the Capricious Clock

by
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Alben Barkley used to tell about the clock his father borrowed from a neighbor.

"He kept Mr. Dunn's clock a week," Mr. Barkley related, "but could never tell the time of day or night.

"'I should have told you about that clock before I let you have it,' the neighbor explained. 'When the hand points to eight and she strikes twice, that means it's half-past three!'"

There's the same chance for mix-up when you buy your whiskey solely on its stated age.

The label may "point" to eight years, yet the whiskey itself may taste like "half-past-three,"—or even worse!

Depends on *who* made the whiskey and *how*.

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old way, but some of the roses (so cunning is the Irene hand) have begun to shed their petals, just as roses do in real life. White silk shredded and bunched so that it resembles carnations is another Irene device, and minute pastel flowers are imbedded all through the froth. Field flowers, perpetual favorites here, now blithely pave the crowns of Bretons done in rough straw and of cloches with downward brims. Irene still fancies tricolor combinations for tailored hats, such as a roller of yellow bali with yellow satin wrapped around the low crown and navy velvet piped by narrow red grosgrain on the rolled-up edge. A cloche of rough royal straw may have a wide red-and-white grosgrain ribbon band around the base of its crown, which flares a bit. Everything here—in a word, or seven words—is colorful, wearable, and very pretty indeed.

TATIANA, at Saks Fifth Avenue, is playing around with black sheers more than almost anybody else, and she endows them with unusual Gallic grace. The medium horsehair brim of one hat is covered with finely pleated tiers of lace that extend a trifle beyond the brim; a big black hat, very Maxim's, is covered with layers and layers of swirled tulle. Since Tatiana is French, the current seething interest in berets makes her eyebrows crinkle with amusement; she's *always* made berets. This season, many of hers are transparent ones done in black veiling—which is stitched to give them body—and mounted on black velvet bands. (More stitched veiling makes offbeat Bretons and other shapes.) We now pass on to chignon hats. One, of absinthe roses and dark-green leaves, perches on top of the head, and stiff veiling comes down to the hairline; another carries a single big pink rose at the summit; another, for all the world like a fat pincushion of blue satin, is gathered in folds up to a button at the center. Rough straws do delightful Bretons, one of them in taupe, with a yellow daisy in back of the crown; pearlized straw does a tiny sailor with a striped ribbon band and a big chou of ribbon to the rear. This one is to be tipped well back from the face.

A TOUCH of aura would not be amiss with the high-blown, high-flown millinery I have been discussing. I commend to your attention the Alixia bath confections of the new House of Robez. The romantics who devised the scent were trying for the smell of a ripe peach, and on some skins it does smell like peaches. On others, the jasmine in-

peon's shirt

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volved emerges; on everyone, it has a quality (I guess it has to be called haunting) quite unlike the properties of any other scent, and it manages, also, to blend in with whatever perfume is applied over it. There are a bath oil and a friction rub to apply after tub or shower. The rub, a pale-blue liquid, is encased in an entrancing tall bottle in which are placed crystallized Brazilian balsam roots, for both décor and symbolism (balsam has to do with the flavoring, it appears). Saks Fifth Avenue is fond of these luscious newcomers and also of Tuvaché's Jungle Gardenia, which now appears as bath oil and dusting powder. This gardenia is just about queen of them all, since it is at once both rich and pungent, without any oversweetness or heaviness. —Lois Long

MARKETS AND MENUS

The Good Life

WHAT we have up for discussion this week comes near to combining two achievements generally held to be uncombinable, and thus realizing an ambition that has beset mankind—or at least the greedier and the more prudent sections of it—since the beginning of time; namely, eating your cake and having it, too. The force behind this gratifying phenomenon is Mrs. Paula Peck, a pastrymaker of rare talent, who by offering for sale her incredibly delicate confections gives us the chance to gobble up our cake, and who by the recent publication of her "The Art of Fine Baking" (Simon & Schuster), a collection of absolutely foolproof recipes, insures us a second go at it.

The sale of the pastries and the book is more or less a package deal. Mrs. Peck, who ordinarily has no truck with the world of commerce, has quite realistically and with no undue lack of modesty concluded that an acquaintance with her pastries is the best selling point for "The Art of Fine Baking," and therefore during the next six weeks she will accept orders, through the Maryland Gourmet Mart, 414 Amsterdam Avenue (79th), for some of her creations whose recipes appear in the book. This, I think, makes the soundest sort of sense. The woman (or the man, for that matter) who has had the privilege, as I have, of trying Mrs. Peck's princess cake or nibbling her lemon *torte* or sampling her apple *chausson* or any of her fragile pastries is a gone goose, ready and eager to lay out a mere $6.50 for a compendium that contains everything one needs to know about fine baking and all but guarantees having princess cake and lemon *torte* and apple *chausson*

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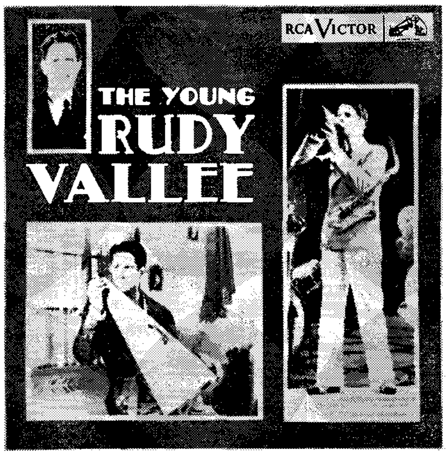

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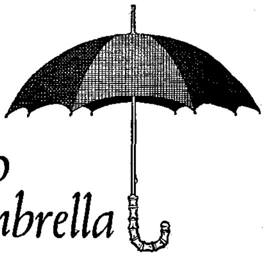
and the other Peck masterpieces in the home forever and ever. Early in the book, the author lays her cards on the table by stating gently but firmly that butter substitutes, patent cake mixes, and any leavening other than eggs have no place in fine baking. So you have a right to expect perfection—and it's what you get—when you follow the recipes for her elaborate fantasies of the classic Viennese school or her elegantly simple French confections. Favorite old household standbys, too, like pound cake and apple tart, seem to me especially delicious when they derive from the Peck book, and her version of *madeleines* makes me understand (almost) the delicate little cakes' appeal to that wheezing rememberer of things past.

Mrs. Peck's pastries-on-order being such a transitory blessing (six weeks of this sort of refreshment goes mighty fast), maybe I had better talk some more about her book, which is the most explicit manual of its kind I have ever seen, and which, thank goodness, is with us to stay. Every step of every operation is not only described in detail but beautifully illustrated, with line drawings by Grambs Miller, so there is no chance for even the most inept to go wrong. Some of Mrs. Peck's recipes are extremely simple; there is, for example, the incomparably delicate *génoise*—the light-as-a-feather mixture, with the qualities of both a butter cake and a sponge cake, that forms the basis of so many French confections—and there are sand tarts, *langues de chat*, and something called melting tea cake, any of which would be exactly right with an ice or with tea. On the other hand, by combining recipes taken from various parts of the book one can put together any number of irresistibly rich and elaborate dessert cakes—for instance, a *génoise* layer cake filled with a wonderful cognac-laced walnut butter cream and glazed with a coating of bitter chocolate. This creation is trimmed with rosettes of the same nutty butter cream, and more of it is spread around the sides. Or—for something considerably less intricate—there is a lemon-cream filling for a *génoise* layer cake that is superb. The decoration of these dessert confections is carefully blueprinted, and is never overexuberant. About the most Mrs. Peck demands of her disciples in this respect is, say, a frill of butter-cream rosettes crowning a slope of crushed toasted almonds, or a simple stencilled design in vanilla sugar topping a sponge cake. As you will quickly see on perusing her book (or sampling her wares), here is a pastry cook way up there among the great. Not with Ca-



No Umbrella

Off the train, out of a car, it's always fair weather with never a drop of rain or teasing wind to greet you. What greater convenience could you wish than direct indoor connection to the Canadian National Railways Station ...an underground garage with free parking for overnight guests and adjacent to the downtown air terminal?

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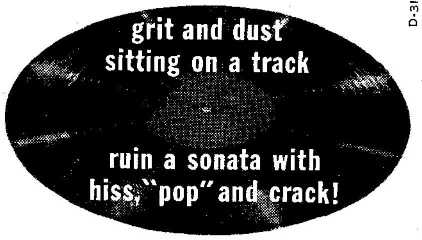
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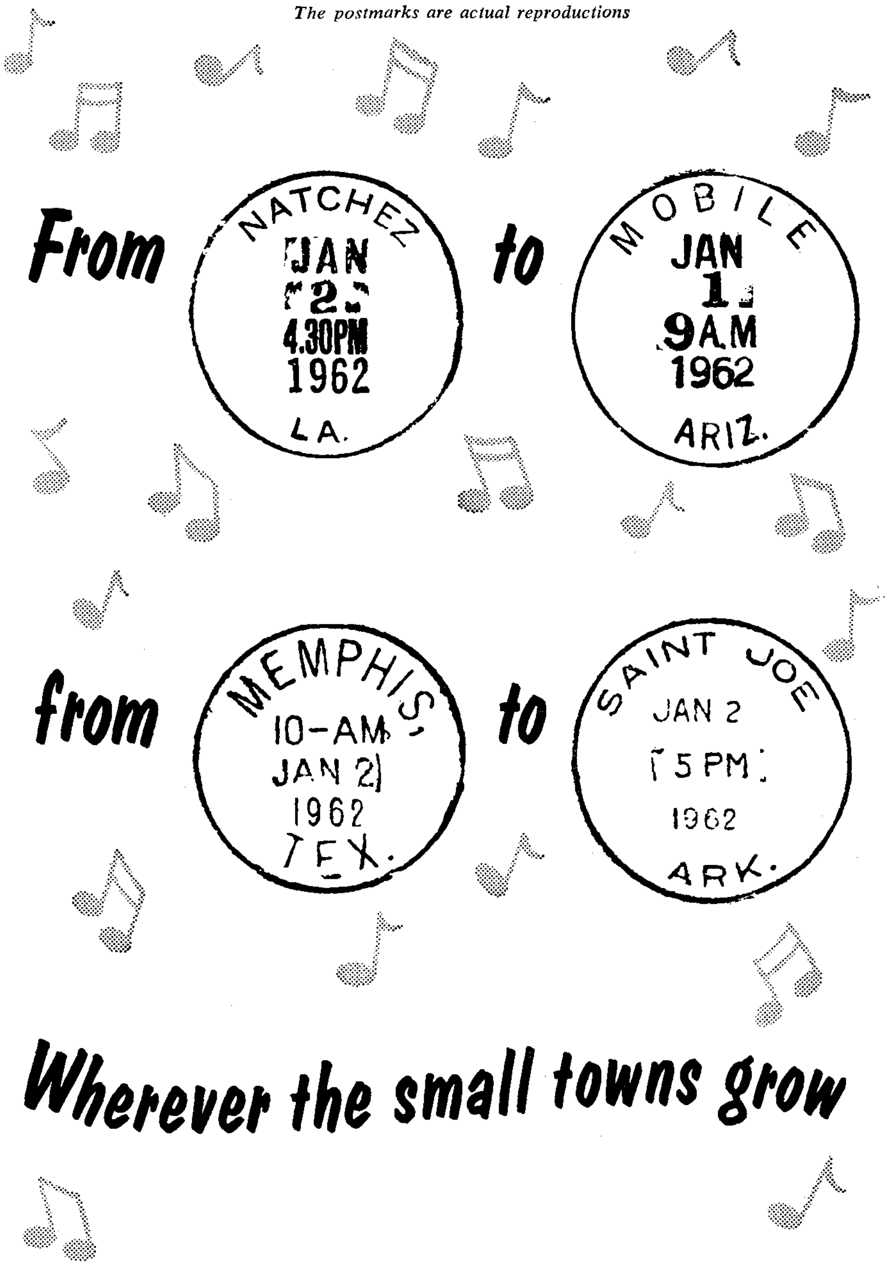
rême, maybe, whose architectural triumphs she would surely scorn to imitate, but, let us say, with Bailly and Avice, two renowned early nineteenth-century French *pâtissiers* whose fame has come down to us as names to invoke, though many of the invokers (certainly including me) would be hard put to it to say what sort of *pâtisserie* it was they created.

From among the hundreds of delicacies in the book, four have been chosen as being sufficiently representative of Mrs. P.'s work to be offered for sale, on order, during these six weeks. They are a lemon *torte* (enough for six large servings), at $5.50; the melting tea cake, which is like an especially light pound cake (enough for six or eight servings), at $4.50; an eight-inch Danish twist, of a risen, very rich coffee-cake dough filled with frangipane or a prune mixture, sprinkled with blanched almonds, and lightly iced with a fondant, at $4.50; and, at $5.50, the *génoise* layer cake with the filling of cognac-and-walnut butter cream, which constitutes a delicious example of what can be done by combining various recipes. This last cake, which Mrs. Peck calls Gâteau X, serves six. Orders for any of these must be placed two days in advance with the Maryland Gourmet Mart, whose phone number is LY 5-1500. Maryland delivers anywhere between Houston Street and 110th Street.

Assuming (correctly, I am sure) that everybody who buys "The Art of Fine Baking" will immediately start beating up a cake, I should mention, I think, a new silicon-treated parchment, called KVP, that is a great convenience in lining baking tins. It is to be had in Bloomingdale's housewares department, at seventy-nine cents a package.

IF you agree with me that filet mignon, a dish that has long bewitched fashionable hostesses, enjoys a reputation far beyond its expensive and rather tasteless deserts, you will be as delighted as I was to learn about a cut of beef that M. Lobel, an outstanding butcher, at 1096 Madison Avenue (82nd), has recently evolved—one that has all the handiness and neat appearance of the filet for party serving, plus the juiciness and fine texture of an excellent shell steak. This is obtained by cutting lengthwise through an entire shell of beef (from which the most desirable steaks are ordinarily cut) and taking out two long strips, each weighing from ten to fifteen pounds gross. The strips look almost exactly like the filet but have both an infinitely finer flavor and a firmness that is lacking in the more stylish

The postmarks are actual reproductions



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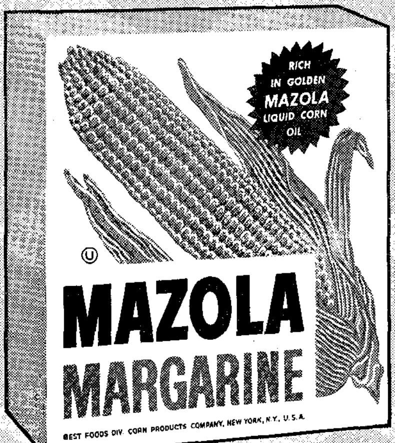
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cut. Lobel emphasizes the resemblance by presenting the filet shell strips, as he calls them, rolled and appetizingly wrapped in firm white fat, so that they can be roasted whole or cut into two-inch slices for broiling, in the manner of filets mignons. It might seem more sensible to serve your party guests a number of Lobel's fine beefsteaks in the first place, without all this to-do, but the hostess with any sort of experience knows that beefsteak is simply not a manageable formal-dinner-party dish, whereas the neat boneless slices of the new cut are just right for such a meal. Lobel sells no less than a whole strip, and orders must be placed two days in advance. Although the price is only $1.89 a pound, as against $3.29 a pound for the filet, it isn't the economic advantages of the shell cut that I would emphasize but, rather, the fine flavor and texture, combined with the handsome appearance and the ease in serving.

I can't recall a more enjoyable recent occasion (gastronomically speaking) than a meal at which Lobel's roast figured with a bottle of Château Figeac—a most pleasing and serviceable Saint Emilion that doesn't seem as well known in these parts as it deserves to be. It is available in the 1953 vintage at Sherry Wine & Spirits, and in the 1955 at Astor Wines & Spirits, 12 Astor Place; the price is $2.49.

THE very word *croissant* is so nostalgically appetizing that it's no wonder half our bakeries can get away with selling us any kind of soggy pastry they elect to call by that name. To compensate for many disappointments, there have recently come to town *croissants*, made in, preposterous as it may sound, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, that hold their own not only with the real French article of ancient lineage but with tender memories (probably undependable) of *croissants* consumed on Parisian holidays. These delicate morsels, which will go famously with breakfast *café au lait*, are the creation of Mrs. Catherine Clark, of the Brownberry Ovens, a wholesale baking concern that since 1946 has been supplying the West and the Middle West with superior home-style breads, most of which, like the *croissants*, are of the popular warm-and-serve type. These rolls—the result of a recent trip to France, where the Wisconsin lady learned the secret from a French baker—are a new addition to the Brownberry Ovens repertoire (I found most of the other items less interesting), and are made with no shortening other than ninety-three-score butter, a fact evident in every flaky crumb.

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NOW that shad is with us and forsythia just around the corner, it is late in the day to be discovering a new cheese, but the one I speak of, which is made in Switzerland during November and December, has turned up only recently on these shores. Called the Vacherin Mont d'Or (not to be confused with the French Mont d'Or), it is as far as possible from what we in this country have come to regard as a Swiss cheese. All cheeses being more or less officially classified as hard (Cheddar), semi-soft (Port du Salut), and soft (Brie), I don't know where to put the new Swiss, which is firmer than the Bries and Camemberts and softer than the usual semi-softs. Since the people who make the rules can't be expected to change them for a little cheese from the country around the Jura Mountains, I daresay I had better invent the classification semi-soft-plus for this one. Along with the elegantly smooth consistency, the cheese has a delectable nutty flavor, which is emphasized when it is accompanied by a light claret—a combination that makes a most satisfactory ending to a meal, either after or instead of a sweet. The Vacherin Mont d'Or comes in small wheels weighing about a pound and a quarter, and is carried only by Phil Alpert's Cheese of All Nations, way downtown at 235 Fulton Street, where they will cut as much as you want; $2.49 a pound. —S. H.

•

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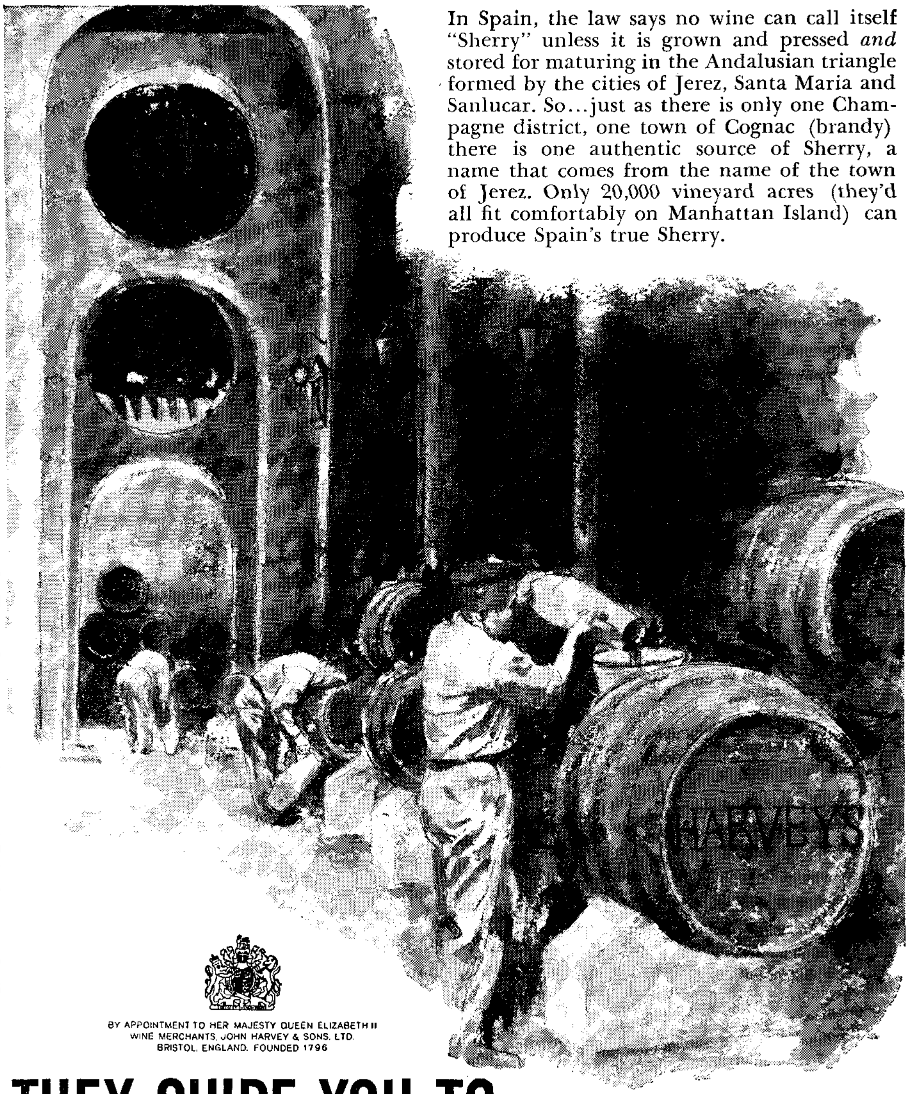

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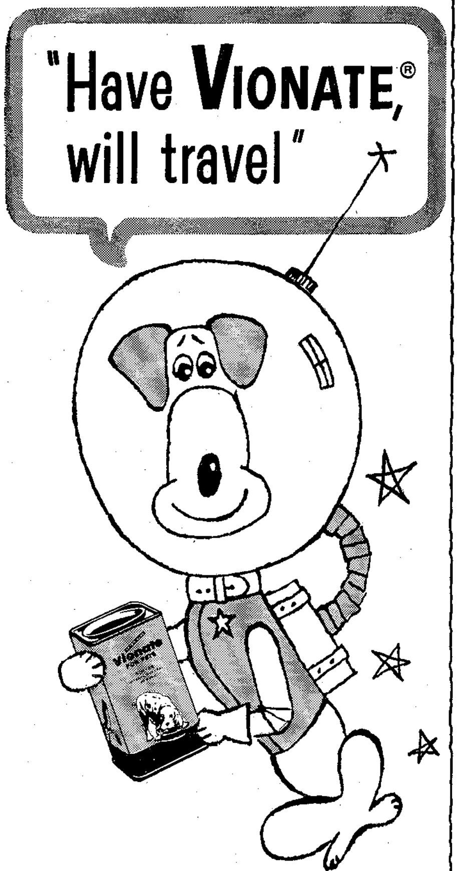

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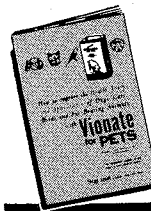

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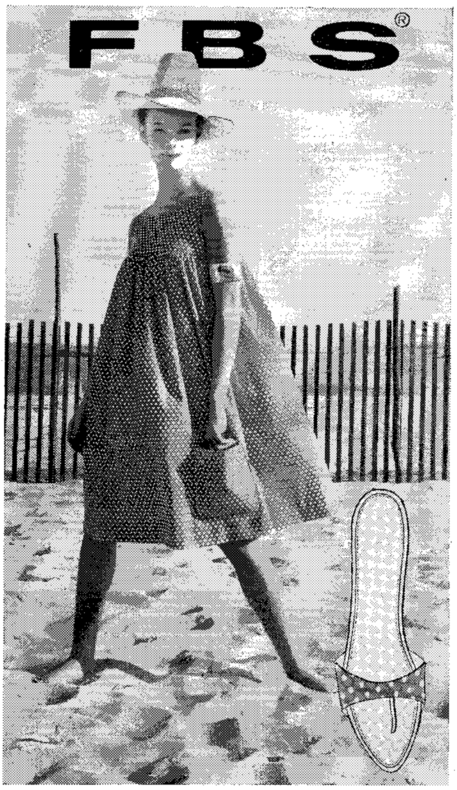
MUSICAL EVENTS

The Wages of Fame

IN a society such as ours, in which a huge mass public exists alongside various informed minorities, the artist who achieves great fame—especially sudden great fame—finds himself in an anomalous situation. The more the fame grows, through television and radio and the popular press, the more defensive the informed minority in question becomes, feeling that its standards are being endangered, and consequently that the props of civilization are in peril. The informed minority is doubtless right about this, but its anxiety sometimes leads it to take extreme positions that may be almost as dangerous to art and to the artist as outright Philistinism is. In recent years, two musical performers have benefited and suffered more than most from fame. One of them is the pianist Van Cliburn, and the other is the conductor Leonard Bernstein. A combination of accident and pleasing personality, plus, of course, a large amount of talent, has brought both men enormous renown, and loaded both with the responsibility of living up to the specifications of a public myth. The terms "genius" and "America's greatest" have been applied quite freely to the two men—terms that, as members of the more knowing group of listeners have been pointing out for some time, are not only a bit pretentious but very much too pat. I was among the earliest admirers of Mr. Bernstein, at the time when he first demonstrated his exceptional versatility as a musician and his striking technical competence (up to then truly unmatched among Americans) as a conductor. Later, however, I was forced to take a more cautious position. He was very gifted, but not *that* gifted. He had weaknesses, of which I had been aware from the beginning. Can it be that he is now "America's greatest conductor," which the mass media continually proclaim him to be, as if that facile phrase had a specific meaning? The answer has to be more complicated than yes or no. Over the past decade or so, a number of American conductors have come to my attention. Of them all, four have seemed to me to be artists of outstanding ability—Mr. Bernstein, Thomas Schippers, Alfred Wallenstein, and Izler Solomon, who conducts the



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Indianapolis Symphony. The last two are not particularly photogenic or glamorous, but they have something that the first two lack—a profound understanding of the foremost classics of the symphonic repertory.

The case of Mr. Cliburn has unfolded even more suddenly than that of Mr. Bernstein, and for a time it seemed that it might end in disaster. In Mr. Cliburn's first appearances in New York, he showed a remarkable comprehension of a very limited repertory—particularly of the Rachmaninoff Third Piano Concerto, which had won him the Moscow prize. Subsequently he tried a larger repertory, for most of which he was not yet intellectually equipped, and, rather naturally, he disappointed his more critical hearers. He then wisely disappeared from the New York concert scene, but he has now returned, and it is a pleasure to report that despite all the public clamor, he is growing normally in artistic stature. Last Friday afternoon, with the New York Philharmonic, which happened to be under the baton of Mr. Wallenstein, he played Brahms' Second Piano Concerto. His tone was a little hard in places, but he handled the formidable technical hurdles of the work with ease and managed to give his total interpretation a real feeling of authority. I was delighted to see him do it. I do not think that Mr. Cliburn is America's greatest pianist. But he has one impressive virtue. In an era dominated by somewhat finicky piano playing, he stands out as an exponent of the big, robust style. This makes him potentially important, and I hope he can one day rival the Hofmanns, Lhévinnes, and Rubinsteins, whose tradition depends on pianists of his temperament and physical endowment.

AS for the rest of the week's happenings, I propose to set down my impression of them in the form of random notes. Mr. Wallenstein, at that same Philharmonic concert, presented an extremely fine reading of Brahms' Third Symphony—balanced, poised, free of mannerisms, and very assured in style. . . . On Friday evening, I went to the Metropolitan Opera House to hear a performance of "La Gioconda," the interesting features of which—apart from the dependable contributions of Robert Merrill and Giorgio Tozzi—were provided by Zinka Milanov, Franco Corelli, and a new Chicago-born contralto named Lili Chookasian. Miss Chookasian sang the part of La Cieca with a large, rich voice, excellent lower tones, and a pleasingly cultivated sense of phrasing. Miss Milanov is, of

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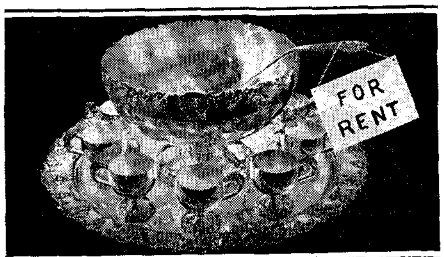

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course, an institution, and one that everybody regards with affection and a degree of awe, and she has furnished some of the most magical vocal moments in my memory. Here and there, the other night, she sang off pitch, and her lower notes seemed a trifle dry in quality, but the floating high notes that she has always been famous for are still there, and they sounded as fresh as ever. Mr. Corelli, the tenor, remains a problem. He is a true *tenore di forza*—a very rare species of singer, and hence a very valuable one. Without seeming to strain himself a bit, he can make the walls of the opera house tremble. But his voice has no gradations of color, and he himself has no sense of musical style, and no ability as an actor. Well, one can't have everything. At least, he is loud. . . . After listening to him bellow "Cielo e mar," toward the beginning of the second act, I rushed off to see Martha Graham's latest magnum opus, something called "Phaedra," at the Broadway Theatre, where she is presenting a two-week season. The contrast was shattering—so much so that I am afraid I can't do justice to Miss Graham's new dance drama. It has the usual striking garden of symbols designed by Isamu Noguchi, the usual preoccupation with the more violent aspects of sex, and the usual web of associations—clear and unclear—stretching out in all directions. It apparently represents a nightmare about lust, vengeance, murder, and remorse, and it reflects Miss Graham's inimitable style in setting forth dreams of the sort. It is, however, something that I found it very difficult to make a personal identification with, and hence I thought it interesting rather than moving. . . . Only one thing remains to report on: Robert Shaw and his Chorale in a performance of Bach's "The Passion According to St. John," in Carnegie Hall on Wednesday night. The work: supremely moving. The performance: eloquent in the choral numbers, a little limp elsewhere. The soloists: an admirable Jesus (Thomas Paul, bass), one admirable aria singer (Florence Kopleff, contralto), the rest somewhat on the amateurish side. General effect (nevertheless): that of a worthwhile evening, provided one was not overcritical about details. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ RECORDS

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UNTIL the late twenties, the trombone, that difficult and beautiful instrument, was the clown of jazz. In the ensembles it was used to plug holes,

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provide comic smears and asides (Kid Ory's "Muskrat Ramble" celebrated these functions), and anchor the trumpet and clarinet. It was an infrequent and unsteady solo instrument, and was limited to whiskey-baritone paraphrasings of the melody. Then the big bands, two or three trombones strong, came along, and by 1930 first-rate trombonists who could both read and improvise were everywhere. Among them were Miff Mole (largely a small-band performer), J. C. Higginbotham, Dickie Wells, Benny Morton, Jimmy Harrison, Claude Jones, Sandy Williams, and Jack Teagarden. Harrison, who died in 1931, is generally thought of as the first swing trombonist. To be sure, he helped shape Williams, Morton, and possibly Jones, but Higginbotham and Wells were already on their respective trapezes (if Higginbotham listened to anybody, it was to Mole), and when a fully formed Teagarden arrived in New York, in 1927, he astonished everyone, including Harrison. Unfortunately, the trombone has never again equalled this collective burst of glory. (Brad Gowans was a notable maverick, who ended up, for better or worse, in the Dixieland school, while the pretty and/or corny trombonists, who had little to do with jazz, included Tommy Dorsey, Bobby Byrne, Russ Morgan, Will Bradley, and Jack Jenney.) The big bands began to disappear in the mid-forties, and Bill Harris and Trummy Young became the unstable bridge between the older men and bebop, which produced J. J. Johnson and Kai Winding, fine technicians who figure-skate rather than improvise. Among the younger men, who are faced with the mists of abstract jazz, only Willie Dennis, an apoplectic performer, and Jimmy Knepper, who has learned from Johnson and the likes of Higginbotham, are attempting to expand the possibilities of their instrument. (Bob Brookmeyer, like Ruby Braff and Gerry Mulligan, is an accomplished neo-swing musician.) As a result, when one wants to hear a *trombone*, one turns to Vic Dickenson, who emerged in the late thirties, and to Ellington's Lawrence Brown, to Morton, and particularly to Teagarden, who is fifty-six, and who reached perfection before the present generation was born. (Wells and Higginbotham are waning, Williams has retired, and Mole and Jones are dead.)

An inscrutable combination of temperament, accident, skill, and faddism has made certain great jazz musicians both famous and wealthy. Others, like Teagarden, are merely famous. Tea-

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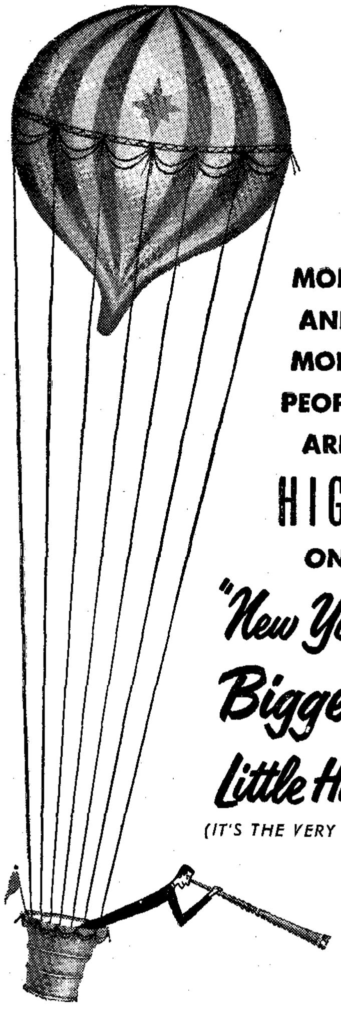
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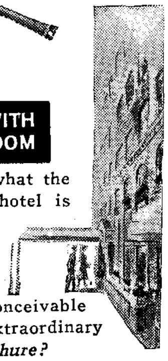
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garden's career, in fact, has been a marathon scramble. From 1921 until his arrival in New York, he jobbed around the Southwest with such men as Peck Kelley and Willard Robison, and then existed largely on recording dates before he joined Ben Pollack, in 1928. He left Pollack in 1933, starved briefly, and was hired by Paul Whiteman, who housed him for four or five years. Teagarden then formed his own big band, a talented and unsuccessful group that moved back and forth across the country until its leader, weary of nursemaiding fifteen people around, gave it up, in 1947, and joined Louis Armstrong's All Stars. He stayed for four years with this dishevelled, bejewelled group, which also included Barney Bigard, Earl Hines, and Sidney Catlett. Since then, he has led an increasingly adept small band of his own. Teagarden is often lumped with Eddie Condon and the Chicago boys, but he is really a lone wolf who has worked with dance bands and swing bands of all sizes as well as with neo-New Orleans and Dixieland groups. His style, equally unclannish, apparently popped whole out of the Southwestern soil. (He was born in Vernon, Texas.) For Teagarden has said that his influences, if any, were Bessie Smith, Negro church singers, and Indian music he heard as a boy in Nebraska.

Teagarden's appearance is as singular as his playing and singing. A tall, handsomely constructed man, he has a square, rocky, Indian face (he is of German descent) topped by black, closely combed hair, and a casual, smiling demeanor. (Once, asked why he slept so much, he replied that, like most Southerners, he was a slow sleeper.) His trombone style is chiefly marked by a nasal, bright-gray tone and an apparent insouciance that conceals an iron restraint. It is a unique style, which has not changed, except for steady but microscopic refinements, for nearly three decades. Indeed, it is impossible to think of a poor Teagarden vocal or solo. (Because of the demands of their instrument, trombonists are probably the most erratic jazz instrumentalists.) Teagarden has developed a sustaining set of mannerisms—lazy glissandos, abrupt change-of-pace triplets and runs, and an occasional hoarseness of tone—that offer a seemingly bland and mechanical façade. But Teagarden demands close listening, for he uses these devices in oblique, continually shifting combinations that invariably catch one off balance. In short, he seems to have in mind a sort of Platonic master solo,

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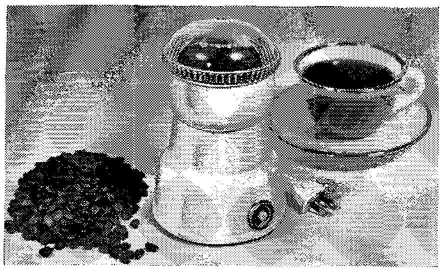

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from which he adapts the solo he actually plays—a subtly accented variation. His slow blues are extraordinary. He will open in the low register, hold the note just long enough to catch the listener, slide quietly into the middle register (while blending in a few up-and-down configurations), then, increasing his volume slightly, move even higher, and fall away into a hoarse, careless blue note. Then he may shift into a rapid, soft-shoe series of triplets, pause for the first time, and shape a declamatory phrase, reach swiftly upward again, and drop softly back to his starting point. It is a poured rather than a played solo, done so offhandedly that one doesn't realize its sheer technical wizardry until a second or third hearing. His ballad numbers receive the same gentle reshufflings and windings, and so do his up-tempo statements, which come closest to letting the indefatigable emotion inside his work into the open. His reluctance to rant and weep in public has made Teagarden one of the few genuinely cool jazz musicians. (Lester Young, Benny Carter, and Joe Thomas are others.) Trombonists have always been prone to bosomy vibratos, upper-register peeps, and tuba blasts. But Teagarden will have none of these. When he leaves the middle range, uses a vibrato, alters his volume, or fashions a coda, he does it in a gloved way. The results are painless, graceful, and never slick.

Teagarden's singing is a direct extension of this coolness. One of the few superlative jazz singers, he belongs in the group composed of Bessie Smith, Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday, Jelly Roll Morton, and Red Allen. (Teagarden has another distinction; he is one of half a dozen or so white musicians who can be compared with their Negro counterparts and not be found wanting. Others are Bix Beiderbecke, Dave Tough, Pee Wee Russell, and Django Reinhardt.) Although his baritone voice, which has deepened considerably in the past ten years, is strikingly close to his trombone, it is smoother and almost completely legato in style. Indeed, Teagarden's slurred, rubbing delivery of lyrics suggests that he is trying to abolish consonants in favor of a new, vowels-only language. At the same time, his singing has both the unobtrusive amiability of a Bing Crosby and a lurking, behind-the-beat jazz intensity that no other jazz singer has possessed. He neither moans nor shouts; instead, he undersings, flattering the ear and forcing one to listen.

Teagarden's recent recordings have

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done him little justice. He has been laced into tight Dixieland bands and plastered down with strings. He has used exhausted materials and appeared with exhausted musicians. Some of these things are true of his newest efforts—"Chicago and All That Jazz!" (done just before the television show of the same name) and "Mis'ry and the Blues: Jack Teagarden and His Sextet" (Verve V-8441 and V-8416). Teagarden is weighted down in the first recording with Joe Sullivan, Eddie Condon, Jimmy McPartland, Bud Freeman, and Gene Krupa. But he rises easily out of the swamps. On the first side of the record (he is heard only briefly on the second side), he plays marvellously in a slow blues, "Logan Square," and sings three classic choruses in it; solos well in "Chicago;" sings another classic chorus in "After You've Gone;" and begins a magnificent chorus of "China Boy," then is abruptly replaced by another soloist. The rest of the record is a shambles. Pee Wee Russell, who recently escaped from his Dixieland bondage, sounds exactly like a recaptured slave. McPartland quavers. Freeman baubles. And Sullivan, Bob Haggart, and Krupa resemble nervous cattle.

The second record, done with Teagarden's own group, is a far sweeter affair. Aside from King Oliver's "Froggie Moore Blues," the "Dixieland One-Step," and the "Basin Street Blues," which Teagarden sings and plays as if he had just discovered it (he and Glenn Miller wrote the lyrics in 1929, and Teagarden has probably sung them five days a week ever since), the record consists of a couple of surprisingly charming Willard Robison tunes—"Don't Tell a Man About His Woman" and "Peaceful Valley"—and out-of-the-way numbers by Seger Ellis and Charlie LaVere. Teagarden sings in six of the ten numbers and solos in all but one. He is effortless, inspired, and technically perfect. His restrained and helpful accompanists include Don Goldie (a Charlie Shavers admirer whose father, Harry Goldfield, played trumpet with Teagarden in Whiteman's band), Don Ewell, and Barrett Deems.

Bless Teagarden, and may he prosper, too. —Whitney Balliett

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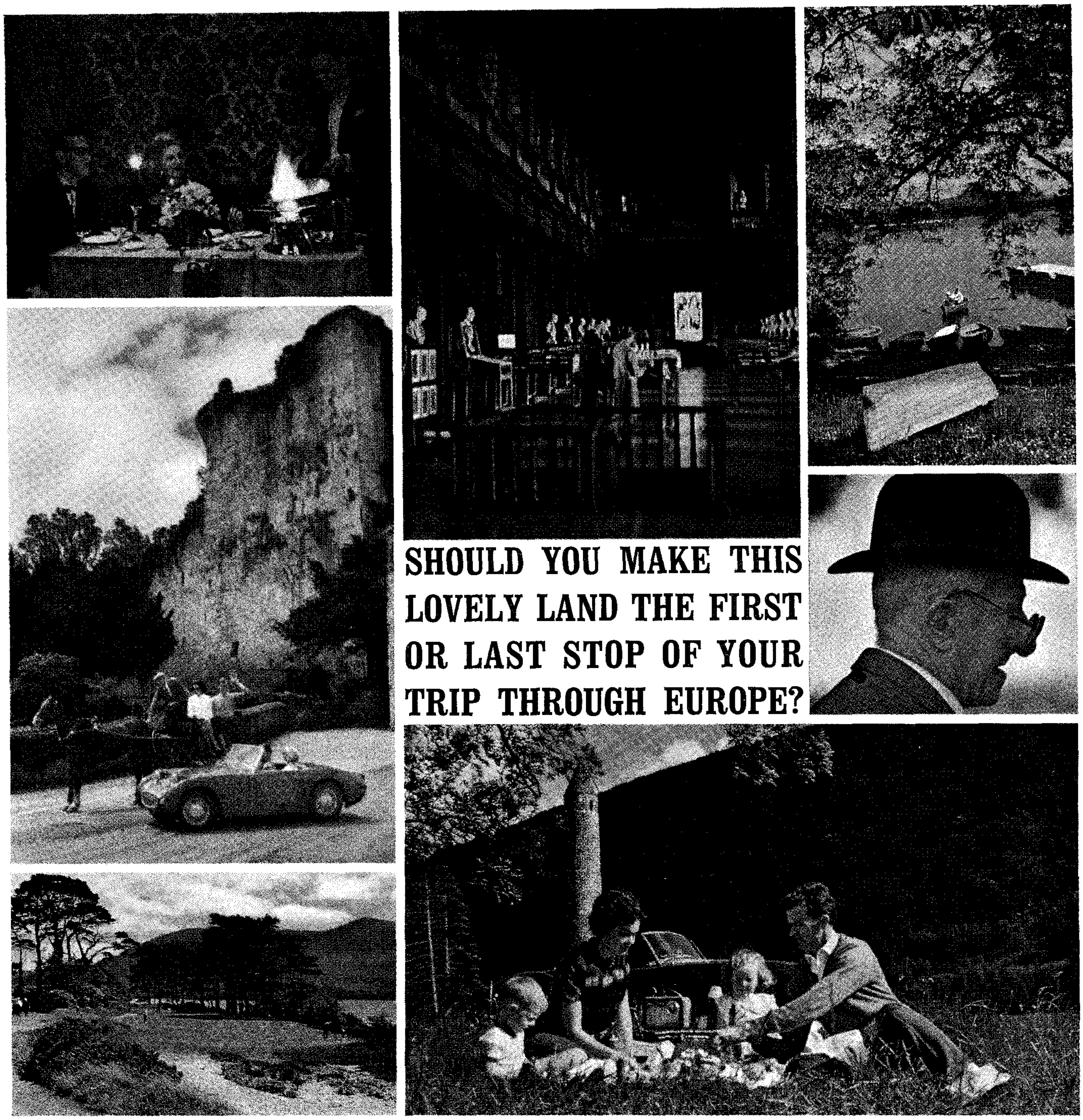

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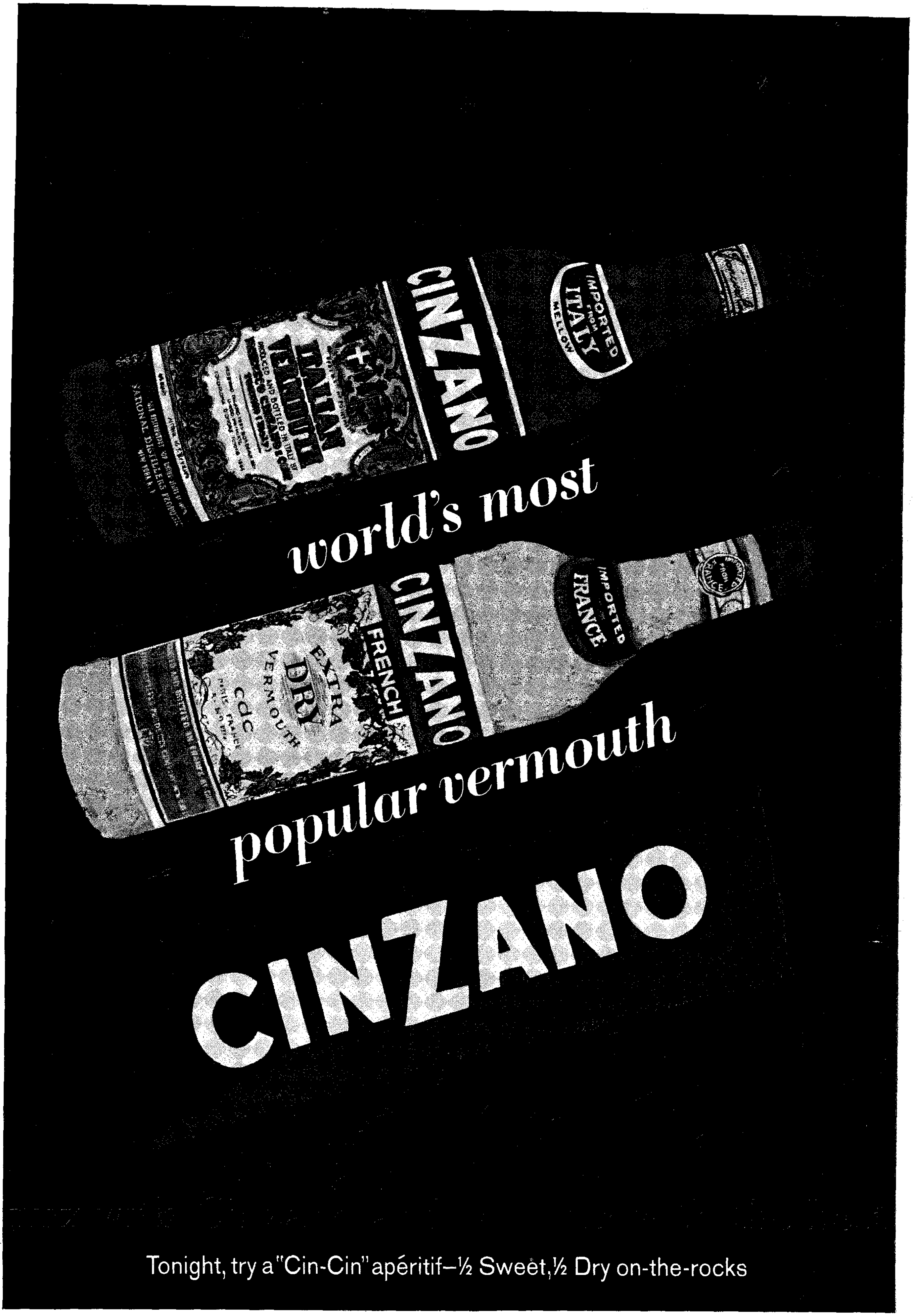
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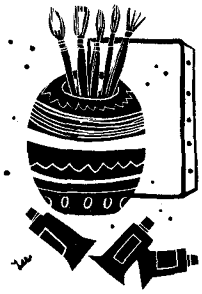

QUITE a mixture of things now confronts us in the galleries, headed by an exhibition at the Wildenstein, called "Masters of Seven Centuries," that in itself is a mixture. A loan affair, this is a benefit for the Faculty Salary Advancement Fund of Wellesley College, and the unique feature is that it is made up (except for some contributions from the faculty, past and present) entirely of works owned by Wellesley graduates—three generations of them, the catalogue remarks proudly, several of them in unbroken line of descent. It was a charming notion, mingling filial feeling with devotion to the alma mater. But it was also a fairly risky one, for with ninety pieces from close to seventy old grads it could have turned out to be a hodgepodge. Thanks to the selectivity of the organizers, and perhaps even more to the good taste of the collectors themselves, the exhibition comes off very well indeed. There may be a few shaky attributions, I'd say, but then I am no authority on such matters, and there's a slightly high percentage of poor or unimportant examples. But this is not the sort of showing to quibble at, and there is enough variety in the offerings to satisfy just about everyone.

I was especially interested to see how the selections sorted themselves out, as an indication of the predilections of the owners. Though the range in time takes us as far back as an early-fourteenth-century (and quite charming) "Saint John the Baptist," by the Sienese artist Pietro Lorenzetti, the painters of the early and even the late Renaissance are not particularly well represented, and apart from the Lorenzetti there are only "Christ at the Column," by Andrea Solario (capably done but a trifle wooden, emotionally); a truly lovely crayon drawing, called "Head of a Girl," by Bernardino Luini; and a dashing "Self-Portrait," by Tintoretto, in the whole period. The more northern painters of the era fare better, with an innocently evocative "Saint Christopher," by Patinir; a calm "Portrait of a Lady Standing," by Gerard Terborch; and a wholly delightful pageful of line drawings, by Rembrandt, called "Three Studies of a Child and One of an Old Woman,"

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among those to be mentioned. Moving up in time, there are a small and beautifully handled landscape, "Ville d'Avray," by Corot, and a swiftly painted "Angelica and Medor," by Delacroix.

For all this, the feeling of the collection so far is scattered, and it is not till one gets further on into the nineteenth century that it begins to take on any real weight and coherence. Here there is a lovely Boudin marine, of a sailing ship suffused by sunset colors, called "Bordeaux, in the Harbor," to begin with, and after that come an equally beautiful cool Pissarro landscape, "Crystal Palace;" a small, impeccable Degas pastel, "The Laundress;" two top Cézannes, "Jeune Italienne Accoudée" and the brusquely painted and well-known "L'Oncle Dominique;" a Seurat figure study called "Fort des Halles;" and an oddly Cézannelike Gauguin "Still-Life with Tomatoes and Jug." The list of good things leads on to a powerfully Expressionist "The Three Russians" (again well known), by Emil Nolde; a fine Matisse, from his always engaging Mediterranean period, "Interior, Matisse Painting His Model;" and a neat Bonnard figure study, "The Checkered Dress." It culminates in a small, highly selective group of Cubist and other abstract works, of which the Picasso "Portrait of Dora Maar" and the seductively blue Juan Gris still-life "La Bouteille de Curaçao" are the main items. Along the way one comes upon a few unconventional pieces, among them the ingenious "Head-Landscape," a double-image painting by Matthieu Merian, a seventeenth-century Swiss; an early, very Fauve Braque, "Les Maisons à l'Estaque;" and an unexpectedly serene harbor view by Edvard Munch, called "Landscape from Hvitsten." A quite early (1900) conventional "Farmhouse," by Mondrian, is balanced by a fairly late and untitled non-objective example of his, and though this, I'm afraid, must be ranked as one of the less distinguished pictures in the show, it does serve to set the artist's development in perspective.

I had hoped to work up some sort of theory about the exhibition, as an illustration of the impact of art on the Wellesley graduate over the generations, and vice versa, but I don't seem to have any startling conclusions to offer. By and large, the graduates are on the conservative side, and appear to feel safest with work of a century or so ago. But then, don't most of us? Throughout history, it has taken some hundred years for a school to establish itself completely; by then a style has reached the

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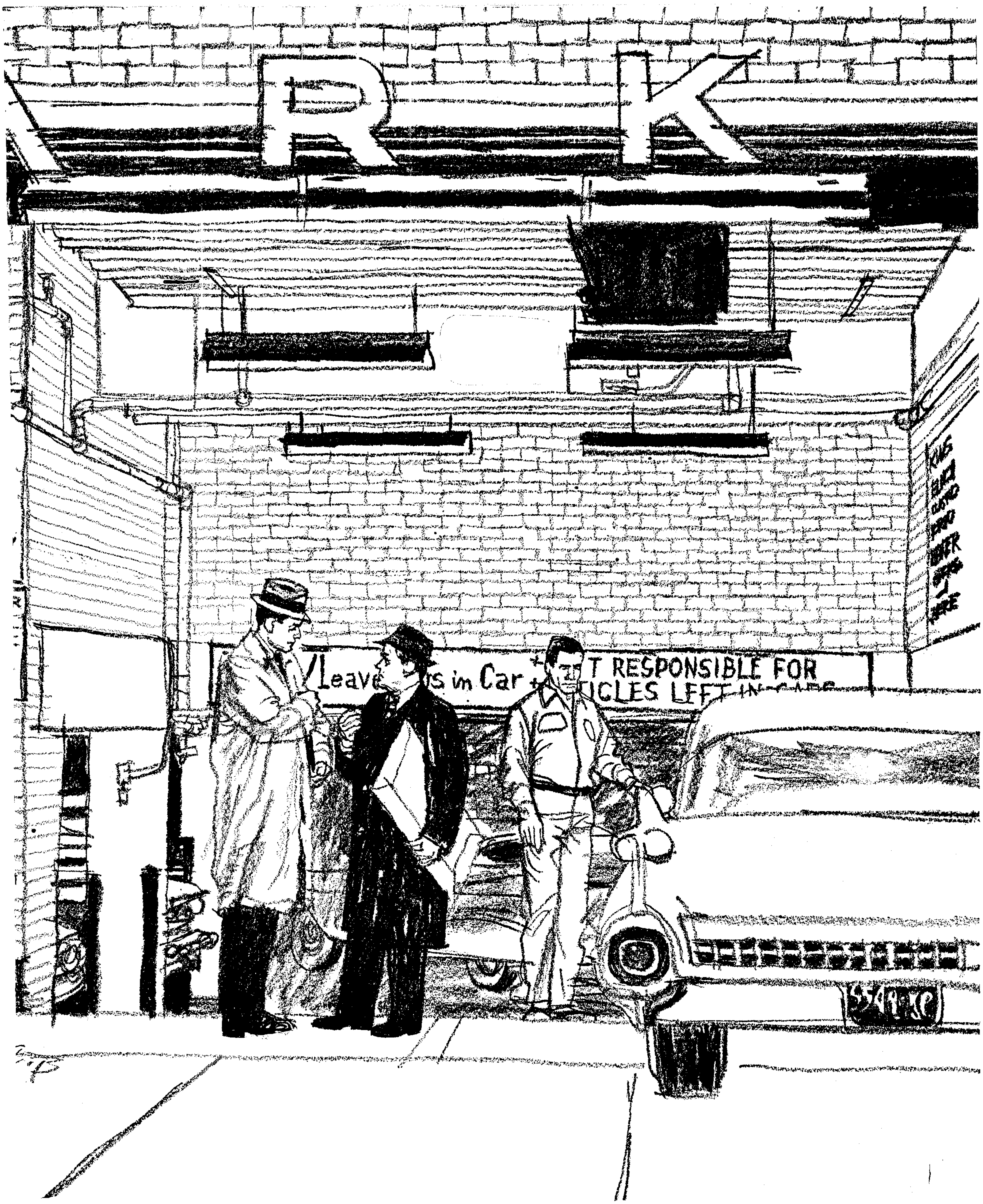
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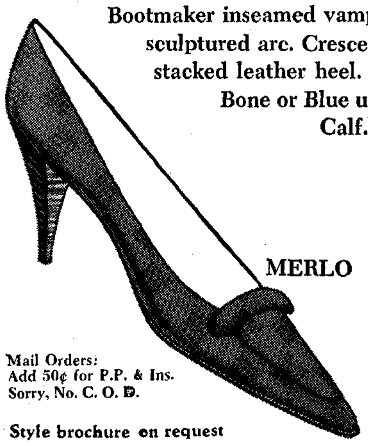

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comfortable and yet pivotal point of being neither too new to be controversial nor quite too old to be in danger of being called old hat. But they can be venturesome as well, the Wellesleyites, as is evidenced by occasional more daring selections. Best of all, from my chauvinistic point of view, they have taken a considerable interest in American painting, and here the approach is fairly eclectic. The list starts as far back as Edward Hicks' "The Peaceable Kingdom," dated 1840-45, and goes on through a nice small Bierstadt, "Yellowstone Park Lake," to such contemporaries as Milton Avery, Loren MacIver, Ben Shahn, and Morris Graves, most of them well chosen. No Abstract Expressionism, though. Wellesley, apparently, has not gone quite *that* far yet.

DURLACHER is showing a set of new paintings by Sidney Nolan, his third exhibition in New York, and it must be said that the show reveals a considerable advance in his techniques over all his previous work, sure and competent as this was, while it maintains a solid, consistent line of approach. There has been a deal of controversy in the past few years over objective vs. nonobjective art. Most of it seems tendentious to me, and some of it, especially when the artist's integrity is called into question (is all this awful modern stuff a hoax, or isn't it?), is downright vulgar. But new styles, if they have any vitality, almost always look outrageous and horrible at first, after which, settled and accepted, they are invariably overtaken by a still more "horrible" school.

Between the current two extremes in the hullabaloo, there is a middle ground, now more or less forgotten, in which abstract simplifications are employed to sharpen and, so to speak, universalize the realistic or narrative references, and Nolan is one of the most gifted practitioners in this rather difficult field. Fundamentally, he is a moralist, a man with a message; he sees humanity involved in a ceaseless struggle against a hostile environment, and he uses his knowledge of his native Australian legendry to enforce his thesis. One of his recurrent themes in the past has been the steel-visored bandit Ned Kelly, a sort of Robin Hood of folk stories Down Under. Another concerns the saga of the lovely but treacherous Mrs. Fraser, who was found wandering lost in a swamp by an escaped convict, which led to her safety, and to his own betrayal. Though these and tales like them are now being absorbed into broader range

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of subjects in Nolan's work, they still figure frequently as underlying motifs, and one of the marks of his skill in his field is the way in which he combines narrative and abstract elements to emphasize the poetic aspects of the legends and avoid any traces of the didactic. Thus Mrs. Fraser, in Nolan's concept, seems to be evolving into a variation of the ancient Leda legend, with the convict appearing sometimes as a bird (see "Woman and Bird IV") and sometimes, as in "Convict and Heron," as a vague background apparition; in others, notably the truly compelling "Convict and Swamp," with its suggestion of Christ at the Resurrection, he appears alone. In the case of Kelly (see "Kelly at Glenrowan"), the strict "storytelling" aspects are more and more subordinated to the over-all pattern of design.

But as I have suggested, Nolan has been broadening his range of subjects. "Floating Anzac," a drowned figure, pale and attenuated, on an expanse of marvellous blues, obviously has wartime connotations, and there is a group of landscapes—"Purple Landscape II," "Red Landscape," and so on—that are remarkable for their atmospheric evocation. I liked, too, a number of the smaller pieces, such as the landscapes numbered VII, XII, and XIII—almost effortless, seemingly, in the rendition, and the more attractive for it. —ROBERT M. COATES

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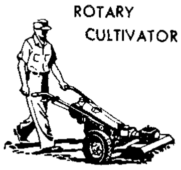

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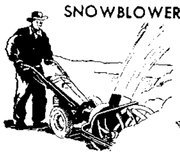

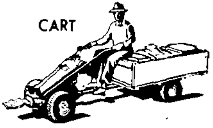

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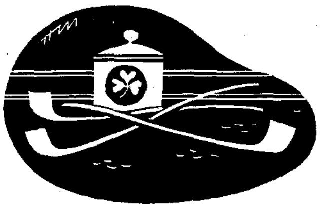
NOTES FOR A GAZETTEER

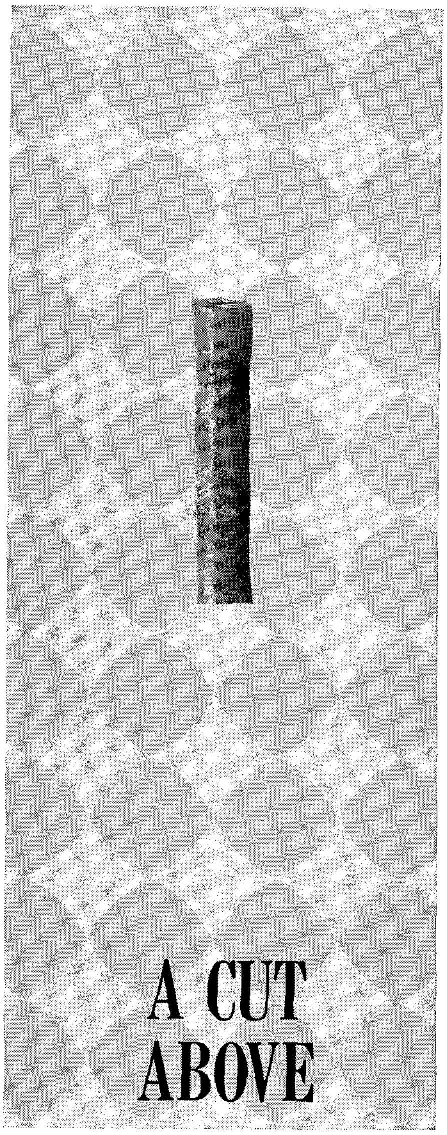
XXXV—DULUTH, MINN.

ALT., 602. Pop., 106,884. Black bears love Duluth. They enjoy coming out of the woods behind Duluth, scrambling down the steep hills on which the city is built, and walking along the streets, looking into shopwindows. Sometimes they stroll over toward the shores of Lake Superior and gaze out upon its broad, choppy waters. They do a considerable amount of their gazing from a parklike area that borders the Duluth ship canal—a short waterway connecting Lake Superior with Duluth Harbor and spanned by an aerial-lift bridge. An embellishment of the park is an outsize gilded-plastic statue of Neptune, who faces inland, grasping a trident with his big plastic right hand and carrying a lake steamer in his big plastic left hand. His big plastic left leg and the big plastic toes of his left foot are visible through the folds of his plastic garment. His big plastic beard tumbles down his big plastic chest. Neptune's presence in the park celebrates the arrival, in May, 1959, of the first ocean vessel to have sailed all the way through the St. Lawrence Seaway to its western terminus—Duluth. "It is my reasoned opinion," a Duluth resident said not long ago, "that if old Neptune had been turned around, so he looked out over the lake, not a ship would dare make port here. He would scare the ships off—head them back to the Soo Locks or to South Chicago or somewhere." As matters stand, Neptune faces not only Duluth but also the bears, who have come in to town with nothing more in mind than a friendly visit and a possible snack of leftovers. Bears eat between meals. The sight of Neptune unhinges the more sensitive bears, and from time to time one of them jumps, or falls, into the canal. When that happens, citizens flock to the waterfront. It gives them something to do. Duluth had an odd effect on bears even before Neptune's time. Some years ago, Duluth's most famous amphibious bear, who is still referred to with affectionate awe as Bruin, managed to outwit several captors who had taken after him in a small motor launch. They caught up with him all right and got him into the boat, but then Bruin ripped off their pants and forced them to jump overboard. In solitary splendor, and to cheers from the quayside, Bruin headed his vessel east, toward Paris. Rough waters spun it around, and Bruin caught another view of Duluth. He jumped overboard, too. Eventually, the police caught up with Bruin and shot him, but they hated to do it.



Not all Duluth bears love the water, or even go near it. A bear referred to officially throughout Duluth as the Most Famous Bear in the World appeared very early one August morning in 1929 outside the coffee shop of the Hotel Duluth. This particular bear had nothing more in mind than a cup of coffee, and perhaps a Danish. He went through a plate-glass window, and was busily knocking over sugar bowls when a watchman sent up the cry "Bear in the coffee shop! Bear in the coffee shop!" Bellhops barricaded the doors, and the police were summoned. The Duluth police are fond of bears, and this one struck them as a promising specimen for the local zoo. The bear would not coöperate, however, and Sergeant Eli LeBeau—a police officer who was known for his humane feelings toward bears—was forced to shoot him dead. The Hotel Duluth presently opened a Black Bear Cocktail Lounge, and mounted the Most Famous Bear in the World, stuffed, over the bar. A big black bear, stuffed, still presides over the bar, but several Duluth historians claim that the present bear is a substitute, and that the original is upstairs in a storeroom, shedding. Every once in a while, a bear tries to enter the Kitchi Gammi Club. Although it has no locks on its doors, the Kitchi Gammi (which means "the great water" in Chippewa) is Duluth's exclusive club. So far, no bears have made it.

SINCE May, 1959, Duluth has devoted a lot of time to cultivating what many of its leading citizens like to call "the international flavor." No higher accolade can be bestowed upon a ship, for instance, than to refer to it as a "foreign ship." Domestic bottoms are still objects of considerable esteem in the city, and Duluthians love to see them in their harbor (a leading waterfront restaurant has a gong struck every time a ship passes through the canal), but a foreign ship means a great deal more. Duluthians are almost as titillated by the arrival of a foreign ship as by the



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sight of a bear jumping into the water. "You have to understand," a Duluth resident said recently, "that the people of Duluth often refer to their city as the Zenith City of the Unsalted Seas, or as the Gateway to the Land of the Mines and Pines, but the titles they love best of all, the ones that make them swell up to the bursting point, are Duluth, the San Francisco of the North, and Duluth, Westerly Terminus of the St. Lawrence Seaway. These last two are port-conscious, and Duluth is a port-conscious town." Ice closes down the port entirely during the four coldest months of the year, but during most of the eight months that it is open two small excursion boats, the Flame and the Streamliner, circle the harbor periodically throughout the day, one of the principal attractions of the voyages being the opportunity, always possible, to view foreign ships. At certain seasons, foreign ships tend to be scarce, and sightseers who have conjured up visions of sailing past boats reeking with exotic spices, or of shouting "Hello, there!" at mariners wearing bright Oriental earrings, often have to settle for a glimpse of a six-hundred-foot ore boat, such as the J. Pierpont Morgan or the Elbert H. Gary, being loaded at one of the huge ore docks. As names go, J. Pierpont Morgan and Elbert H. Gary are, of course, as American as apple pie, and do not conjure up visions of exotic spices. Passengers aboard the Flame or the Streamliner often catch sight of a small tuglike craft nudged alongside an ore boat. The cruise director, desperate for something to satisfy his customers, lets out a yip of delight. "We are fortunate indeed to be coming through the harbor at the very moment that a bumboat is offering supplies to a large vessel!" cries the cruise director. Bumboats are as indigenous to the waters of Duluth as junks to the harbor of Hong Kong, but cruise passengers always feel that they have been touched by a friendly fate when they sail past one. A bumboat dispenses cigars, cigarettes, watches, razors, candy, shoelaces, combs, and other sundries to the crews of the ore boats. From a distance, excursion-boat passengers have no way of distinguishing a tube of toothpaste from a handful of precious jade. On the average, ore boats stay in Duluth seven or eight hours, loading up, and then turn around and head back toward the Soo Locks, at the eastern end of Lake Superior, which are twenty-five or thirty hours' sailing time from Duluth. The captain of an ore boat sometimes does not know the ultimate destination of his

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ship until he reaches the Soo Locks, so he suggests that his crew stock up on shoelaces, razors, and so forth before leaving Duluth.

Duluthians rarely forget the presence of the lake, or its hazards. "Worst maritime weather outside of the South Pacific," Duluthians say. A while back, the Duluth branch of the University of Minnesota filled an entire corridor of one of its buildings with a grisly parade of pictures of shipwrecks on Lake Superior. "If any of our students had entertained notions of going off to sea, I think those pictures turned their thoughts in another direction—landward, you might say," a University official remarked. Many Duluthians are of Scandinavian stock—large numbers of the children are towheaded and have bright-blue eyes—and the sea is presumed to be in their blood. Duluthians pride themselves on their connection with Leif Ericson (a replica of his Viking vessel, large enough to accommodate a couple of bears, is on exhibit in a waterfront park) and on their affection for *smörgåsbord. Smörgåsbord* is advertised in a great many restaurants, but over the years it has deteriorated in scope and variety, and these days, in restaurants, it often consists of little more than chopped chicken liver, sliced carrots, olives, and a piece of salami. "I regret the passing of the *smörgåsbord,* except in private homes," a Duluth man said recently, "even as I regret the fact that what you see advertised in restaurants as Lake Superior whitefish is very often not Lake Superior whitefish. Also, in Duluth you never ask people about their blueberry pie. Some years ago, they would tell you that the blueberry pie was made with local blueberries. Now they are not certain where the blueberries come from, and their pride is hurt. Duluth, you know, is sinking an inch every hundred years."

THE luncheon conversation at the Kitchi Gammi Club often turns to the economic situation in Duluth. In fact, the distinguished members of the club find it difficult, even before the soup is brought to the table, to avoid talking about the declining production at the nearby Mesabi Range (in 1950, it filled eighty per cent of the country's iron-ore requirements; in 1960, thirty-nine per cent), or rates through the Seaway, or taxation, or the millions of dollars invested in plants within the Duluth radius that are devoted to the commercial production of taconite, a low-grade ore that is available in almost limitless quantities but can be brought into a competitive

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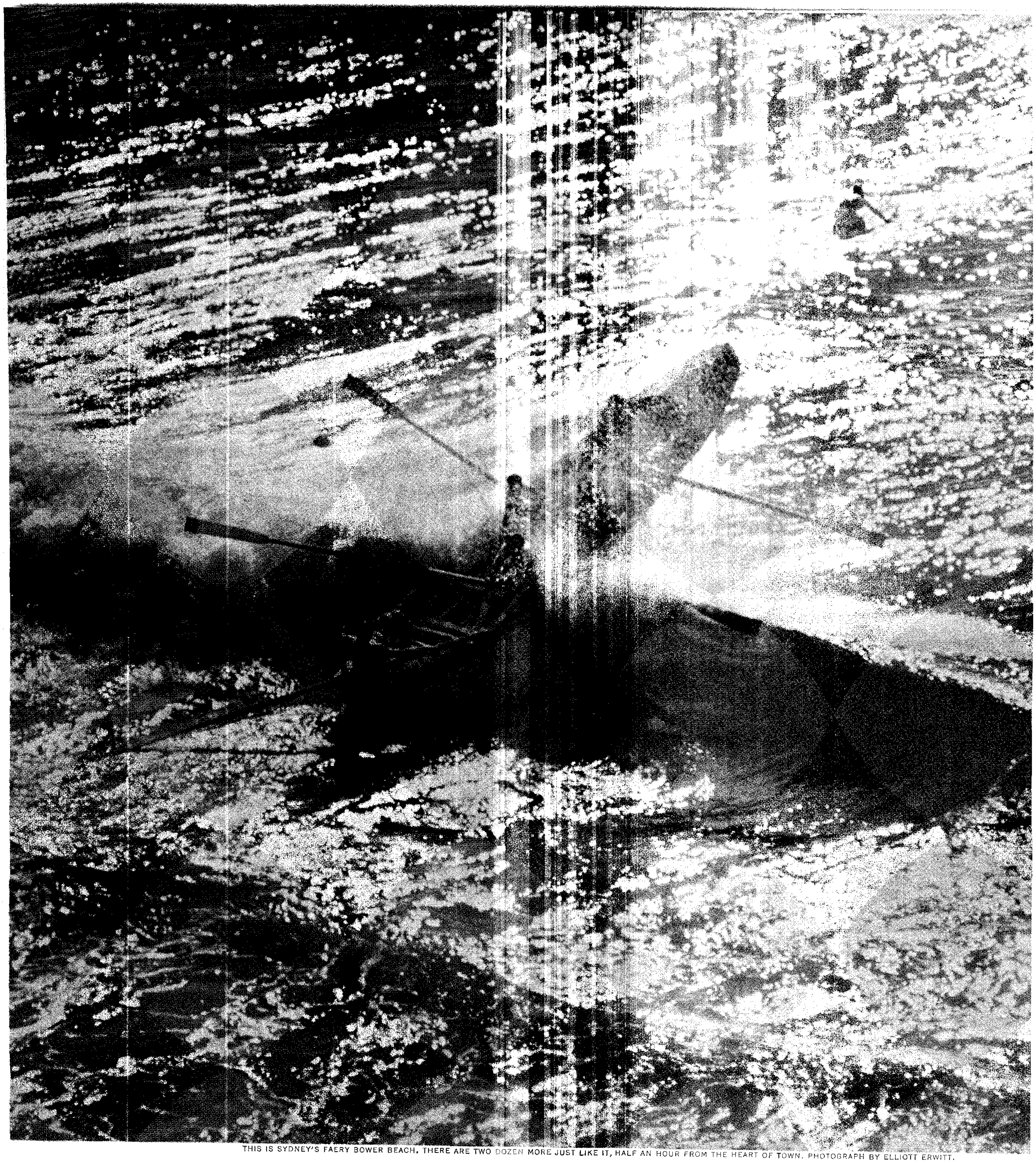

THIS IS SYDNEY'S FAERY BOWER BEACH. THERE ARE TWO DOZEN MORE JUST LIKE IT, HALF AN HOUR FROM THE HEART OF TOWN. PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT ERWITT.

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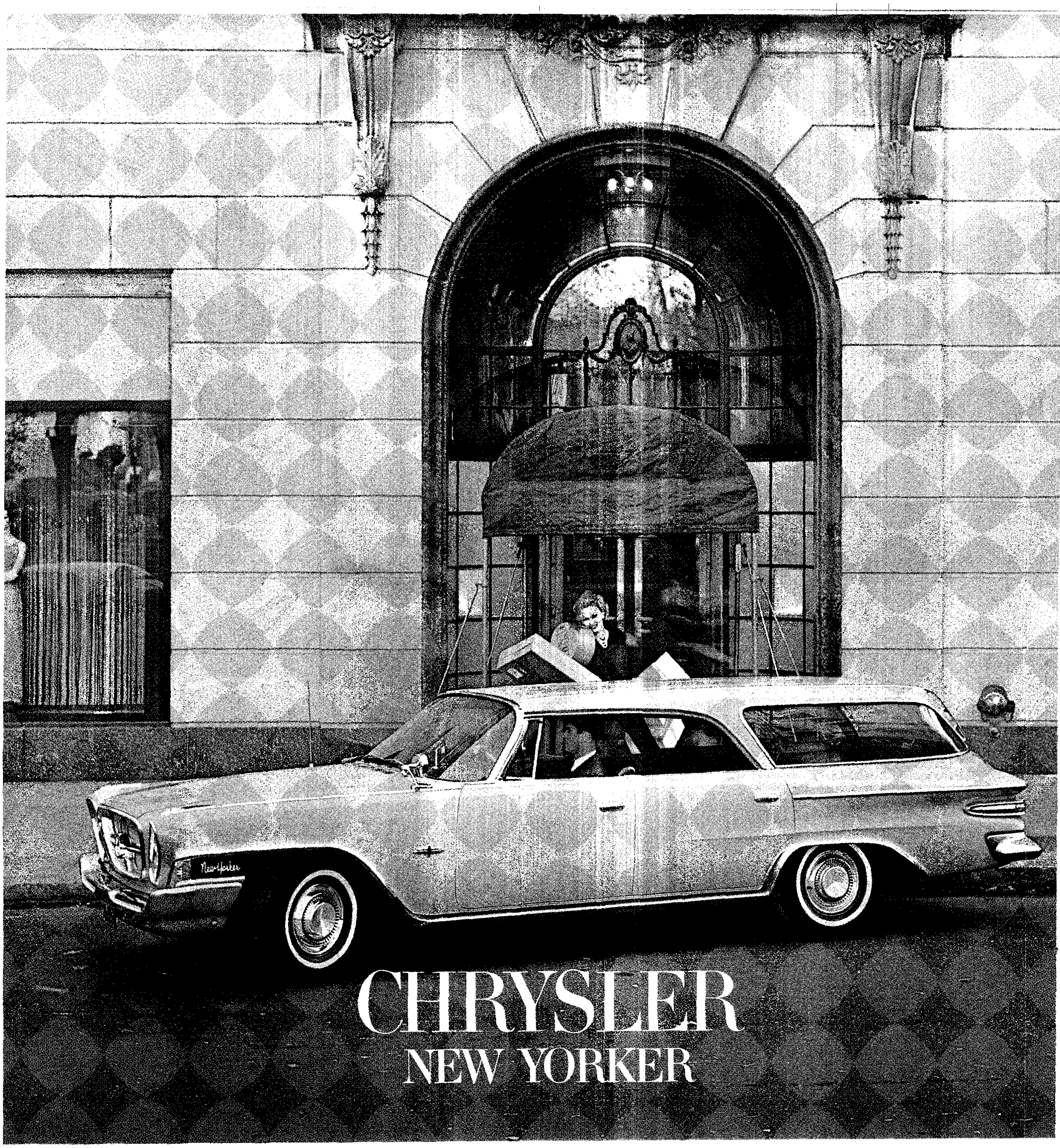

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position only through a process of almost limitless complexity. "There may be some hope for us in taconite," a Kitchi Gammi member said not long ago, "but I stand in awe of the drilling, blasting, mining, crushing, grinding, separating, and re-forming into pellets to which taconite must be subjected before it can be used in a blast furnace. And the money it costs! Staggering!" Meanwhile, southwest of the Kitchi Gammi Club, and beyond the railroad trestles over which ore cars once rolled almost without end to load ore into boats that would carry it to the blast furnaces of the nation, the headquarters of the Chun King Corporation, producers of frozen and canned Chinese-American foods, are humming. Chun King's president, Jeno Paulucci, is what is referred to in Duluth as "a live wire." There are other live wires in Duluth, but Mr. Paulucci is generally considered the livest wire of them all. Mr. Paulucci is not a member of the Kitchi Gammi Club. The Kitchi Gammi crowd shrink from permitting the words "frozen egg rolls" to pass their lips, but in the past few years—as Chun King's giant fleet of trucks, marked "Orient Express," have rolled down the highway beneath the silent ore trestles—they have become aware that something bigger than they are is looming over Duluth. Mr. Paulucci lives in a seething, turbulent world of bean sprouts, mushrooms, water chestnuts, noodles, chicken, and shrimp. In his lexicon, the words "nation convenience food" carry as much weight as "foreign ship in the harbor." He is a dedicated man. He feels that his mission, and perhaps the mission of Duluth, is to acquaint as many people as possible, the country over, with the delights of frozen or canned chow mein. Empires have been built on lesser dreams, and Mr. Paulucci dreams of a nation wallowing in crisp brown noodles, diced chicken, and soy sauce. Mr. Paulucci's recipes stem almost entirely from his inheritance, which is Italian and does not include a scintilla of Oriental, and from his own instincts and those of his mother, Mrs. Michelena Paulucci. "Lots of vegetables, low cholesterol," Mr. Paulucci says. "Hell, we have no Chinese chefs. Don't need them. I'm for Italian seasoning in the chow mein—the way Americans like it. Mama tastes everything before we put it on the market, and she will suggest we add a bit of this or a bit of that. She is always right."

Visitors to the Chun King plant are often almost overcome in the noodle room, but in the room where the bean

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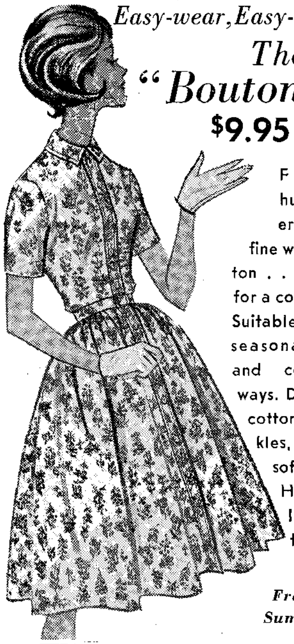

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sprouts grow they may find themselves on the edge of hysteria. Chun King grows mung beans hydroponically in long, wet troughs. The beans, which reach Duluth from South America, the Orient, and the American Southwest, lie in the long, wet troughs for nine days, thinking the long, damp thoughts of mung beans, and on the ninth day they sprout. When they sprout, they *sprout*—they become tall, commanding, and intertwined, and seem to possess a demonic, purposeful life of their own. Paulucci and his associates keep a close watch on the mung beans. They are well aware that they and the beans may be engaged in a death struggle. So far, Paulucci has had the upper hand. He cuts the sprouts off in their prime and tosses them into the vats with the noodles. When he is not doing that, he enjoys asking embarrassing questions about his city. "What happened?" he will say. "What has become of the heritage our pioneer fathers left us?" He calls for "insurmountable drive," "boundless energy," "native intelligence," "hardy spirit," and "proud independence." Some visitors to Duluth feel that Paulucci's mung beans possess all these qualities, and that unless the beans are checked, they will grow out of his plant, entwine the trestles, encircle the docks, break into the Kitchi Gammi Club, suffocate the plastic Neptune, smother the men, women, and children of the city, and hug all the bears to death. "The way things are going down at Chun King and up at the Mesabi," a scholarly Duluthian recently said, "it is entirely possible that within our lifetime mung beans will grow in the streets of Duluth."

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

◆

BALLET REHEARSAL

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skirt whirls.
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girls.
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where
Against the wall a man slumps in a
chair,
Heavy of belly, heavy in leg and eye.
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fly,
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land
In the bold branches of his hairy hand.

—PAUL ENGLE

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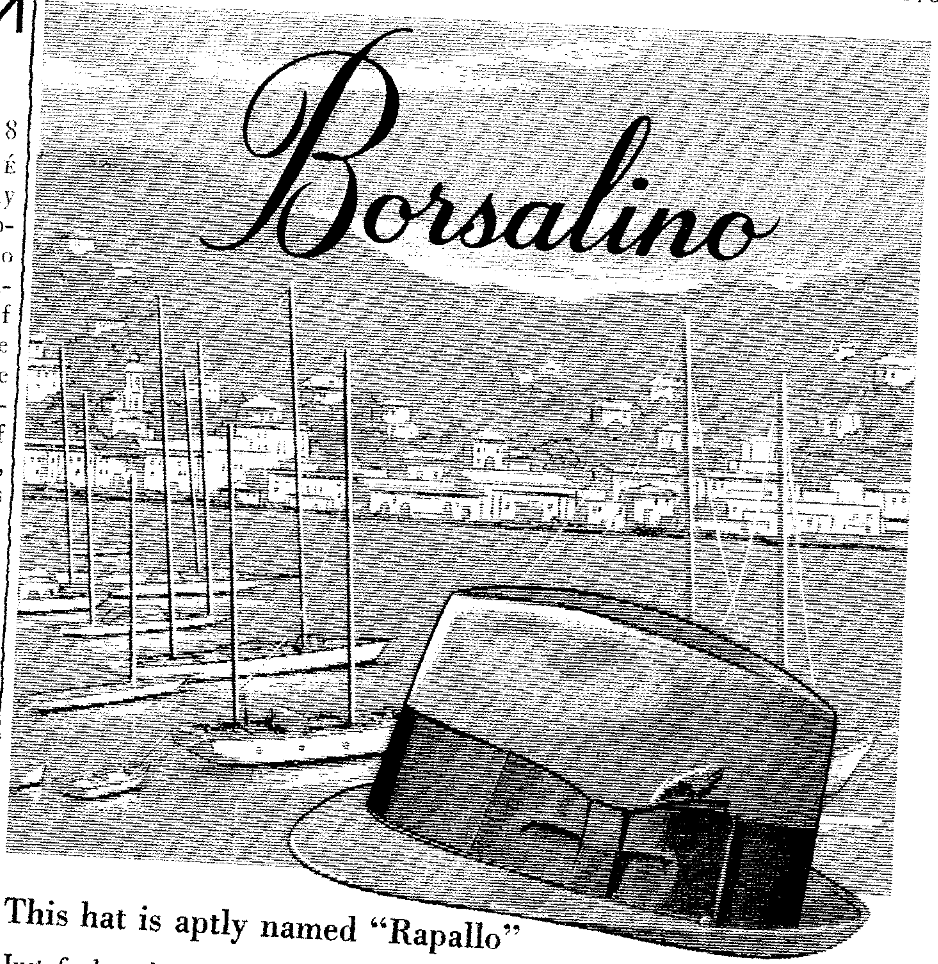
LETTER FROM PARIS

MARCH 8

PREMIER DEBRÉ having finally given the French police the order to clean out the clandestine network of the Organisation de l'Armée Secrète throughout France, last week they arrested four officers on the teaching staff of Saint-Cyr, the French West Point, and two officers attached to the famous aristocratic cavalry school at Saumur (one of them a tank captain, tanks being the equivalent of horses in today's armed forces), and put five officers attached to the infantry school at Saint-Maixent under surveillance. Considering the insurrectional character of the highest brass of the French Army in Algeria, which in the last three years has tried twice to overthrow the Fifth Republic, it is remarkable to find only a handful of officers in such classic establishments who prefer ex-General Salan to General de Gaulle. The Minister of Education has just suspended the privileges of the boarding-school students preparing for Saint-Cyr at the time-honored Lycée Saint-Louis, in the Latin Quarter. At midnight last Friday, they set off tricolor Bengal lights and threw noisy torpedoes, clustered in their dormitory windows in pajamas, tossed out O.A.S. tracts, shouted *"L'O.A.S. veille!"* ("The O.A.S. is keeping watch!"), and hung out a sheet with the letters "O.A.S." painted on it. The rumpus attracted other students, of opposite convictions, in the street below, who shouted *"O.A.S. assassins!"* and, on getting possession of the sheet, burned it in an auto-da-fé at the corner of the Rue des Ecoles. The day before yesterday, the faculty council of the Lycée Michelet warned its students against attempts on the part of the O.A.S. to get recruits for its plastic-bomb squad. On Thursday of last week, five students from the Institut d'Etudes Politiques, or Sciences Po, the most recherché small college of Paris, which specializes in educating future career diplomats and Cabinet Ministers, were held by the police on suspicion of being members of the O.A.S. The most intelligent of the quintet had become a well-known figure on a question-and-answer television program called "Homme du Vingtième Siècle," in which he stood a good chance of winning ten thousand New Francs,



This hat is aptly named "Rapallo"

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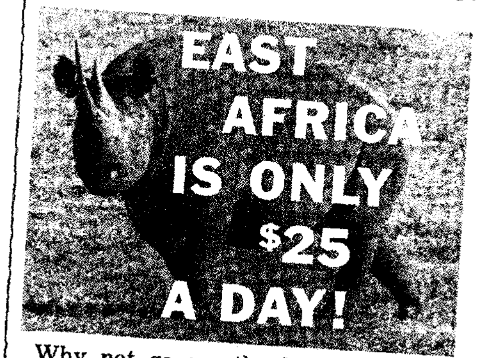

Why not go see the big game, the grandeur of the scenery, on a low-cost tour? Kilimanjaro, Zanzibar, Nairobi, Kampala . . . bring home life-time memories of them (pictures, too). Visit great game reserves . . . Queen Elizabeth Park, Murchison Falls. Also Mombasa, Dar es Salaam on the Indian Ocean. You'll be quite comfortable in modern hotels, safari lodges. Your Travel Agent can help you with itineraries, folders. Or write Dept. NY

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or two thousand dollars, until the police arrested him. Bourgeois youths of this type—known as the *blousons dorés*, to distinguish them, as troublemakers, from the lower-class, tough *blousons noirs*—are France's young Fascists of today, and probably its normal ultra-conservatives of tomorrow. The French extreme Right is, after all, far older and more deeply ingrained—if much smaller as a class—than the French Left.

THIS past week, the French government suddenly and tardily came up with an elaborate new repatriation offer, shortly to be made official by government decree. It amounts to a last-minute welcome-home invitation to however many of the million *colons*, or white settlers, in Algeria choose to accept it—to people who fear the future in an independent Algeria, dominated by nine million Moslems who have little reason to love them; who are sick of the O.A.S.'s death-dealing violence and of the anarchy that they have been living in; who know that Algérie Française is a burnt-out, lost cause, and are willing to pull up stakes and settle, discontentedly, in France. The terms are certainly generous compared to the empty-handed existence that faced millions of European refugees after 1945, when shifting history and changed maps cost them their homes and their previous superiority. The repatriates are offered free transportation from North Africa to whatever section of France they choose; a monthly dole of from three thousand to seven thousand New Francs (from about sixty to a hundred and forty dollars) until they find work or can be trained for new trades; social security; employment-guidance centers; loans at three-per-cent interest, repayable in eighteen years; and ten per cent of the low-rent housing projects for their habitation. Unlike the United States, France is suffering not from unemployment but from a labor shortage; women are now asked to work, if only half days, in industry. The repatriates might even be a little welcome. Obviously, President de Gaulle is offering this repatriation so that his government, once peace is made, cannot be accused of the bugbear policy of abandonment—of "abandoning our French brothers down there," as the early cry had it. And, true, the million *colons* were always called French, which by citizenship they are, just as Puerto Ricans are citizens of the United States. In President de Gaulle's recent speech to the nation, he referred to the *colons* for

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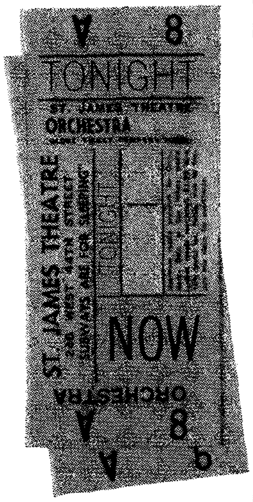
the first time as being "of European stock." (About half the million, descendants of the first settlers, are true French blood brothers; the more recent brothers are mainly Spanish, Italian, Greek, or Cypriot.) De Gaulle's repatriation plan is not just for now, during the experimental uncertainties of the coming peace, but will extend into the future, too, for those who, "having chosen the experience of living on in the new Algeria, find it does not work"—a melancholy long view.

In the course of the cease-fire talks that are finally going on at Evian-les-Bains, the leaders of the Algerian Nationalist Party have unexpectedly asked if the French government can control the murderous unofficial violence of the O.A.S. against the Algerian population, the O.A.S. now being where the gunfire comes from—usually casually, on the main streets of the cities. This question turns the original French thesis for peace upside down, since that thesis was based on the premise that the French whites would have to be protected from the liberated Algerians. In Monday's pre-dawn shower of a hundred and seventeen O.A.S. plastic bombs in Algiers, twenty-seven of the thirty-five people killed were native Algerians, such as, over the months, have supplied from three-fourths to four-fifths of the daily dead. If the embittered Moslems, overprovoked by the O.A.S.'s small, unrelenting day-and-night massacres, burst from the Casbah with their knives drawn, the peace will be lost before the dove ever becomes the bird in the hand.

At the moment, hope still centers on Evian. In the weekly *Express*, the mordant, phantasmagorical artist who signs his cartoons Tim lately had a picture illustrating the cease-fire, after seven and a half years of war. It showed a one-legged, one-armed French soldier leaning on a crutch and holding a bugle to the mouth of a bugler who has both legs but no arms.

THIS has been a lackadaisical winter theatre season, with no serious new plays of consequence from what is left of the French top-drawer playwrights' creative faculties, and no fresh, stimulating comedies to take Parisians' minds off the melodramatic Algerian events. The rarest, most rewarding evening's entertainment remains a television show presented some weeks back on the "Portrait Souvenir" program, which is highbrow, features famous writers, and is aimed at readers. This show, which was on tape, was entitled "Proust Tel Que Je L'Ai Connu" ("Proust As I

TONIGHT AND EVERY NIGHT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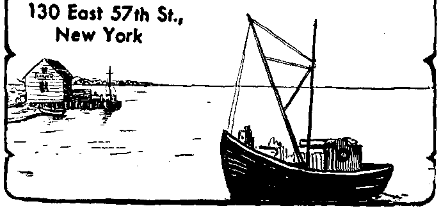

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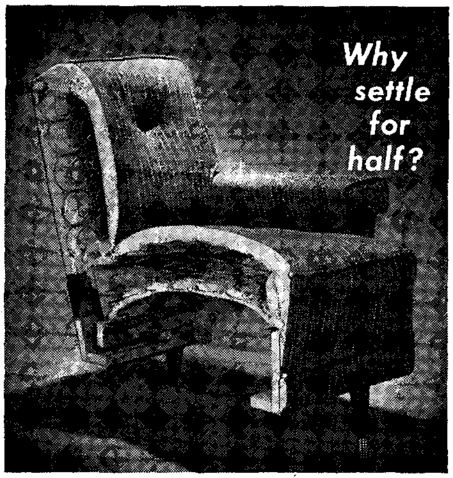
Knew Him"), and was precisely that—an hour and a half of Marcel Proust, from his youth to his end, revived by a dozen of his old friends, by now grown very, very much older. He has been dead for forty years, but, thanks to the dialogue between each friend and his own memory, the twelve amazingly brought Proust back to be a thirteenth *participant*—and the chief one among them—visible at least in the array of photographs that were shown of him, looking luxurious and ill, and a genius, and immortally younger than they. Admirably produced for the state national television by the writers Roger Stephane and Roland Darbois, it had the chance to be, and was, unique—a memorable and affecting resurrection and illumination of France's great novelist as he was in his life and on his deathbed. The show opened with photographs of the village of Illiers, where Proust spent boyhood summers with the uncle who owned the shop called Nouveautés de Paris, which the gifted nephew did not include in "Du Côté de Chez Swann." These shots were illustrations of what he later chose to recall and enrich—the awkward slate belfry of the church, the hawthorn bushes lining the walk that became Swann's Way, and, inside his grandmother's house, the staircase whose cleanly odor of wax he identified with sadness each evening when he had to creep up it to bed and away from the beloved presence of his mother. His own bedroom was shown as it had been, with his small bed. There was Tante Léonie's front bedroom, with its lemonwood furniture, where, among her medicine bottles, she made her Sunday-morning social survey of the churchgoers below. Her mantel decorations were still in place, under glass bells. There were photographs of everyone in the entire family.

The spoken recollections of the dozen old friends were made just in time. Since the show, the oldest of them, Academician Daniel Halévy, has died, at the age of eighty-nine. Frail-voiced, almost breathless, Halévy recalled that he was the only relic left of Proust's class at the Lycée Condorcet: "The rest of us were only schoolboys. He was something different. He was so strange that I hesitate to describe him." And Halévy did not. The fullest portrait—loyal, respectful of Proust's genius, but amusing—was given by Paul Morand, who as a young blade in high society knew him well, and who later reported on his elegances and difficulties in a book called "Le Visiteur du Soir": "He was always bothered by his armor of starched linen, by his yawn-



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ing shirtfront, which bulged over his three woollen vests. Then there was his hair. The front lock would rise up. He would try to smooth it down with his hand. While he was doing this, the gesture moved his collar awry to the left. He pulled it back to the right. He redressed in the elevator. He seemed like a personage from the Musée Grévin waxworks, both comic and touching, but what was touching greatly outweighed the comic." He was not effeminate in his manner, Morand said categorically during the TV show, and, though physically feeble, was courageous; one day during the First World War, he struck an American who was trying to steal his taxi in front of the Ritz. Cocteau said that Proust, because he could not stand noise, paid workmen not to work at redoing somebody's flat over his apartment on the Rue Hamelin, and that he had "a ceremonial susceptibility, always feared he was being snubbed, lived in a perpetual labyrinth of politeness." Emmanuel Berl said that in conversation Proust "talked with commas," as if he were already in print. Philippe Soupault, among others, spoke of the famous cork-lined room, afloat with anti-asthma powder, which no lady might enter if she had even been touching flowers, to which Proust was allergic. He wore white cotton gloves when he was at work, so as not to bite his nails. He read aloud from his manuscripts to friends who called after midnight, interrupting himself to say deprecatingly, of those pages that were to make him world-famous, "*C'est trop idiot.*" François Mauriac, who knew him little but corresponded with him extensively, said that Proust did not believe that love or friendship really existed, but painted them, and that while he carried on the Balzac tradition of the novel with modern material, his soul came from Stendhal. All that the old Duc de Gramont could remember was that Proust had a passion for precise social information.

It was the monologue on her Monsieur Marcel by Mme. Céleste Albaret, his devoted servant and often his amanuensis, that was the emotional climax of the Proust story. Now in her seventies, still fine-looking, with her strong teeth, her smile of happiness at the recollection of her service, her sobs of a grief that is still green, she would talk, then stop to think, then say "*Ah, oui, oui, je me rappelle,*" then start speaking again. She described the night before Proust died. "What if I should not survive to finish my work?" he asked her near three o'clock in the morning. "I am too exhausted to dictate any more to you. I

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shall write a little more." And finally he scribbled the last sentences of "Le Temps Retrouvé" and the great word "Finis," which we saw on the TV screen. At seven that morning, he consented to drink some *café au lait*—"to please me," Mme. Albaret sobbed. When the doctor came to give him a restorative injection, Proust feebly pinched her wrist to punish her for her treachery, because she had promised him not to let anyone hurt him. She hardly realized it when he was dead, "for he seemed to look at me with his beautiful eyes, with the light still in them." Then the deathbed photograph was shown, with the thinned face supporting a heavy black beard.

M. Darbois says that both the tape and the sound track are in the archives of Radio Diffusion Télévision Française, on the Rue de l'Université, and are available to anyone who might wish to show this program elsewhere—a New York art-movie house, say, or Princeton and Yale Universities, whose strong French departments are known here to have specialized in Proust's novels. —GENÊT

•

On a visit to South America, I was struck that even there people spoke about the Northern Hemisphere with greater reverence than about the Southern. What is on top seems to be superior. A dramatic new attitude towards the southern part of the globe might be achieved by printing a globe or a map where the South is on top and the North at the bottom.—*From "The Strategy of Desire," by Ernest Dichter, page 55.*

We have been prematurely concerned in the social sciences with techniques rather than with interpretation and understanding because we are blocked by our beliefs that techniques alone can provide the answer. We need social inventiveness, creativity in finding answers to our many modern problems of life such as abundance and underdevelopment, nationalism, and unification. Often only by standing on our heads can we find new approaches to the solution of new problems.—*Ibid., same page.*

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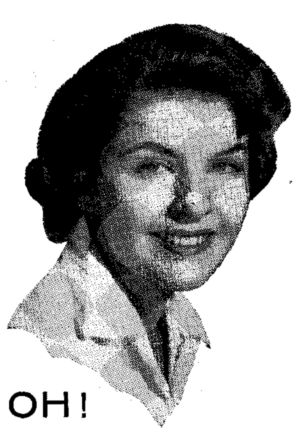

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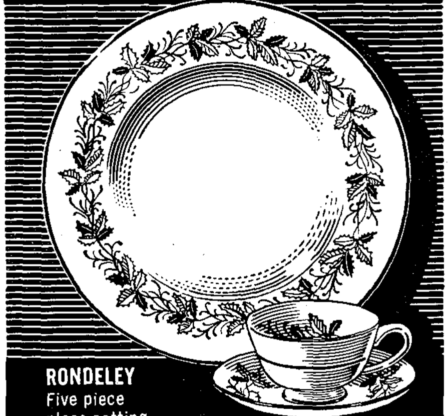

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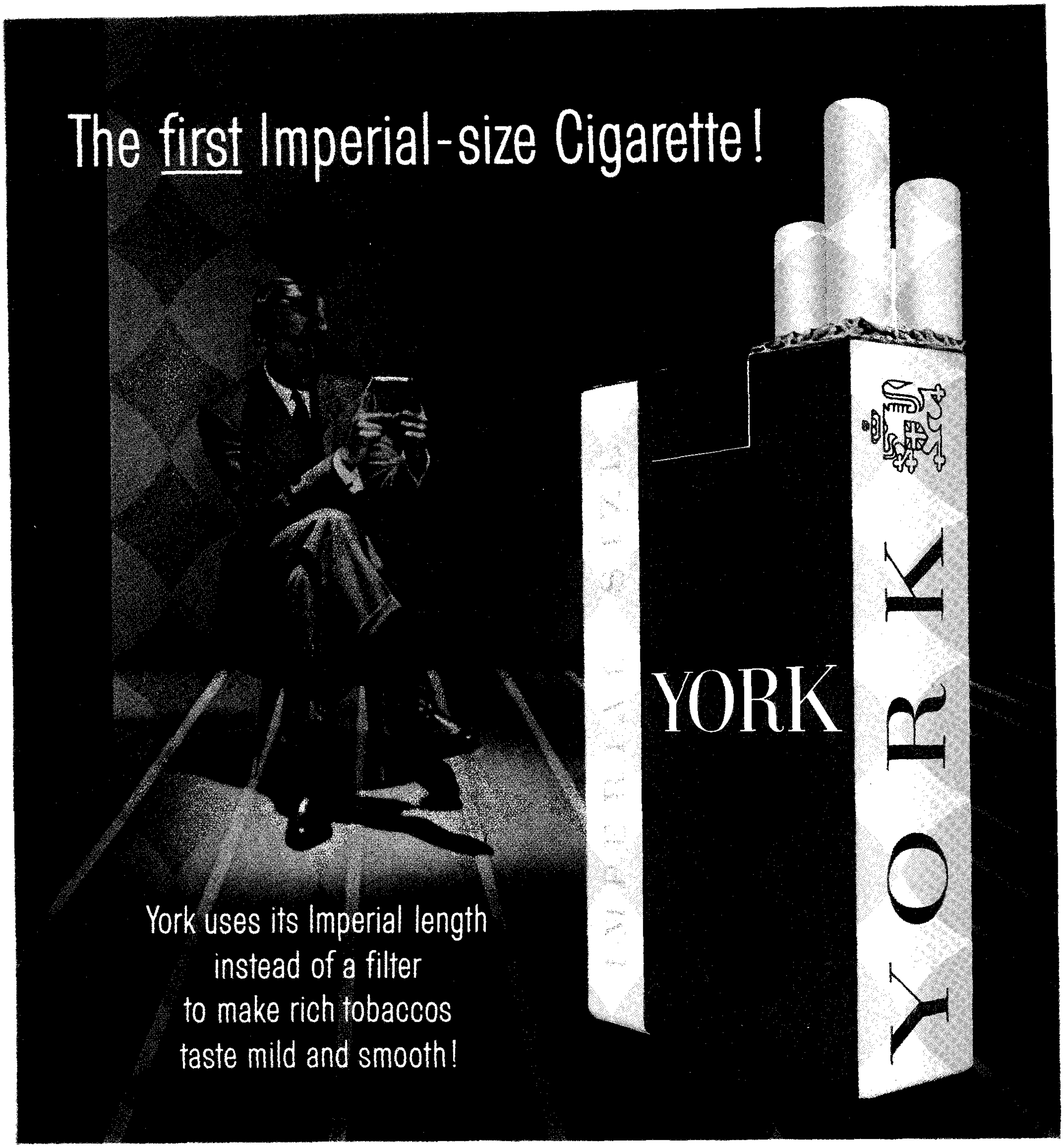
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BOOKS

Grail

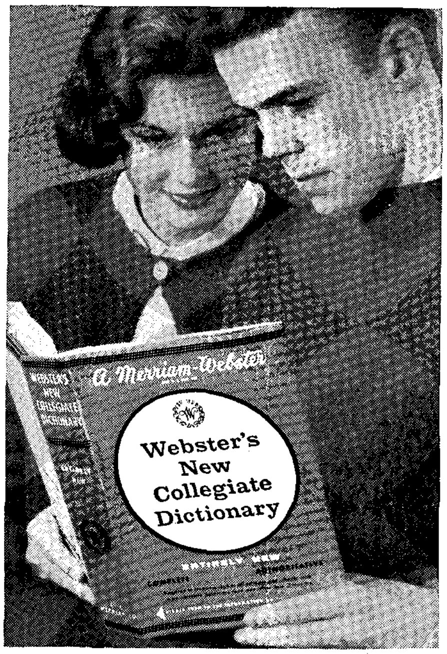
THE word “writer” is gradually shrinking; it now often means “fiction writer,” and no more. Whenever two or three novelists gather together—on television, on campus, under the summer Vermont mountains—they tend to speak sanctimoniously of themselves as writers, or Writers; poets, biographers, playwrights, historians, philosophers, diarists, essayists, and literary journalists are referred to only as poets, biographers, playwrights, historians, philosophers, diarists, essayists, and literary journalists. Despite this usurpation, many of the best *writers* around are not novelists but those literary journalists who practice, as it is swankily called, reportage. (Some novelists occasionally write reportage, and with interesting results: it outclasses their fiction.) One of the most original practitioners of the form is Clancy Sigal, an American in his thirties who lives in England. Sigal has written just two books—“Weekend in Dinlock,” published by Houghton Mifflin in 1960 (still in print) and recently reissued as an Anchor book, and “Going Away” (Houghton Mifflin), brought out this past month. The first book is genuinely brilliant, the second good. Both books, though labelled “novels” by their publishers, are a nearly unique cross between reportage and autobiographical fiction, in which the nameless narrator—in contrast to the shadowy observer-catalyst in most reportage—is shaped and changed by the distilled facts he records. “Going Away” is prefaced by the traditional novelist’s disclaimer: “Except for certain well-known public figures all of the characters in this book are fictitious and any resemblance,” etc. But the book is subtitled “A Report, A Memoir.” And those are exactly what it is. Like Sigal, its hero is not only the son of immigrant trade-unionists but a former trade-unionist himself, an ex-soldier, a graduate of a state university in Los Angeles, a nomad, and the recipient of a literary prize for a book in progress. (“Going Away” is a Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship Book.) And at the end he leaves America, as Sigal did, to travel in Europe. The same pattern applies to “Weekend in Dinlock,” an account of the narrator’s visits to a Yorkshire coal miner’s home. Sigal says, in a graceful note, “Thank you, is all I can say to my friends, and their friends, in the north of England whose kindness to an inquisitive and often tactless stranger made this book possible. Hospitality can never be repaid. At the least, I can assure them that neither they nor their particular village will be found within these pages. Dinlock is imaginary, in that it is many places I have seen, and its people are not ‘real’ except in the sense that they are a sum of the total of what I wish to say about what I saw.” “Weekend in Dinlock” should be looked at before “Going Away.” It is Sigal’s earliest published book, and it is a perfect one. But a good deal of “Going Away” appears to have been written before its predecessor (the first draft was finished in 1960), and it explains how Sigal came to write the marvellous “Dinlock.”

Despite its occasional vivid, in-the-round parts, “Going Away” has an encyclopedic, almost official-history air—the traditional first “novel,” minus the spasms. The book—over five hundred pages—is too long, and Sigal’s prose, which has the natural writer’s easy mixture of simplicity, rhythm, colloquialism, and reluctant but precise use of metaphor, shows the strain. A book half as long might have been singular; one a third as long might have ranked with “Dinlock” (just under two hundred pages). “Going Away” is pegged on a meandering automobile trip the narrator takes by himself from Los Angeles to New York in the fall of 1956. He has had mononucleosis, and he keeps going with dexedrine, marijuana, and whiskey. These also deaden the “brain music” that soon begins attacking him—the brain music, one realizes, of an impending nervous breakdown. The trip is at first a reaction against Hollywood, where he has been an agent. Then it becomes a series of slow, tortured farewells. The narrator visits countless people he had known when he was a trade-unionist, in the Army, in college, and in Chicago, where he was born. He has spent his life on the far Left, and these friends had once fed his philosophy. But something has gone wrong; they have grown paunchy, blunted, apolitical, cowardly, neurotic, crafty, stupid, and heavily domesticated. They bask in television, they are opaque-eyed. Many of the reunions, which are often quick, fascinating portraits of the people involved, are painful and poignant. The old jokes, the old grimaces, the old gestures no longer mean anything. Smiles grow crooked and silences swell. The goodbyes are cold. The narrator discovers that this ships-that-pass-in-the-night difficulty is everywhere. For the hell of it, he sometimes poses as a Gallup pollster. He discovers that many people are not voting in the Presidential election or that they are voting thoughtlessly, and that while the Hungarian revolution is meaning-

less in—say—Wyoming, washing machines, cars, and mortgages are very big. Some of the narrator's meetings with his interviewees are epic:

> A little fat businessman named Harold Cherry came over and introduced himself. . . . Harold Cherry was the proprietor of Walla Walla's largest paint and varnish emporium. He said that he guessed I was a public pollster. A what? I asked. A man from the Gallup polls, he said. He had heard me asking earlier in the evening how everyone was going to vote. I said I was doing it only to settle a bet with a friend in Los Angeles who had wagered me there were more Democrats than Republicans in Walla Walla, Washington.
>
> Harold Cherry said cheerfully, "You've won yourself a bet, mister, come on over and meet the wife." We sat down in a red leather couch near the Wurlitzer and Harold Cherry stuck in about a dollar's worth of change just to keep things friendly and alive, he said. Mrs. Cherry had, for some reason, an evening gown on. She said no, it was a cocktail dress. I said it was most attractive. Harold Cherry looked pleased. Mrs. Cherry was a blonde and not young and quite dreamy. Mr. Cherry said his wife often got into moods near the Wurlitzer. I said, Do either of you feel one way or the other about the door being shut on soviets plus electrification in Budapest, and Mrs. Cherry smiled gently and said, "Land's sakes of course not." She was really very sweet. I said, Well that's taken care of, now we can be just folks.
>
> We sat around talking for an hour or so, and then Mr. Cherry said he had a hard day's driving to Spokane tomorrow to purchase some varnish wholesale and he would have to go beddy-bye now. He said beddy-bye. . . . When he was gone Mrs. Cherry and I moved over to the bar . . . [and] had several drinks. She kept telling me that I reminded her of her eldest son, Matthew, who was at the Air Force Academy. I said that was very interesting. She really was a good-looking woman. I touched her cheek with my hand and in this same, dreamy, detached voice she said, "My husband is a very odd man. He wants you to kiss me and touch me. He says that one day he would like to watch." I stopped touching her cheek. We had one more drink and then Mrs. Cherry went upstairs to Mr. Cherry.

This is Sigal at his best, but such passages are infrequent islands in his long diatribes on slack trade unions, on the fetid American dream, and on the size of American paunches. Some of these rages, though, contain observations that stop one cold: "Political fear plus that peculiar, cathedral-like domestication in the 'young married' is one of the genuine terrors of America." The narrator finally reaches New York, where, after more visits with decaying friends, he boards a ship for Europe. What is one to make of this brimming tureen of disillusionment, this languishing—for all its acidity—farewell? Well, the book constitutes Sigal's pursuit of his all-con-



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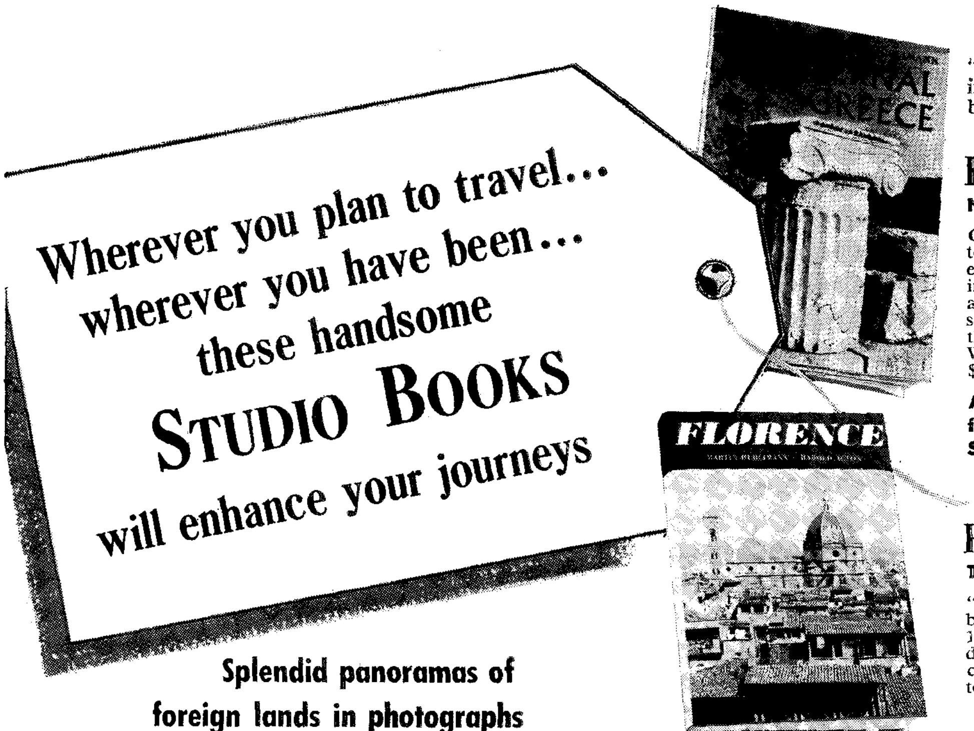
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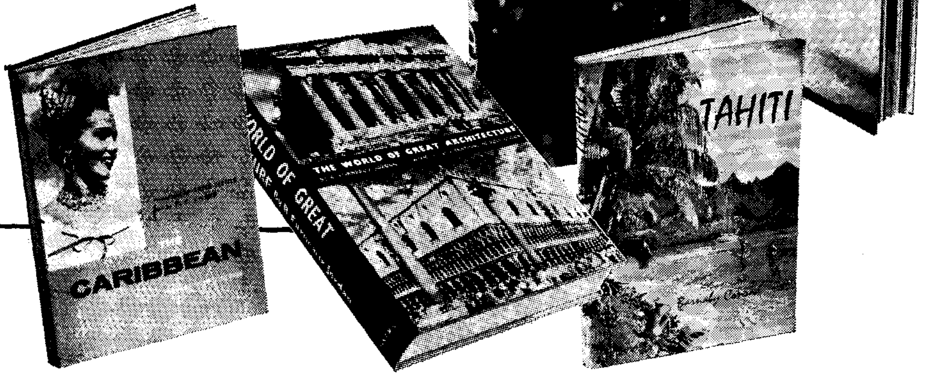

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suming vision—the battling, fettered, democratic workingman in his pristine sweat and refinement. But the vision eludes him, and, having reached water, he must cross it. And he escapes—presumably for good—his country and his nervous breakdown. The two, he implies, are synonymous.

The whole tone of "Weekend in Dinlock" is different. The narrator is pleased, selfless, and healthy. He has found his vision—a Yorkshire miner named Davie, who is a skilled, self-taught painter. He befriends Davie in London, where Davie periodically flees for towering binges that shut out Dinlock, his wife, and the tug of war between his life as a miner and his life as a painter. The narrator's visits to Dinlock result in a matchless portrait of the village, its inhabitants, and the mine itself. Dinlock is a complete, closed, anachronistic society of the sort that provided the original theme for the Hollywood David Rose-type variations on Richard Llewellyn and A. J. Cronin. Life centers wholly on the mine, a vast complex almost two thousand feet deep. Its highest-ranking workers—the "face" men, who hack coal on their knees with picks for thirty-five hours a week—are paid forty dollars a week. Their working conditions are scabrous: stale air, tropical heat (they often work stripped to the loins), claustrophobic surroundings, muck, dust, and more dust. Pneumoconiosis and silicosis are the occupational diseases, and there are explosions, rockslides, and cave-ins. Although the mines are now operated by the government, the miners' union is still strong (some of the old-line miners regard the Labour Party as sissy and are avowed Stalinists), and the same management-labor antagonism exists. The weekends are understandably spent drinking and fighting. And, understandably, too, a man is measured by his fists, his alcoholic intake, his skill as a miner—and a provider. The miners' wives are long-suffering chattels who find their love, or "kissing," where they can, which is often with the "surface" workers, who do not suffer the face men's perpetual fatigue. (A favorite and open pastime in the village is guessing, when a married woman is newly pregnant, who the father is.) Many of these wives are born in Dinlock and never get more than three miles from the village. Churchgoing is limited largely to the shopkeepers. The houses are small, mean, and identical. Most of them have tellies, but the jargon of television makes no dent in the miners' Yorkshire speech. (Sigal, still occasionally peering

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over his shoulder, offers this in contrast to America, where television chatter often provides the staple talk at lunchroom counters from coast to coast.) The book revolves on two matters: Davie's struggle to decide whether to quit Dinlock and be a full-time painter, and Sigal's visit to the pit. Davie's predicament is classic. His hundred paintings, which have sold fairly well, have been inspired wholly by the mine and the village. If he leaves these sources, these primers, what will he paint? Or will he be able to paint at all? But Davie's sensitivity and his junkets to London have given him the ability to see Dinlock as it is—a cruel, sluggish, uneducated, and dangerous backwater. His decision—heart-rending but unavoidable—is part of Sigal's magnificently described visit to the mine. "Weekend in Dinlock" is admirable technically. Sigal has a fine ear; his Yorkshire hot-potatoes drawl practically sings. His prose is finished, his characters solid, his taste and humor unfailing. Sigal—the tactful, resilient narrator—emerges as a tough, quick, ingratiating man whose psychological insights are sometimes breath-catching. He has made himself acceptable in a village where all non-residents—British or not—are regarded as foreigners. (Real foreigners are regarded as leprous.) But he has not cheapened his success by making noble savages of the Dinlockers, nor has he sociologically dismembered them. They *are*—we know again and again—precisely what Sigal says they are.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE ROAD FROM THE MONUMENT, by Storm Jameson (Harper). Miss Jameson has written a fascinating novel of literary life in London. Her story centers on Gregory Mott, a powerful, handsome, rich, celebrated man of letters, whose life and position appear unshakably secure as the book opens. The novel is crowded with good characterizations—Miss Jameson is particularly skillful with her literary hangers-on and her clever beginners and her ambitious hostesses—but the person who stands out most clearly, after Gregory Mott, is Harriet Ellis, a not very successful woman novelist who at fifty is tired, ugly, lonely, and still as clumsy as she was in her girlhood. The writing is cool and workmanlike, and if Gregory Mott's behavior at the end seems out of character, we do not mind very

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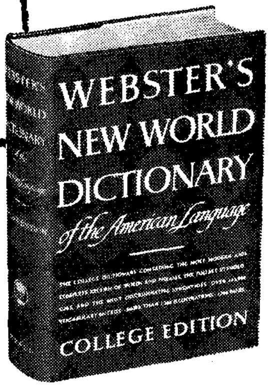

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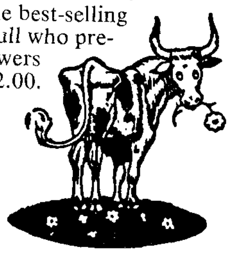

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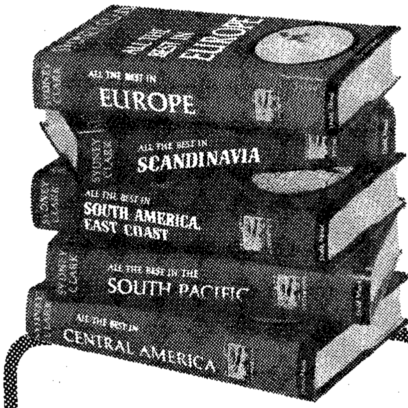
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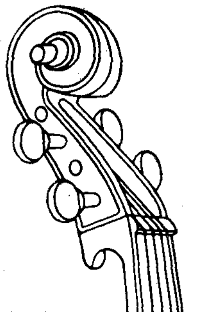
much, because we understand that he is an ambitious literary man who is trying to exorcise his sense of bitter disappointment by behaving like a figure in a book—in one of his own books, perhaps.

GREEN HOLLY, by Sue Kaufman (Scribners). Miss Kaufman writes about New York with the authority of one who knows the city and loves it. The New Yorkers she deals with here are all very real, and separately they are all entirely true to life and to the different backgrounds that produced them, but their relationships with one another ring false at almost every encounter, and their individual development, as the plot moves along, is credible only in one case. At the center of the story is an unpleasant friendship between two chic, well-to-do, handsome young women—Jean, who is unmarried, and Phoebe, who is married and childless. Phoebe, a viciously envious female, is the only one who, from beginning to end, remains true to what she is. Jean, who works to keep busy and who maintains a pleasant little apartment and gives parties to keep herself in the social swim, is never a clearly defined character, but her aura of vagueness is not of a kind to make her interesting. The reader is never convinced that Jean is not simply a paler, more timid, more dishonest Phoebe. What is certain is that as a heroine Jean has no grace at all. These two women and the men who are unfortunate enough to be associated with them are quickly drawn into an atmosphere so dense with emotion and so tortured by obscure motivations that we soon lose sight of them as human beings, and then, of course, we lose interest in them. Miss Kaufman shows great power in conveying and controlling the different and sometimes terrible atmospheres in which people live, but she has yet to create a character big enough to put up some sort of struggle against the furies that threaten him.

THE ENCOUNTER, by Henri Troyat (Simon & Schuster). One more in the series about a French family which has already included "Amelie in Love," "Amelie and Pierre," "Elizabeth," and "Tender and Violent Elizabeth," and which should have stopped when it was a trilogy. Elizabeth is the daughter of Amelie and Pierre, and we wish we had been allowed to remember her as she was when she was a nice child and her parents kept that nice little neighbor-



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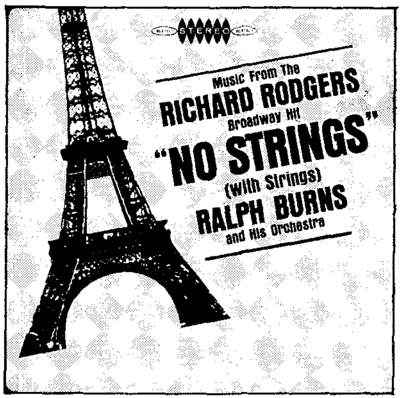

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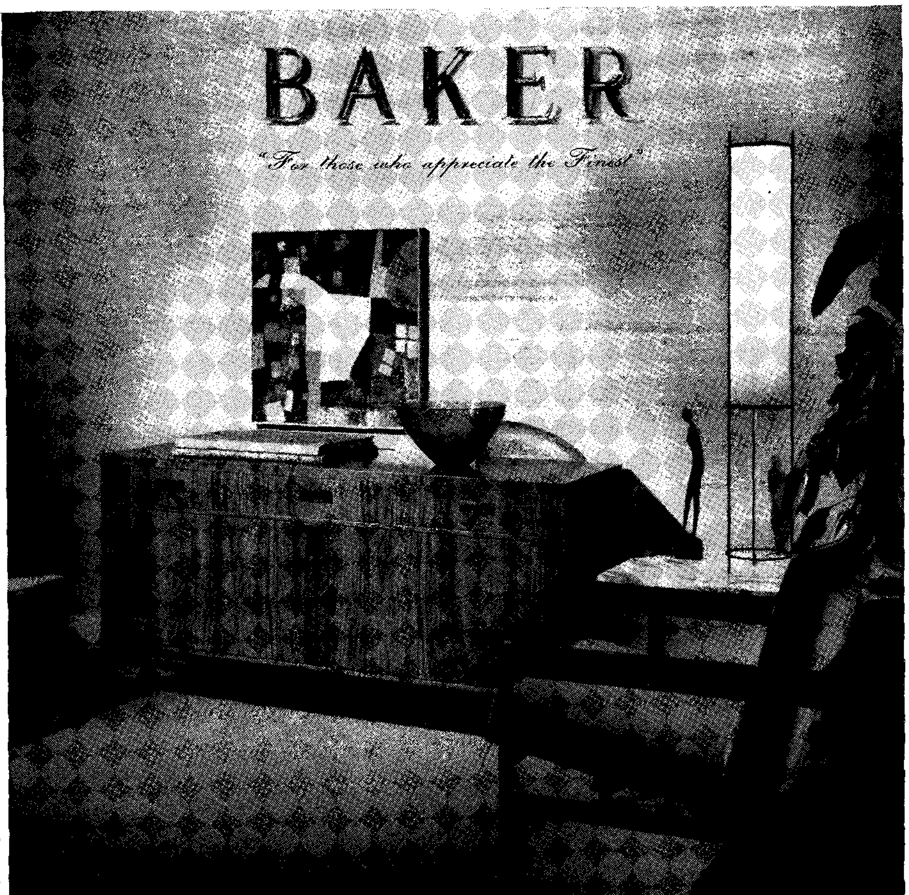
TREE OF DARK REFLECTION, by Rocco Fumento (Knopf). Daniele Faustino, born in America of Italian parents, relives his life from babyhood on in an attempt to discover the mystery hidden in his father's violent and contradictory personality. It is a family story, full of small and large sadnesses, and the writing is generally good, but the ending, when the son discovers the secret that transformed his father into an unreasoning bully, is unconvincing. The scene is set mainly in small towns in Massachusetts, and the time is not long ago.

GENERAL

PHAROS AND PHARILLON, by E. M. Forster (Knopf). The Pharos of Mr. Forster's title is the famous lighthouse in the harbor of Alexandria, one of the seven wonders of the ancient world, which continued to function until roughly 700 A.D., when the lantern and all its scientific apparatus fell into the sea. The Pharillon is the stump of the building, the square bottom story, which survived as a watchtower until the fourteenth century. Under the first heading, Mr. Forster has grouped a series of sketches about the ancient city—the history of the lighthouse; the effect on Alexander the Great of his deification by the priest of the temple of Ammon at Siwa; the circumstances of the accession of Ptolemy V; what happened when a deputation of Alexandrian Jews, under the leadership of the philosopher Philo, journeyed to Rome to interview Caligula, who was understood to be a most charming and reasonable young man; the increasingly furious controversies of the early church fathers. The second half of the book is concerned with the modern city, "founded upon cotton with the concurrence of onions and eggs, ill built, ill planned, ill drained," but no worse than most nineteenth-century cities. Now and then a paragraph or a few lines have been lifted from the author's "Alexandria: A History and Guide" (or perhaps it was the other way round), but in general the two books supplement each other, the sketches being more relaxed, with greater detail, and



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often wildly funny. First published in 1923, and long out of print.

THE RICH NATIONS AND THE POOR NATIONS, by Barbara Ward (Norton). Miss Ward, a sensible economist and a good writer, knows at first hand the troubles poor nations have as they struggle toward a tolerable standard of living. She is positively evangelical, furthermore, about the duty of the rich nations—the industrialized lands around the North Atlantic—to help the poor. In this brief book—a series of radio lectures—she describes the difference between being rich and being poor and explains how nations came to be one or the other. She contrasts the alternatives (Communism or a diversified mixed economy developed with state guidance) offered poor nations and suggests reasonable goals—short-term priorities and long-term objectives—for those which take the second course. Miss Ward sets forth, in conclusion, a program for coöperation among the rich to finance and guide the poor. Her statements are unexceptionable and her plea is persuasive.

NO THIRD PATH, by Joseph Novak (Doubleday). The author is a social scientist from a partly Russian family (his publishers are deliberately vague about his antecedents) who spent some years studying in the Soviet Union while trying to decide whether to live there. His close acquaintance with Russia made him decide to come to the United States, and this book, a study of the personality of the new Soviet man, suggests the reasons. Naturally, Novak had no staff—no team of interviewers and statistical tabulators, whom Americans have come to regard as indispensable for sociological study—but though he relies exclusively on his own knowledge, he does not appear to be prejudiced or bitter or out to scare us. He portrays a self-satisfied society whose ideal is the subordination of the individual to the collective, and he describes some of the machinery by which men are taught to believe such nonsense as the Communist Party's infallibility. Though his report is depressing, his book is useful; it reminds us that if the Russians seem very different from us it's because they are.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Headline in the Pottstown (Pa.) Mercury*]

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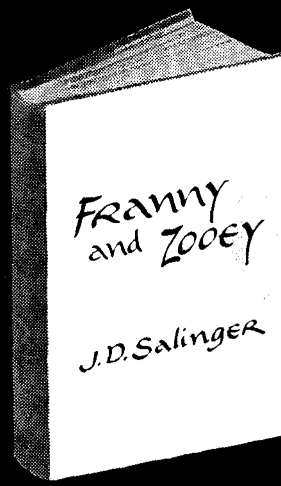

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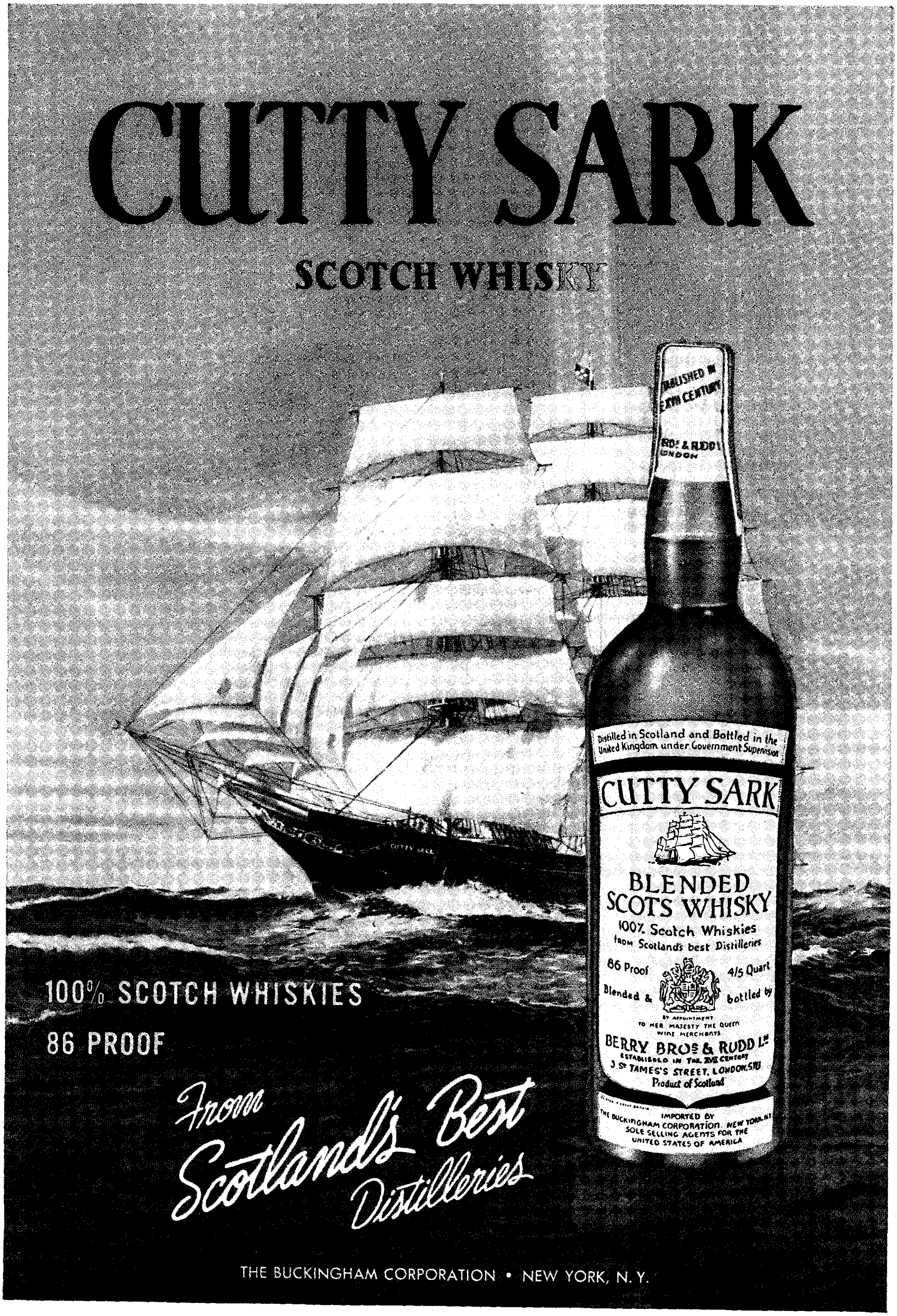
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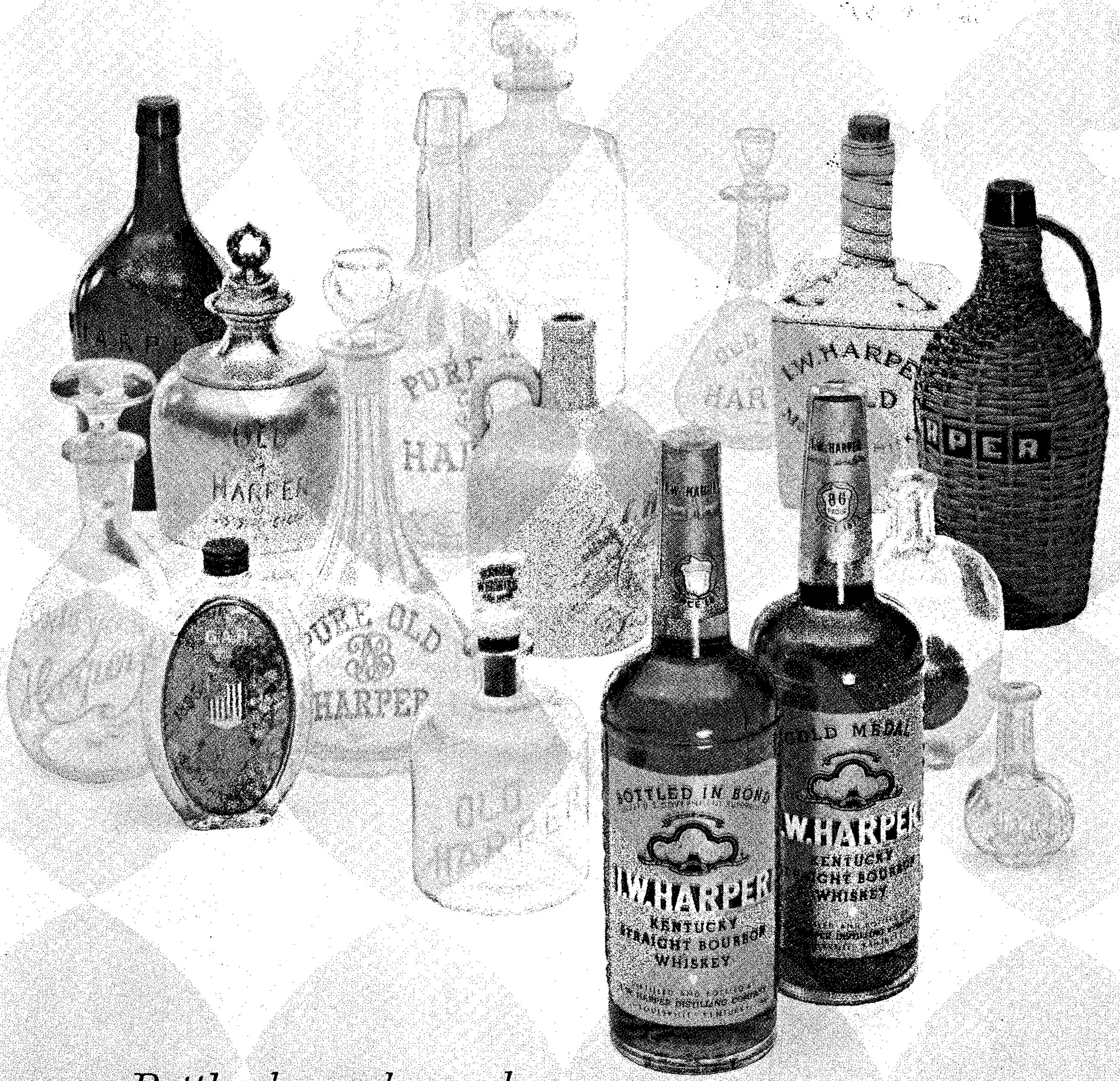
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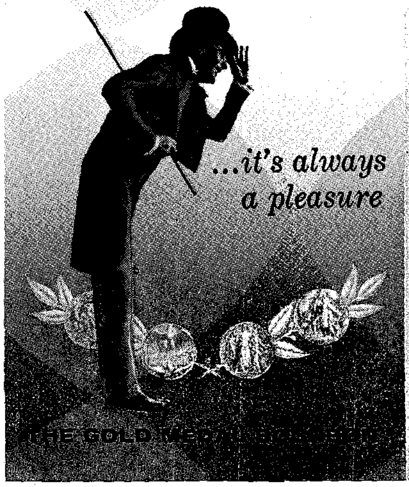
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